PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1978 $2.00

THE FIRST HUNDRED LIES OF JIMMY CARTER

SYMPOSIUM ON THE NEW EVANGELISM

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THE HORRORS OF LIQUID NATURAL GAS

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THE LAST STORY OF JAMES JONES

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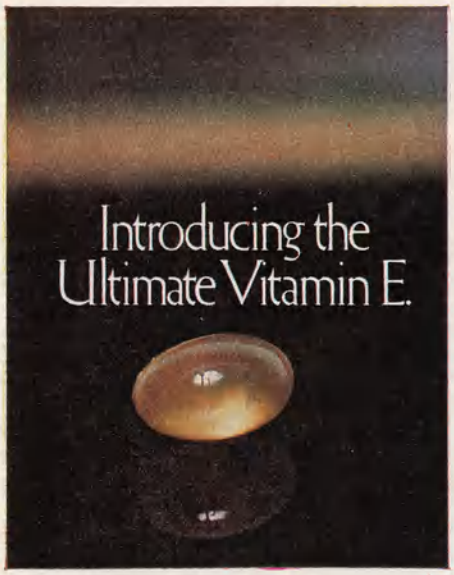

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CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	Jane Hargrave	Photo by Bob Guccione	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
FEEDBACK	Opinion		26
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	36
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Neil D. Isaacs	43
SCENES		Robert Stephen Spitz	45
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	46
WORDS		Patrick Owens, Robert Hofler	48
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	49
THE FIRST HUNDRED LIES OF JIMMY CARTER	Article	Craig S. Karpel	52
LIVING DOLLS	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	60
THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT	Symposium		70
STATESIDE	Fiction	James Jones	76
GETTING IT ON AND OFF THE ROAD	Service		84
SKY QUEEN	Pet of the Month	Photos by Malinowski	91
FIGHTING AMERICA'S DISHONESTY EPIDEMIC	Essay	Amitai Etzioni	106
KIKI	Pictorial	Photos by Otto R. Weisser	108
STAR BORES	Humor	Nick Tosches	120
FLOATING IN A SEA OF SEX	Article	Richard Price	124
TIME BOMB	Article	Peter van der Linde with Naomi Hintze	132
SOFT TOUCH	Pictorial	Photos by F.W. Eck	135
PLAYING POWER	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	150
COUPLES: CAST IN GOLD	Survey		155
LOTUS: ESPRIT DE CAR	Service	Joe Kelleher	172
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service	Ed Emmerling	177
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	188

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NICK TOSCHES

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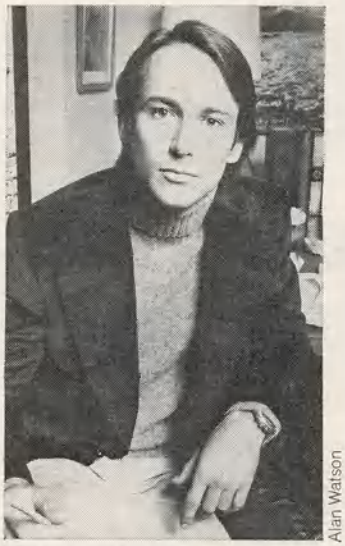

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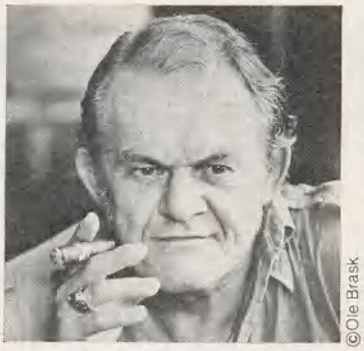

JAMES JONES

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HOUSECALL

On October 29, 1975, Jimmy Carter emphatically promised a group of students in Daytona Beach, Fla., that "I will never tell a lie." Since George Washington's historic encounter with a cherry tree, U.S. presidents haven't always had a steadfast loyalty to truth, but the thirty-ninth president of the United States, James Earl Carter, may well emerge as the all-time king of the whopper. Not only has he told lies, but he also appears to have developed an implacable commitment to the telling of untruths. **Craig S. Karpel**, in Part V of his continuing series on Cartergate, presents us with the roster of "The First Hundred Lies Of Jimmy Carter" (page 52). From Carter's stand on the Panama Canal to his absolute statements on Bert Lance ("there is no evidence of either illegalities or unethical conduct"), Carter has been shelling out one fish story after another. While running for office, Carter presented that same group of students with a choice. "Watch the television," he said, "listen to the radio; if you ever see me doing any of those things [reneging on my commitments], don't support me. Because I would not be worthy to be president of this country." At least occasionally, Jimmy Carter may err closer to the truth.

But telling tales aside, Jimmy Carter is equally well known for his born-again religious enthusiasm. Along with his sister, Ruth Carter Stapleton, the president long ago joined millions of Americans in fundamentalist religion. Evangelical Christianity has been part of America's spiritual history for three centuries. But recently the movement has gained in both popularity and respectability. In response to the impact of this phenomenon on the American scene, *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher **Bob Guccione** invited eight authorities on the evangelical movement to discuss the ramifications of this resurgence of fundamentalist feeling. Moderated by Dr. **Harvey Cox** of the Harvard Divinity School, the symposium on "The Evangelical Movement" (page 70) touches upon the basic issues of spiritual life and answers important questions about the political and cultural significance of the fastest-growing religious movement in the United States.

After 300 years on the American scene, evangelism promises to remain a permanent force in the spiritual life of this nation. But for many of our current political and media celebrities, no such permanence seems likely. "Here today, gonged tomorrow," writes free-lancer **Nick Tosches** in "Star Bores" (page 120), his unabashed testament to the public's fickle adoration of the luminary of the moment. From Fabian to Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Tosches documents the hot-and-cold-running careers of the once-famous and soon-forgotten. Tosches, a regular contributor to *Penthouse*, has also written for a number of other publications, including *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*.

For novelist **Richard Price**, the here-today-and-gone-tomorrow syndrome is exactly what he's looking for. In search of the perfect one-night stand, Price got heated up with his own version of Saturday night fever and took on the alleged swinging-singles scene in hot pursuit of his very own Ms. Goodbar. "Floating in a Sea of Sex" (page 124) is the story of Price's personal, futile quest to make contact in the course of one lost and lonely weekend and of his intimate commentary on a cultural phenomenon that may finally exist only in the sexual imagination. Richard Price is the author of *The Wanderers* and *Bloodbrothers*, which is now being made into a major motion picture from Warner Bros.

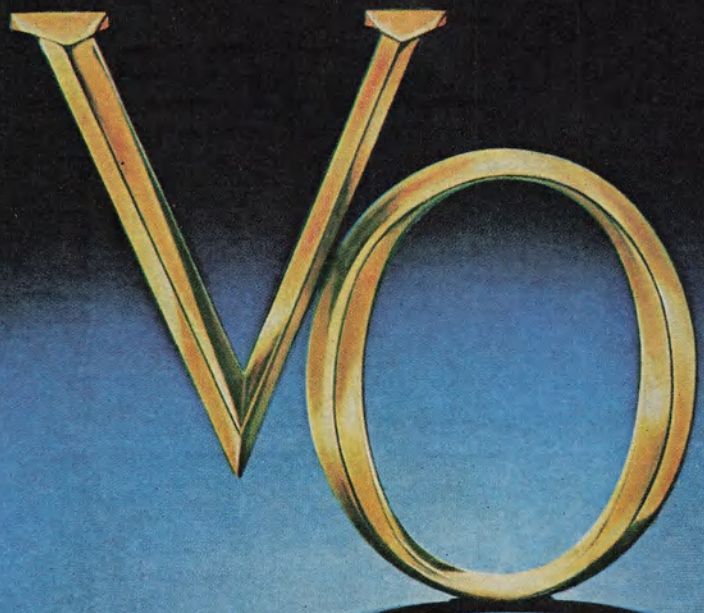
Two years before his death, **James Jones** began work on *Whistle* (Delacorte Press), the third book of his World War II trilogy. Following his *From Here to Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line*, *Whistle* completes Jones's three-volume war opus, taking our boys from the horrors of the front to a different kind of hell—that of a veteran's ward in a stateside hospital. *Penthouse* is proud to present "Stateside" (page 76), our excerpt from *Whistle*, which ends with the last words James Jones ever wrote.

"Time Bomb" (page 132), despite its implied violence, is about the deadly fruits of apathy. Merchant seaman **Peter van der Linde** collaborated with novelist **Naomi Hintze** to write a stunning exposé of an explosive issue—the awesome danger of storing and transporting liquid natural gas. It begins with a fictitious but not at all improbable accident—the collision of a 5,000-ton tanker and a monstrous LNG carrier in New York Harbor—that culminates in the destruction of the Jersey coast and all of Staten Island and leads one reporter to comment, "I saw Hiroshima. Compared to this, it was nothing." This holocaust, with millions dead and trillions of dollars in property losses, has not yet come to pass, but, say the authors, if things continue as they are now, it is only a matter of time. LNG can effectively yield more destructive power than an atomic bomb.

Peter van der Linde is a graduate of the United States Merchant Marine Academy, where he won more maritime awards than has any other midshipman. His background includes worldwide voyages on all types of passenger and commercial ships, including the nuclear ship *Savannah*. Naomi Hintze is a best-selling novelist and writer. Her books include *You'll Like My Mother* (for which she won an Edgar Award from the Mystery Writers of America), *The Stone Carnation* and *Aloha Means Goodbye*.

Also in this issue, perennial sexpert **Xaviera** leads off with one or two explosive issues of her own. And, if it's fireworks you're after, April showers on our readers a downpouring of spring-fresh beauties to ignite the flames of passion in man and boy alike.

Impress friends and influence people.



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APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Dynamic duo

Your recent article on costume sex reminded me of an experience that I had involving a much different type of costume. It was after a college football game, and my friend Andrew and I were checking out that year's cheerleaders. As I glanced around, I noticed a flawlessly shaped, very pretty blonde, whom I did not recognize. I nudged my friend and remarked, "I'll have two of those, please." To our utter amazement, an exact carbon copy of the goddess shook her cute ass right by us. The two of us simultaneously jumped from surprise to find the world blessed with such a pair.

Andrew and I asked if they would care to join us for a couple of joints. (The night was beautiful: clear skies, unseasonably warm, gentle breeze, etc.) Not long afterward the four of us were lounging in the otherwise vacant backyard, getting red-eyed, when one of the twins, Barbara, I think, became very affectionate with me. Beth, her luscious mirror image, followed her sister's lead, and soon we were paired off and fucking ferociously.

After a while we all went inside to find a bathroom, and for about ten minutes I was separated from the rest. Then one of the twins, whom I guessed to be Barbara, came back out by herself. She took my hand, and we walked out back again—alone this time—and began to make out. Suddenly, she looked up at me with a mischievous grin and asked, "Which one am I?" Totally perplexed, I tried my best to evade the question, but she was determined to get an answer from me. She told me that if I got it wrong, I would get nothing, but if I got it right, I'd get the works! Finally, I shut my eyes and said, "Beth!" I kept them shut, awaiting her response.

To my delight, I felt her undoing my jeans. When I opened my eyes, I saw her kneeling in front of me, about to take my erect cock into her perfectly contoured mouth. She licked it slowly from tip to base, and as I approached climax, she gobbled it up completely.

When I caught my breath again, I sat down beside her and asked, "Well, was I right?" She simply smiled, pulled her shirt off over her head, and exposed her well-rounded, ample tits. Then she leaned over, licked the inside of my ear, and whispered, "Can't you tell?"

Since then I've made it with both of them many times, separately and together, and to this day I still have trouble telling them apart.—*Name and address withheld*

Mollifying ministrations

I read not long ago a "Forum" letter from a guy who told of being brought off by a nurse in a hospital. His letter reminded me of the time, about three years ago, when I was hospitalized for an appendectomy. The evening before the operation a gorgeous nurse came in to "prep" me. For this she had to shave and scrub me from my ribs to my knees. I found the necessary exposure embarrassing, but she was friendly, and her conversation took my mind off myself. She had jet black hair, cut short, and her figure was perfect. Her white uniform was formfitting and very short.

As she shaved me, I began to develop an erection. Despite my efforts to control it, my penis was soon fully erect. We went on with our conversation, and when she reached my pubic area, she put the razor down, filled her hand with body lotion, and took hold of my erect penis. She slowly began to masturbate me without a pause in her dialogue, and before long I had the most shattering orgasm of my life. As I began to come, I remember her telling me about the new family room her husband was building in their home.

When I finished coming, she resumed shaving me, without even the slightest reference to what she had just done to me. I took my cue from her and made no comments either. We went on with our chat while she finished her work, and I slept like a baby that night.

I saw that nurse several times during my stay in the hospital, and naturally I tried to come on to her. But she made it clear, without actually verbalizing the thought, that she had no intention of letting our relationship become anything but professional. She was still friendly and talkative, but that was the extent of it. No one could ever guess that she'd actually jerked me off. I still get excited every time I relive that evening in my mind, and I often wonder if she does the same for all her male patients or if my case was special.—*Name and address withheld*

Great Greek

I'm a twenty-five-year-old graduate student, and recently I've noticed that your readers have been taking a liking to the Greek arts; so I've decided to share an experience of mine with you. Last summer I met a sexy nineteen-year-old named Denise through a group of friends whom I went to the beach with regularly. She had a fantastic body and an angelic face, and we took an immediate liking to each other. I'd

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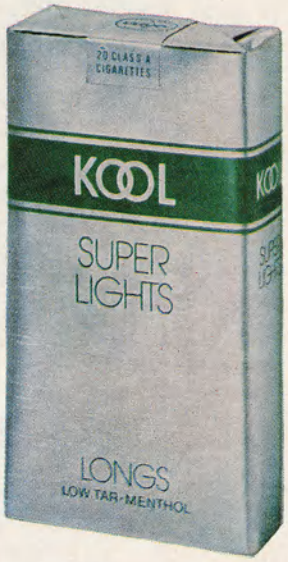

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playfully chase her around and watch her bouncing tits and firm, well-rounded ass inside a tiny bikini, and then wrestle her to the ground. As I noticed that she seemed to like being held down while putting up a mock struggle, fleeting thoughts of a mild bondage scene crossed my mind.

One day, after swimming, I invited her over to my apartment for a drink. After a few beers our inhibitions had practically vanished. Some heavy necking and petting led to our lying completely naked in each other's arms. I suggested tying her up and entering her back door, and she eagerly agreed to the experiment. So she lay face down across the arms of a big, overstuffed easy chair, and I tied her hands to the legs on one side so that her feet just barely touched the floor on the other side.

Her backside was now raised and ready for my every whim, and its smooth, milky whiteness stood out in a beautiful contrast to her darkly tanned legs and back. Spreading out her cheeks, I began kissing, tonguing, and sucking while lubricating my meat with some K-Y jelly I had ready for the purpose. I got up from kneeling behind her and began moving the tip of my cock up and down her crack. As her moans increased, I entered her very slowly, inch by inch, careful not to hurt her. The squeezing of her sphincter muscle and the tightness of her rectal walls afforded the most sublime sensations.

It was a real turn-on to lean back a bit and watch my glistening rod slowly disappear in and out of her voluptuous orifice. I then leaned forward and reached under to fondle one of her breasts, and as I massaged her clit, she was gasping with pleasure. Feeling the juices boiling through my ducts and feeling the first tremors of orgasm rippling through her young, tender body, I could hold back no longer. Firmly grasping her hips, I gave a final thrust and came at almost the same time she did.

Since then she has tied me up and had me at her mercy, too. We find these games add diversity to our sex lives, and new variations always excite us.—*Name and address withheld*

Traveling salesperson story

I would like to tell you about an experience I had last month that has had a lasting effect on me. I was alone in my house (my husband had gone off to work) and was about to go out to buy some groceries. Just as I was about to leave, the doorbell rang and there was a young woman with a suitcase full of samples. I usually tell people that I'm not interested in buying anything, but she had such friendly eyes and such a soft smile that I had to ask her in. She looked to be about my age, but while I have a very full figure, she was taller and leaner. She told me that she was selling items for the home and for women's personal needs and said that I might be interested in what she had for me.

She showed me the usual array of shower caps and cosmetic aids, and then she asked if I was interested in buying any stockings or bras. I had been meaning to buy some new bras and decided to try one. I slipped into the bedroom and put it on, and deciding that it was silly to be embarrassed in front of another woman, I came out into the hall and asked her if she thought it fit properly.

She looked at me quietly for a few seconds and then replied that she thought it didn't support my breasts well enough. She gently put her hands under the cups of the bra and lifted my breasts a bit. "They should look more like this," she said. The touch of her hands made me shiver, and I stood there motionless. Then she said that if I took off that bra, she would show me what would look better on me. I silently obeyed and removed the bra, my full breasts slightly trembling. Then, taking her hands and firmly placing them under my breasts, she slowly held them up, and my nipples started to harden. Her warm hands slowly pushed my breasts up and down. I did not know what was happening to me, except that my nipples were now taut and aching. She then lowered her head and without any hesitation kissed my erect nipples and began to suck on them gently. I had never been touched by another woman before, but her wet tongue stroking my nipples made me sigh with pleasure. I wrapped my arms around her eager head and buried her deep between my breasts.

She led me back into the bedroom and quickly removed my jeans and panties. She was still clothed as she lay me down on the bed and began to rub my thighs and stomach. I could feel my cunt growing uncontrollably wet with anticipation. Kneeling between my legs, she spread my thighs with her hands and began to lick my cunt lips and rub the bottom of my ass. The first touch of her tongue on my throbbing clit made me tremble. I lay there almost delirious as she licked my clit with her lips and tongue. Then I felt her finger slide deep inside my cunt, and just as I began to come, she thrust her tongue into my ass hole and licked me furiously. I exploded in an orgasm of unbelievable intensity.

When I opened my eyes, she was lying next to me, naked. With a playful smile, she leaned over and kissed me full on the mouth and then gently guided my head between her legs. She was dripping with desire, and it felt curiously natural to kiss and suck on her lovely cunt. As her moans increased, I pushed my tongue deeper into her cunt. Suddenly, her muscles tightened, and she wrapped her legs around my back and shook for what seemed minutes.

After a while she sat up and, giving me a kiss on the cheek, put on her clothes and left. We had not spoken at all to each other in the bedroom, but I felt very warm and close to this silent and gentle young woman.

I have not had any other such encounters since then. But the memory of my head buried between her creamy thighs lingers,

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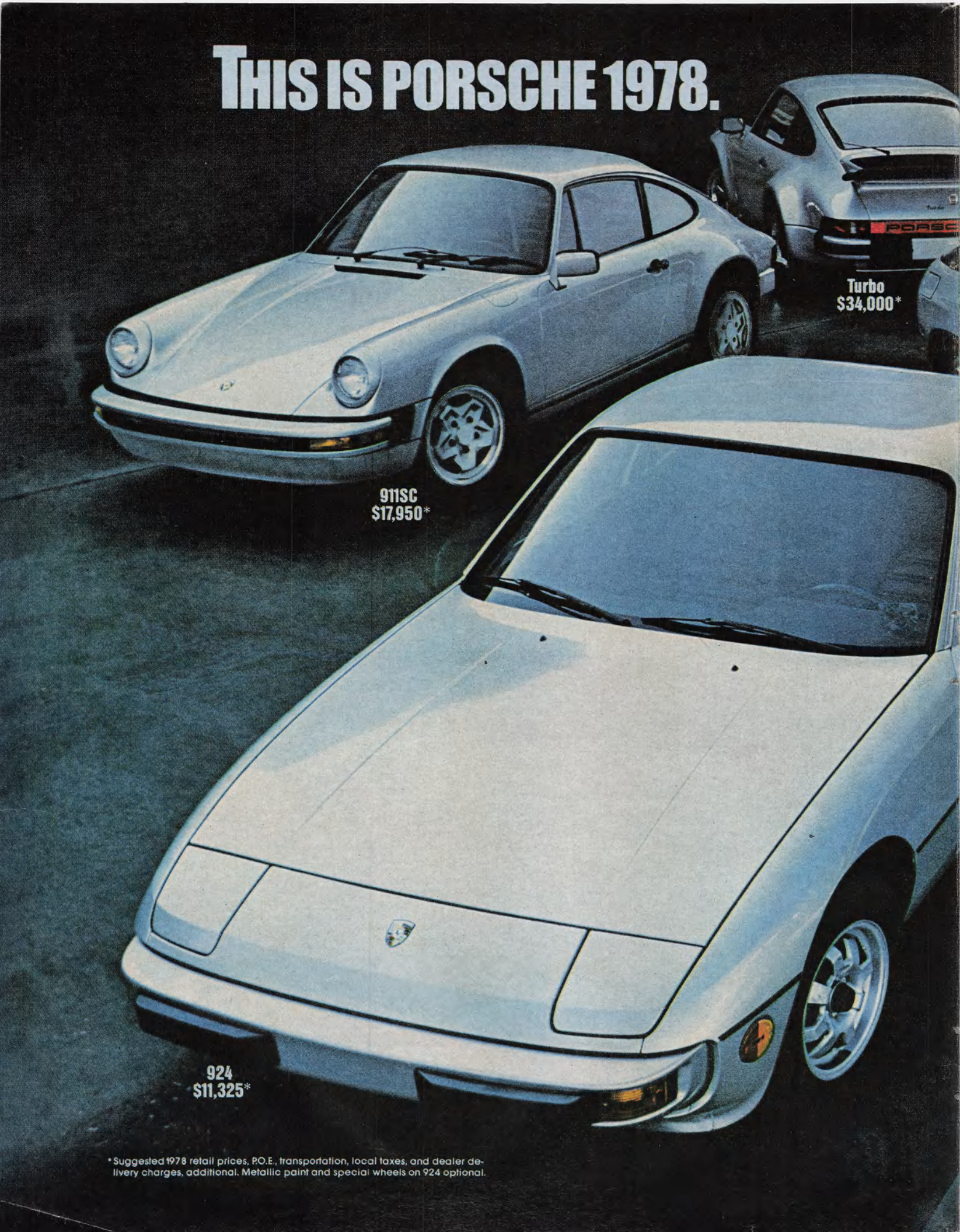

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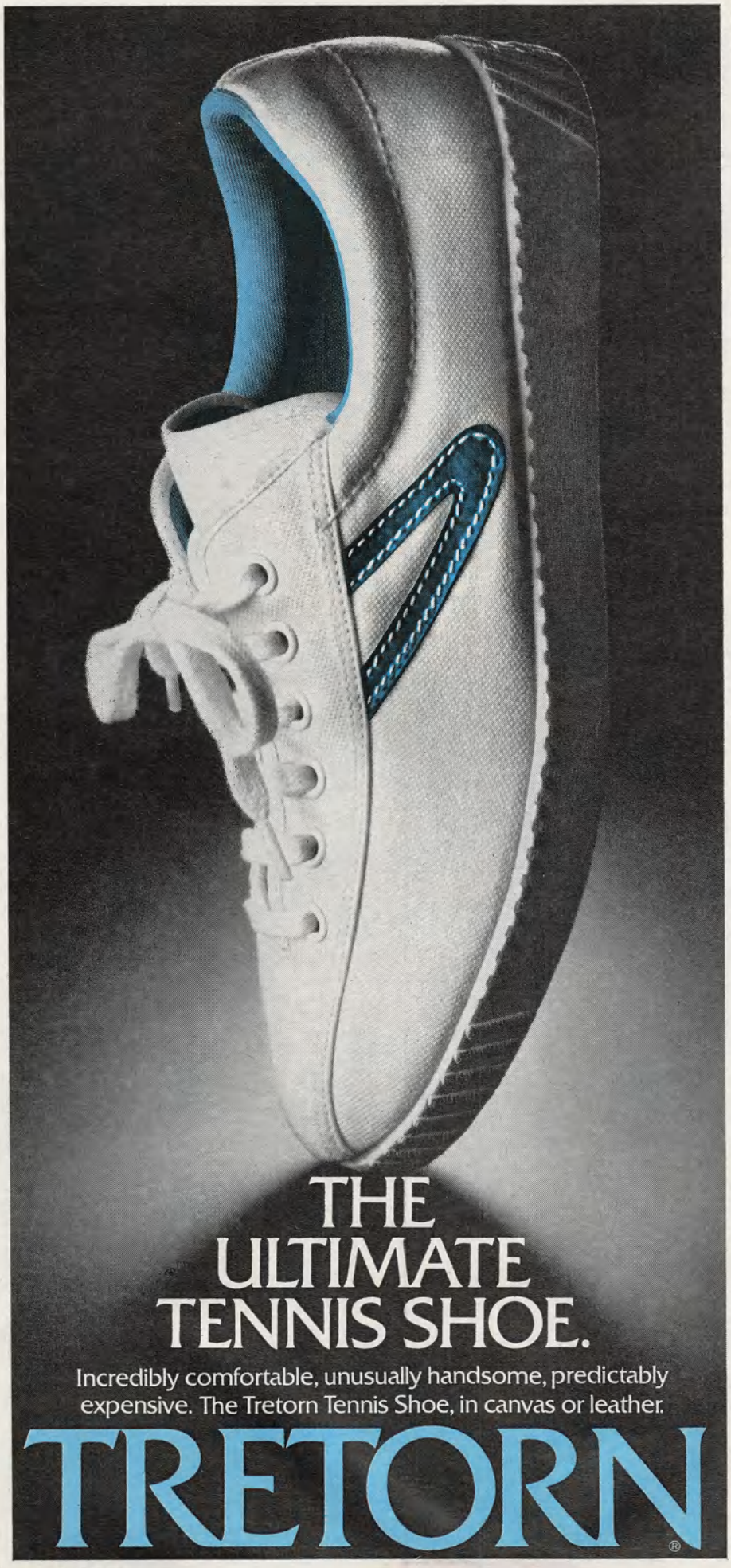

and I would not hesitate to repeat the experience. There are many delights in this world, and I thank her for showing me such a wonderfully delicious one.—*Name and address withheld*

Visual aids

An incredible incident happened during what I thought would be just another biology recitation. I had stationed myself behind the desk closest to the door. This seemed to be the most advantageous position, since, more often than not, I would sneak out midway through the hour. I would always come to these classes and then leave when I realized how worthless they were. I don't know why I bothered attending them at all. Maybe it's because I'm grade conscious..

Or maybe it's because of the instructor. She is a graduate student with a pretty smile and bouncy blonde hair. Her most obvious attribute is her body: soft, smooth curves, not at all like the bodies of the teachers I'd had in high school. And, ah, those breasts . . . beautifully proportioned, round like melons, and so smooth, interrupted only by the sharp, little points of her nipples. This, I would say to myself, is enough of a reason for anyone to be interested in biology.

She stood, that extraordinary day, in front of the blackboard and said, "Since we've started falling behind in the lectures, our professor here has asked that we cover the mating procedures and sexual development of higher life forms in the recitations. If you have any questions as I go along, don't hesitate to ask."

I watched as she wrote on the board. She was wearing a tight-fitting pair of jeans. I could see the thin outline of her bikini panties beneath them, for they fit exquisitely around her cheeks. She had an ass that a biologist would describe as turgid.

"Now that we have discussed the ovulation cycle in salmons, we shall examine the mating of leopard frogs," she announced.

I began to become bored with my fantasies. After all, it seemed so futile even to be dreaming about her. It would only tend to frustrate me. She is a graduate student, six years my senior. But she was too beautiful for me to ignore.

She roused me from my reverie as she began, "As we saw in the movie, the male leopard frog squeezes the female's lower abdomen, forcing the eggs out. As they pass beneath him, he excretes a thick film of sperm, which coats the eggs."

While she lectured, I continued to indulge in sexual fantasies about her. But I thought, "Why would she be interested in me? She probably has a boyfriend. Maybe she's even married." My mind wouldn't let me concentrate on the lecture. Feeling inordinately horny, I checked out the other females in the class. Since I found none of them exciting, my eyes soon drifted to the window.

"Now, moving on to human sexual patterns. I have planned a little demonstration that I think will amuse you all. I will need the

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help of one of you for this one, however—um . . . Michael?"

"Huh?" I looked up at her.

"It is Michael, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, would you mind coming up here? I need your help in the demonstration."

"Sure."

"And call me Mary, okay?"

I walked up to the front of the class, expecting to have to pull down the movie screen or perform some other menial task.

"Pull down your pants, please."

"What?" I thought I was dreaming.

"Come on; don't be shy. Pull down your pants."

I just stood there, not knowing what to do. She then reached for my belt buckle, and before I knew it, she had my pants at my knees.

"Here we have the male genitalia. Note the glans at the end of the penis. Oh, this is timely: we already have a partial arousal. This is known as the excitement phase."

Mary had been running her fingers along my penis as she spoke. Now she knelt down in front of me. She blew softly on my balls and kissed the head of my cock. It immediately rose, hitting her on the cheek. She gently caressed my testicles as she stuck my quickly hardening rod into her mouth. I couldn't believe this was actually happening to me. And the nurd in the front row was still taking notes! I just couldn't believe that it was all real.

"Now we have the second level of excitement. This is known as the plateau phase. Notice the increasing circumference as well as the length."

I stood there in front of the class, with an enormous hard-on. I was too bewildered to feel embarrassed.

"The erection is the first sign of sexual arousal in the male, along with an increase in blood pressure and heart rate."

At this point, Mary stopped and took off her sweater, exposing the most beautiful breasts I'd ever seen—round and firm and with already hard nipples. Needless to say, I had not lost my erection. In fact, I started to get carried away by it all. The outlandishness of it was exciting, and I could feel my inhibitions dropping by the wayside.

"The initial arousal in the female, on the other hand, is apparent in the enlargement of the breast and the erection of the nipples."

She looked at me. Immediately grasping the situation, I stepped over to her and took her in my arms. I kissed her passionately, my tongue exploring the far recesses of her mouth. All the while, my hands groped over those firm breasts, fondling and massaging them. I closed my eyes and was oblivious of the rest of the class. I moved down her body with my tongue, and eventually I was sucking on those luscious, cherrylike nipples.

"Now you'll notice that they are already . . . uh . . . as hard as . . . hard as . . . rocks."

The absurdity of her continuing the lecture momentarily brought me to my senses. I stood up and backed away from her. She reached down, unzipped her jeans, and removed them and her panties. She was now sitting on the desk with her legs spread wide in front of the class.

"There are other changes in the female during her excitement phase. Notice the spreading of the labia majora, preparing to receive the penis. During the plateau phase the clitoris, like the penis, will become hard and erect, because of increased blood flow in the region. This phase can be reached by manual stimulation from the sex partner."

I reached down and gently stroked her clit. My fingers entered her already moist vagina. I probed her inner reaches, stroking smoothly. She moaned in ecstasy all the while.

Mary grabbed my hand and pulled it out and held it up in front of the class.

"Now you see the lubrication of the vagina. This means that the female has almost reached the orgasmic phase and is now ready for penetration by the penis."

She leaned forward and whispered to me. "Don't worry; I'm on the pill." Taking my cock in her hand, she guided it toward her ever-widening "labia majora."

We fell back upon the desk as I began to pump. My now-aching member stroked slowly and then faster as her thighs closed tightly around me.

"Notice the . . . uh, uh . . . ah, in . . . uh, unh . . . increase in . . . br . . . breathing as we . . . uh . . . uh approach . . . o . . . orgasm."

This was the end of her lecture. We fucked until the bell rang and had just finished dressing when the next class came in. She quickly gathered her come-stained notes from the desk top. Keeping her composure, she walked hurriedly out the room and had disappeared down the hall before I could join her.

This was the first and last time I had sex with her. The classes since have been completely normal. I guess I'm grateful to have had this experience with her, even though the circumstances weren't ideal.—*Name and address withheld*

Penile paradise

I'm convinced that my lover has the perfect cock. Because of rather bizarre circumstances surrounding our relationship (which is in itself another story), we only have the opportunity to meet secretly approximately twice a month. Consequently, I often wake up in the mornings with damp bikinis, experiencing a delightful throbbing in my cunt by just fantasizing about Lee's cock inside me. Although I have never measured it, it has to be nearly eight inches when fully erect. But what really turns me on is the fact that when he is aroused, his rod protrudes teasingly, just begging to be caressed and engulfed by a warm, moist cunt. At the same time it reminds me of a colossal sword, threatening to pierce unexpectedly.

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Our lovemaking is always sensitive and beautiful as well as erotically passionate. Because Lee's hard cock can rotate in many directions, it allows for a variety of sexual positions that I had never experienced before. My favorite is to have us lie with our bellies touching, with him on top in a kind of sixty-nine position. As he edges his penis through my bush and penetrates my willing and eager pussy, I have a full view of his ass, which I love to fondle while he tickles and kisses my toes.

We see each other often in social situations where we must never reveal our secret attraction for each other. At these times I love to catch glimpses of the bulge in his jeans and fantasize about our next encounter. As I have never expressed my adoration so candidly to Lee in person, may this letter be my tribute to someone very special.—*Name and address withheld*

Uncrowded threesome

I have always enjoyed reading stories about threesomes in the lively pages of "Forum." As it has always been my fantasy to be in a threesome, I was especially thrilled when one finally happened. It was a warm summer night, and my girl friend and I were taking a long walk through the woods. After necking for a while, we started talking. It wasn't long before we hit on the subject of sex and threeways. We found that it excited us both enormously. She told me that a friend of hers would jump at the chance to be the third party in the threesome we were hoping to have the next night. This person gladly acceded, and we were all eager to experience the big night.

When we all met, the women immediately jumped on me, as if by premeditation, and tied me down. Next, one put my cock in her mouth and proceeded to suck me until I was hard, while the other had me eat her until she came. Before long I was coming like mad. After changing positions many times, the two women finally untied me and then let me tie them down. I was all over them and loved slurping at their sparkling pussies. Afterward we fucked riotously for a while.

It was so good that we've planned another encounter for next week.—*Name and address withheld*

Sun shower

Our dormitory's fourth-floor window overlooks a sun deck, which many of the coeds use for sunning. As my friend Doug and I gazed out the window one afternoon at four beautiful, glistening female bodies below, we found ourselves giving in to the exigencies of our libidos. Our thoughts must have been the same, because I glanced over and spotted him perched on the window ledge, swiftly withdrawing his swollen shaft. I stared in amazement as he began to stroke his pulsating pillar. I felt myself growing rock hard as I stared at his massive cock. I joined him on the adjacent ledge and withdrew my own cock, and our minds and hands became one as we furiously jacked off.

The sight of Doug coming drove me into a frenzy. My body quivered as my sperm gushed out, showering a spot on the deck below, not far from the girls. Immediately, the girls realized something was up and rolled over on their backs and began searching for the source of this warm, white rain. Their eyes widened as they spied the pendulums of passion peeking out of the windows above. Glancing quickly at each other, they rushed inside.

Assuming that the episode was over, we settled down to watch TV. A few minutes later there was a knock on our door. We worriedly glanced at each other, fearing disciplinary action. I hesitatingly opened the door and, much to our amazement, our four bathing beauties rushed in, initiating a wild fucking session the likes of which I had never experienced before and haven't experienced since.—*Name and address withheld*

A would-be cockteaser

After reading several letters in the same vein in "Forum" recently, I have decided to share my own experience. I, too, enjoy dressing in sexy women's clothing. The feeling of the clothes against my body is incredibly exciting. I did this privately for several years, admiring the way I looked and felt in front of mirrors.

One day, I made the decision to strut my stuff in public. So I got extra dolled up and hopped in my car and drove to a nearby shopping center. Was I excited! (And a bit nervous.) I became more sure of myself after a while, though, and really enjoyed walking up steep stairways, affording a fantastic view of my colorful undies to men walking behind me. I was smiled at, sneered at, whistled at, and propositioned. Finally, I left, feeling great.

A week later I was ready for the big time. I drove downtown after fixing myself up, parked, and went shopping. That awkward, nervous feeling was gnawing at me again, for, after all, here I was, so used to being regarded as a man my whole life, now being seen as a woman. I shopped around for several hours (loving every minute the way my sheer panty hose hugged my legs) in the ladies' departments.

As I was walking from one shop to another, I noticed a group of men sitting at a bench nearby. I thought, "Why not do a little bit of prick teasing?" I passed right by them, and their conversation stopped. Then I decided to really put it on for them. I took my brush from my purse and dropped it in front of me. I bent over to pick it up, allowing my short skirt to ride up in the back. I heard some oohs and ahs behind me as I picked up the brush and proceeded down the street. Another time I noticed a short man following me for a couple of blocks. Once again I dropped the brush and picked it up, thus giving him a fantastic view of the rear. On the next block, with him still behind me, I dropped my keys and gave him another shot. The next corner he approached me and said,

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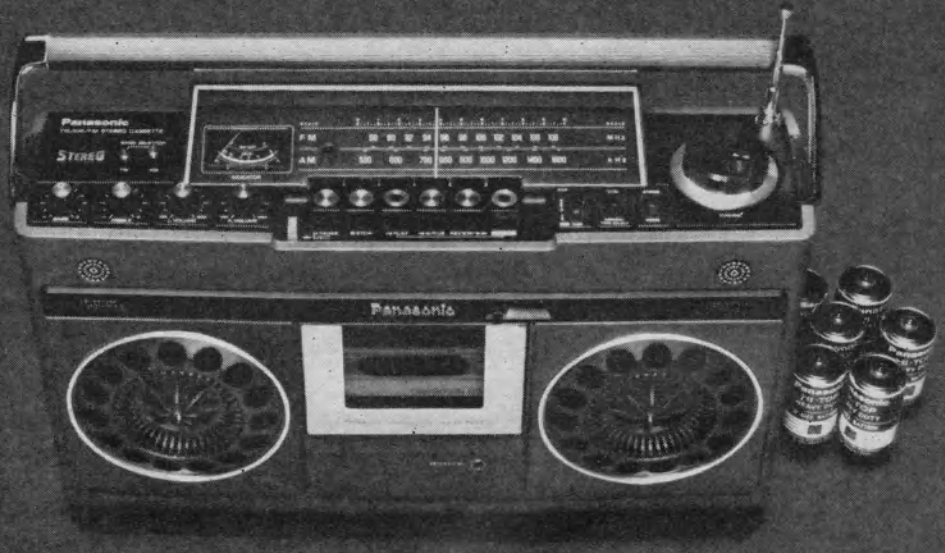

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"Hey, baby, how about a date?" I shook my head and answered sternly in my best falsetto, "No thanks, I'm not that kind of girl." I proceeded on my merry way when the light changed.

In the next year I followed the same routine many times and with great success. And of course I expanded my sexy wardrobe to include all kinds and colors of stockings, panty hose, garter belts, bras, girdles, dresses, and both platform and high-heel shoes. I constantly got offers but declined them all, naturally.

One time I met a man downtown and, against my better judgment, was talked into having a couple of drinks with him at the corner bar. After a little while, he slowly but eventually put his hand on my thigh (I was wearing stockings and a garter belt at the time). The sensation of his hand on my nylon-encased thigh was a real turn-on. But he slowly maneuvered his hand up and under my slightly-above-the-knee skirt, working his way toward my crotch. When he received the inevitable surprise (I was hard by this time), he shrieked, horrified, and promptly fled. Now *that* was fun!

Another time I went dancing. I wore a sexy, long-sleeved black dress, sheer black panty hose, red four-inch heels, a long, black wig, and my best jewelry (black choker, silver earrings, necklace, and bracelet). And to top it all off, underneath it all, I sported a pair of lacy red-white-and-blue panties. What a turn-on! The best thing about the whole evening was that I didn't have to buy a drink all night! Drinks were supplied by my many admirers. And I occasionally bent over to display my panties or allowed my dress to ride up. I really got off on dancing on the small, crowded dance floor, thrilled both by the smiling looks I was getting and by the sweet sensation that was afforded by the clothing. That night I got several offers that I gracefully declined.

I've had many other interesting experiences while I was dressed as a woman, the worst of which was the nasty looks I got. But by and large, my experiences have been good ones. I feel that I have an excellent understanding of the way the other half lives and thinks, and I now think that I appreciate and understand those feelings better. Being a woman certainly isn't easy. Women get catcalls, lewd remarks, insults, and propositions of all kinds.

I haven't donned drag for quite a while now and am happily getting it on with several pretty young women. I just look back on my days as a prick teaser as an education of sorts and a pleasurable one.—*Name and address withheld*

Jewels and Jim

I would like to tell you about one of the most memorable nights of my life. One evening my lover, Jim, came over to my house. We had been seeing each other for about five months, and in that time we had made love very often. Before I started going out with him, during the years I was married, I was never sexually satisfied and at times even feared that I was frigid. But Jim and I are quite compatible, and I feel so comfortable making love to him that I have done things with him that I thought I'd never be able to do.

One evening, as we were kissing, I was seized with the desire to go over his entire body. As he undressed me, I was already starting to get hot inside. All he has to do is start touching me and holding me and my juices start to flow. Naked, we lay on the living room rug, and I told him that I wanted him to lie still and let me go over his body inch by inch.

Starting at his ears and neck and moving on to his chest (his nipples are as sensitive as mine are), I could see that he was getting incredibly excited. I moved on down to his stomach and navel, and his beautiful, hard cock was standing proudly erect. I ran my tongue up and down and around his eager shaft and gently rolled him over and started kissing his neck, shoulders, and back. As my mouth neared his round, beautiful ass, he was again close to reaching his peak. I let my mouth and tongue go wild, and as I moved to go between his legs, I noticed that he was experiencing a sudden, unexpected pleasure. I soon realized that it was being caused by the necklace I was wearing, which had fallen into the crack of his ass. The bejewelled disc was cool, and it gave him a sensation he'd never before experienced. By now he was really squirming and begging me to tell him just what it was I was using on him. I didn't say a word, however, and continued to let the disc (with a little help from me) excite him until he was ready to explode all over the rug. When he couldn't control it any longer, he rolled over, asking what I was trying to do to him. He was so worked up that his body was almost spasmodic. I finally allowed him to touch me, and when he slid his hand between my legs, he realized how excited I had gotten just by seeing him so hot. I had reached the point now where I couldn't keep my hands off him. Within minutes he had his exciting cock inside my seething cunt, and we made love as never before.

Appropriately, Jim is the one who had given me that necklace. Little did he know at the time what a sensuous piece of jewelry it would turn out to be. I wear the necklace often and, knowing now what pleasure it can give us, I can get aroused just having it around my neck.—*Name and address withheld*

Amusement-park lark

Recently, one early evening, I decided to go to the local amusement park in the hope of finding a woman for the night. Somewhere around dusk I decided to go alone to the fun house, and just as I was about to enter, I spied the most beautiful girl I had ever seen buying a ticket. She wore a white halter top, which barely managed to conceal her prominent tits. I scanned her beautiful,

"He's some kind of tennis freak."

Soft Drinks for Adults

Soft Whiskey goes great in orange juice. Or in grapefruit juice. (If we can invent them, so can you!)

And how about Soft Whiskey and pineapple juice?

It's time you tried whiskey with something besides rocks and bubbles. Remember, though: Soft drinks for adults always start with

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THE LEAST REMARKABLE THING ABOUT THE NEW RABBIT DIESEL IS 53 MPG H'WAY, 40 MPG CITY.

You've read it right, friends.

According to the EPA estimates the new Rabbit Diesel gets the highest mileage of any car in America. (Of course, mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and your car's condition.)

But if by chance you're looking for more, read on. Because the most astonishing news about our economy car isn't the economy. It's the car.

Remarkable thing #1: eye-opening performance.

Are you the kind of person who gets a thrill out of zipping from 0 to 50 in a mere 11.5 seconds? Well, thanks to an efficient use of aerodynamics and weight, you'll be ecstatic in a Rabbit. In fact, it's already set 31 world records for Diesels.

You'll also be thrilled to know the 1978 Rabbit comes with such things as an "independent stabilizer rear axle" which manages to combine the stable tracking of a rigid rear axle with the smoothness of an independent suspension.

"Negative steering roll radius" which helps maintain directional stability even in the event of a front-tire blowout.

"Front-wheel drive" for better tracking, especially in high winds and rotten weather.

Front disc brakes. Radial tires. Rack-and-pinion steering. Breathless cornering.

Do we still sound like an economy car? If so, you're ready for remarkable thing #2:

More room for people than 40 other cars.

A Volkswagen Rabbit looks smaller than other cars, right?

But inside, our engineers cleverly devoted 87% of the interior to functional room.

Open the trunk and (believe it or not!) there's more luggage space than a Cadillac Seville.

Fold down the rear seat and (amazingly!) there's almost as much luggage space as some station wagons.

Then open the door. Your eyes don't deceive you. There's more people space than Chevy Monza, Datsun 510, Pinto Wagon and 37 other cars you could buy.

But wait. While you have the door open, notice remarkable thing #3; a stroke of sheer genius:

The seat belts actually put themselves on.

No fumbling about on the floor trying to find them.

No mumbling about what a pain normal seat belts are.

It's like magic.

Just close the door and they're on.

This type of passive restraint system will be mandatory in 1984. And only a Model "L" Rabbit has it now.

Another stroke of genius: a cooling fan with brains.

When it's freezing out and a fan isn't needed, our cooling fan knows enough to shut itself off. (That saves you noise and energy.)

When it's boiling out, our cooling fan has the good sense to keep running even after the car is shut off. (Because that's an important time to protect your engine against overheating.) Then it automatically stops when the engine is cooled off.

Last but least, a word about money.

Happily, all Rabbits are frugal when it comes to money.

The problem is, which Rabbit should you buy?

A gas-powered Rabbit — which is a wonderful car to begin with.

Or a Rabbit Diesel — which costs about $200 more than our "C" and "L" gas models.

What do you get for $200?

For one thing, diesel fuel costs about 10¢ a gallon less than gasoline.*

For another, a diesel engine never needs a major tune-up. Because there are no spark-plugs, points, condensers, or carburetors to tune.

All this, and great mileage, too.

A tough choice, to be sure.

But then, a Rabbit is the only car in its class that gives you a choice at all.

What could be more remarkable than that?

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

*EPA Gas Mileage Guide © Volkswagen of America, Inc.

well-tanned body for a minute or two and then glanced away. The next thing I knew, she was asking me if there was room for one more in my seat and then winked at me. It was like a dream come true. I began growing hard and saw her gaze suggestively at my bulge. I moved over, and soon our joy ride began.

We rode into the darkness, where I felt a hand slip into my pants and work out my ever-growing shaft. She went down and gave me a terrific blowjob, and in minutes I came as never before. I asked her if I could reciprocate, and she said that it could be easily arranged but not in the fun house.

When our ride ended, we went immediately to the ferris wheel. Before we knew it, we were up in the air, and she eagerly let me undo her pants to reveal a pair of crotchless panties, which, she said, were her favorites. The sweet aroma of her womanhood filled the air as I slipped down and spread her legs. The bar attachment allowed us to perform in almost complete privacy. When I gazed at the triangle of light brown hair, which already was quite moist, I could no longer resist a dive. I slipped my tongue between those shimmering lips and felt her legs tightening around my head. But she didn't want to come yet and suggested that we leave the park together.

We hopped into the backseat of my car, and I slowly undid her halter, revealing the nicest pair of tits I had ever seen. I kissed the warm, white flesh and then sucked her nipples to their fullest erection. She began to moan, and within seconds her pants were completely off. I slipped my dick into her moist snatch, and we kissed hard until our mutual orgasms. Before our evening was over, we each had come three more times, and then, finally, we fell asleep.

Early that morning she woke me by licking my tired shaft back to erection. We did a sixty-nine for one last time and then dressed. We drove to town, where she asked to be dropped off. I haven't seen her again but have searched for her all over town. I'm hoping that she'll turn up at the amusement park next weekend.—*Name and address withheld*

The victors' prize

I love your pieces about spankings and would like to share a similar experience that happened to me not very long ago with some good friends.

Last Saturday night my boyfriend and I and my girl friend and her husband went out to play paddleball. We ordinarily play once a week, but this was to be a special match: we decided to play for a little wager. It was girls against the boys—losers would receive a sound spanking by the winners. Well, luckily for us the women won, and we decided to go straight home and administer their treatment. Diane and I were eager to give them a good spanking because we'd discussed such a scene for a long time.

"Andre, your eyes are so blue!"

First of all, we made them both strip down to their underwear. Then we decided to switch partners, and I took Tony first and put him over my knee. Diane came over and tied his feet and hands and then ordered Jerry to go to the bathroom to get washed. Then she joined me. With one hand on his back, I slipped my hand under his underwear and pulled it down, exposing a very masculine pair of buns. Then I started to give him a good spanking. After I slapped his gorgeous ass a few times, I realized that he had a huge hard-on. Diane then gave me a hairbrush to use on her husband's ass. I felt so wonderfully dominant while I was slapping this man's behind, and when he started to squirm, I felt as though I were a school mistress spanking a recalcitrant child. Anyway, after the spanking I took his nice penis in my mouth and sucked him off until he came.

So, to make a long story short, we loved spanking our men. And we all enjoyed the sex it culminated in.—*Name and address withheld*

Is that what's known as "betting your ass"?

Furtive fellatio

Not long ago, near the end of a boring day at work, I phoned a woman I like and asked her to join me for dinner. Neither of us had been to the restaurant, and we were both pleased with its elegance. Our table was small and round, with its tablecloth draping to the floor. After we were served, she took off her earrings and dropped one on the floor. When she crouched to pick it up, she deliberately crawled underneath the table. My confusion about why she did so was quickly cleared up as I felt a hand slide up my shin and begin to caress my thighs. My dick immediately stood at attention. She rubbed my thighs for a few more seconds, and I thought my pants would burst. Carefully, she unzipped my pants and removed my large, throbbing cock. She began to stroke me and soon started to suck me. Her tongue darted around the head rapidly, softly, and quickly. I was so ecstatic that I wanted to moan or scream. But I dared not. Suddenly, my burning rod exploded, and she continued to lick me. Finally, it went limp, and she put it away, zipped up my pants, and crawled from underneath the table to finish her meal.

When I dropped her off, she said that we would have to eat out next week. We did, and each subsequent week as well. But we restrict ourselves to only the finest restaurants.—*S.P., Centerville, Ohio*

Thruway

On a recent return trip to college, my friend Bruce and I were exposed to a situation right out of the pages of "Forum," which we thought would never happen to us. Let me set the stage for the story, for it was a truly unique setting.

We were on our way back to New Paltz State, a medium-sized college in upstate New York. There were six of us in the car: two males flanking a female in the front seat

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

IT TOOK TEN YEARS TO DEVELOP A "TOTAL SYSTEM" THAT DELIVERS REAL TASTE IN A LOW 'TAR' CIGARETTE.

A low 'tar' cigarette is a complex system of interacting parts.

The tobacco. The filter. And even the paper.

Decade is the first low 'tar' in which all the parts have been arranged in perfect balance with each other. This is the Decade "Total System." And this is why Decade is the first low 'tar' with a taste worth smoking.

The Tobacco. "Flavor Packing"™ plus fifteen tobaccos boost taste.

We've developed a system called "Flavor Packing" that allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade cigarette.

This is in addition to our special taste blend of fifteen fine tobaccos, including exotic Turkish, full bodied Burley, and Bright, a tobacco known for its smoothness.

The Filter. Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

The Decade filter is a combination of modern laser technology, plus our own exclusive research design. Simply, we've created a channel within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher 'tar' cigarettes. Which means you get taste from first puff to last.

The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

For Decade we use only high porosity-cigarette paper. Ordinary paper inhibits the burn rate, which can diminish the taste and create the need to pull harder when you drag.

With Decade's high porosity paper however, you get an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result. A completely new kind of low 'tar' cigarette.

So try a pack of Decade for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.

Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Hurricane Anita

I am writing in response to the interview with Anita Bryant (January 1978).

I have always been against Ms. Bryant in her stand on homosexuals, and your interview increased my disgust with her. I still find it difficult to believe that after we've seen people like Hitler and McCarthy, we still let a Bible-toting paranoiac get away with trying to remove people's rights as human beings.

She claims that gays are trying to lure our children into their way of life. That's bullshit! The woman I live with has a four-year-old daughter, and I'm more worried about what a *heterosexual* man may do to her.

Bryant claims that all gays are sinners in the eyes of God. I wonder how God feels about Anita's denying some of his creations their human rights. She constantly uses the Bible to support her theories. Does she know that in the Bible it says "Judge not that ye be not judged"?

She has her children terrified of anyone who even happens to be around gays, as evidenced by the time when her daughter was afraid of the man who was following them. Her daughter will now associate all homosexuals with this incident, and that's a shame.

Need Ms. Bryant be reminded that many of the greatest people this world has ever seen have been either homosexual or bisexual? Included in their ranks have been great writers, artists, composers, actors, and philosophers.

I myself am heterosexual, and homosexuality does not appeal to me as a way of life, but I feel that if two people of the same gender really want to have sex and neither is forced to do so against his will, then let them do it. I only want people to be happy and free. If we allow Ms. Bryant to get away with what she is trying to accomplish, we will lose many good teachers, politicians, and businessmen.

If Anita really wants to help the world, why can't she try to curb rape, wife beating, poverty, and child abuse?

If Anita Bryant succeeds in suppressing one way of life, what then will she set her sights on next? Freedom of religion? Freedom of the press? I hope that no one will ever have the power to take either of these rights away from me.

Thank you for allowing me to express my opinion. I enjoy reading your magazine.—*Mitch Metcalf, Stamford, Conn.*

I am writing to let you know how much I enjoyed the *Penthouse* interview with Anita Bryant, whom I much admire.

How can a person like Ms. Bryant be wrong when she can back up her beliefs with the Holy Bible? If only more people would turn to God, this world wouldn't be in such turmoil. Everything happening today can be related to Scriptures. Please, world, open your eyes. Thank you, Anita Bryant.—*J.S., Houston, Tex.*

I am writing this letter to commend Anita Bryant. I think that she is a great woman, and I have much faith in her. Keep up the fight, Anita. She has a God-given gift and must do what she thinks is right. Save our children, Anita, and I will support you in thought and prayer.—*Name and address withheld*

Sam Brown interview

Now that you have carried an interview with Sam Brown (December 1977), you might expand your horizons and interview John Froines, one of the Chicago Seven who was recently appointed by the Carter administration to a $36,000-a-year post as the first director of the OSHA Office of Toxic Substances.

Brown, as former treasurer of the state of Colorado, demonstrated his lack of financial acumen when he stated in the interview: ". . . we have to give up some of what we've got in economic terms. We are so damned wealthy. As long as we try to hang on to that, we haven't got a chance and morally ought not to have a chance. It is not right for us to have the kind of extravagant consumptive society we have—it just isn't."

According to the U.S. Treasury report of November 30, 1977, our national debt was $707 billion, with a deficit of some $58 billion projected for the fiscal year. How the hell can Brown claim that we are so damned wealthy? Where has Brown been for the last fifty years when we have been pouring literally billions of dollars into the foreign rat hole?

Evidently, Brown's philosophy is this: "Take from each according to his ability and give to each according to his need." The reason the Socialist and Communist countries don't have money is that they are lacking the ingredient *incentive*. People aren't going to exert themselves and work and produce to support the drones, but in this society the workers, who have the incentive of the capitalist society, work only to have the government tax them in order to pay for programs of illusory value and to support a bureaucratic maze, with the promise of more to come, such as the

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If our so-called consumptive society about which Brown speaks is asked to give up what it has, who is going to make the money to feed the foreign hungry and support their economies with loans? Where will they look for relief? Russia? China?

I'd be interested in knowing whether Brown would like to see Torrijos pay back those ten New York banks to which he owes an excess of $200 million and whether Brown would favor giving Torrijos the Panama Canal so that he can have us pay him for taking it, raise the tolls, and pay the banks.

The whole problem with Brown and his breed of the sixties is that they didn't like to see a bunch of goddamn Communists get killed. In fact, if the Communists attacked this country, what would the sixties radical crowd do? Whose side would they be on?—*Roy E. Voelker, Oskaloosa, Iowa*

Cartergate

I think that you are doing America a great favor by publishing the series on The Trilateral Commission. However, there are two serious errors in "Cartergate II: The Real President" (December 1977).

Craig S. Karpel states that The Trilateral Commission supports the establishment of an independent state in the Mideast. That is wrong. The commission supports a Palestinian state with ties to Jordan, which is a big difference. The Palestinians justly deserve their own nation, just as the Jews deserve their own. But they do not deserve to be under the yoke of the kingdom of Jordan. Of course, The Trilateral Commission does not care about justice; it's interest is in coopting people's movements to suit the needs of the multinationals.

On the other hand, I agree that the commission supports the Panama Canal Treaty so that Panama can pay off its debts to the multinational bankers. It should be added that historically the United States stole the canal: the United States (with Teddy Roosevelt at the helm) used its agents to aid the Panamanians, revolt against Colombia and then sent troops to hold off Colombia's retaliation. In the course of the sale of the canal, U.S. negotiators told the Panamanians that if they did not sell at a low price, U.S. troops would be withdrawn, leaving Panama to be slaughtered by Colombia. It was blackmail.

The United States should immediately withdraw from Panama. The proposed treaty would keep American military influence there until the year 2000. Again, The Trilateral Commission cares about U.S. business interests in Panama, not about morality.

These two errors (the first of fact, the second of omission) are very serious, because I feel that The Trilateral Commission will soon plunge this nation into war. This war might take place in the Mideast or Panama (the commission may want the U.S. Senate to reject the treaty, causing the Panamanians to try to take the canal by force). The last time that capitalism was

WHAT THE EXPERTS CALLED THE BEST LAST YEAR WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.

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"AS NEAR TO PERFECT AS WE'VE ENCOUNTERED." TX 9500-POPULAR ELECTRONICS
"CERTAINLY ONE OF THE BEST... AT ANY PRICE." TX 9500-MODERN HI FI

SA9500II

TX9500II

Last year, the experts paid Pioneer's integrated amps and tuners some of the highest compliments ever.

But rather than sitting back and resting on our laurels, we set out to build even better amps and tuners. Amps and tuners that would not only surpass anything we'd ever built before, but anything anyone ever built before.

Our new TX 9500II tuner is a perfect example.

Its front end features three newly developed field effect transistors that work to let you pull in beautiful FM reception no matter how far you live from the transmitter.

It has separate bandwidths for weak and strong stations. Which means you can filter all the noise out of weak stations without worrying about overfiltering strong ones.

And where most tuners have multiplex circuits that accidentally cut out some of the frequencies that add depth and presence to the music, the multiplex circuit in the TX 9500II preserves them. So the music begins to sound as if it's coming live from your living room, instead of from some radio station miles away.

Naturally, after developing a tuner this advanced, we had no choice but to create an amplifier that could match it.

That amplifier is our new SA 9500II. A fully integrated amplifier that's capable of producing a continuous power output of 80 watts per channel RMS into eight ohms, from 20 to 20,000 hertz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

In other words, an amp that cannot only reproduce the entire audible frequency range of every conceivable instrument, but an amp that can reproduce *all* music with a total harmonic distortion level well under what the human ear can hear.

Obviously, both the SA 9500II and the TX 9500II are very sophisticated pieces of equipment. But all of the engineering skill that went into making them has gone into every tuner and amplifier in our new series II. No matter what the price, no matter what the specifications.

And that's something you don't have to be an expert to appreciate.

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crumbling, during the depression of the 1930s, a world war prevented its collapse. In order to prevent capitalism from failing again, a world war, or at least another Vietnam, is needed. I fear that Jimmy Carter and his Trilateral Commission pals and the other ruling-class gangsters have war in their plans so that they will gain more profits at the expense of the well-being and lives of working people. May we struggle against them and win.

I would like to suggest that the dissemination of information on The Trilateral Commission is important enough to merit your making reprints of this excellent series readily available to the American public.—*Gil Corby, Jersey City, N.J.*

Reprints of the Cartergate series are available and can be obtained by writing or calling the editorial offices of Penthouse *in New York.*

Craig S. Karpel's article "Cartergate II: The Real President" (December 1977) clearly delineates a process (oligopoly) that very much undermines the democratic system of government. However, I can still see no solution in simply putting Mr. Brzezinski's position of national-security adviser up for election. As Mr. Karpel has successfully established, voting for a president is no guarantee against an actual appointment being made behind the elective procedure. When appointments are overt, any personal biases are more readily visible to the general public. This is why it would seem more advantageous to retain the national-security adviser's position in its present nonelected status. But, at the same time, it appears necessary to determine the qualifications for the office in order to free it from the kind of domination from which it now suffers (i.e., ". . . the transnational interest of the multinational corporate and banking community") and therefore restrict its duties solely to the president and the nation.

Even though I personally support a peaceful economic cooperation of a "new global consciousness," I cannot see it manifesting itself in the ideology of a Trilateral plan. One hope that was in vain was the International Labor Organization, from which President Carter recently withdrew our country—*R.C., Kingston, N.Y.*

George Orwell and Aldous Huxley, in their respective prophesies on life in the technocratic age, both presaged a time in which citizens would be convicted of "thought crimes."

Craig S. Karpel's "Cartergate" series appears, on the surface, to emanate from a libertarian perspective, but his indictment of Zbigniew Brzezinski can only be construed as an attempt to convict Brzezinski of thought crimes.

Mr. Karpel's roundabout logic would have us deprive Brzezinski of an intellectual's right to explore unpopular causes. He would convict Brzezinski for the horrible crime of changing his mind (over a period of several years) in the light of changing world developments. He would have us discredit Brzezinski for the laudable ability to admit to being wrong.

Mr. Karpel attempts to guide us through a circuitous path designed to prove that inconsistencies between Brzezinski's and President Carter's foreign-policy positions prove Brzezinski to be a liar. The simple and obvious answer to these charges is that during the campaign Brzezinski was speaking for Brzezinski and Carter was speaking for Carter. The fact that Brzezinski contributed content and information to Carter's speeches does not prove that he controlled Carter's policies. The fact that there are apparent contradictions between the two men during the same time frame dispels the entire premise sought by Mr. Karpel, that Brzezinski is some kind of ghost president, pulling the strings on President Carter.

Mr. Karpel is obviously guilty of most of the crimes of which he accuses Brzezinski. He is a clever manipulator, a user of deceptive language and tactics, and a person with little regard for the American system.

I am not certain that I agree with Zbigniew Brzezinski's position. I am certain only that after reading Craig S. Karpel's series of half-truths, false accusations, misleading innuendos, and just plain double-talk, I will not learn the truth about Brzezinski from him.—*Richard E. Namey, President, Stuyvesant Corporation, Orlando, Fla.*

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Puerto Rican independence

It is unfortunate that Dr. Frederick J. Hacker, who was interviewed in the November 1977 *Penthouse*, knows so little about the Puerto Rican independence movement.

First of all, there is no such body as the "Puerto Rican Independence Movement" but rather several political parties and movements dedicated to the ideal of Puerto Rican independence. And the largest of these is the Puerto Rican Independence party, which won about 6 percent of the vote in the last election. PIP has been a legal party since 1946 and emphasizes independence via the education of the electorate. PIP has not, and does not, condone violence either from above or below but has resorted to civil disobedience in the past. The only other independence party of note is the Puerto Rican Socialist party, a Marxist-Leninist group that polled less than 1 percent in the last election. The PSP has resorted to violence on occasion and does accept the principle of revolutionary violence. Yet it also seeks to work through established political channels. There are other independence-oriented groups, such as the Socialist League, the Socialist Revolutionary Movement, the Anti-Imperialist Front, the Puerto Rican Communist party, and the Nationalist party, which seem to depend mostly upon strident rhetoric, pseudorevolutionary posters, and, probably, periodic acts of violence. Yet, since the sum total of these organiza-

HOW TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE SO-CALLED CAR SPEAKER AND THE FIRST CAR SPEAKER THAT DESERVES TO BE SO CALLED.

The best of the so-called car speakers, on the left, is identical in principle to a fine home speaker.

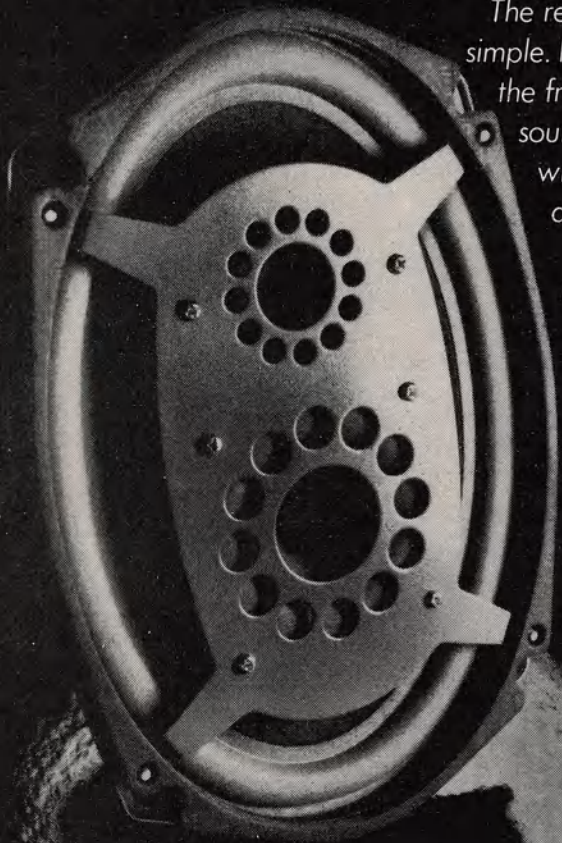
The Audiovox Comp 60,™ on the right, approaches sound from an entirely different point of view. The car.

It's easily distinguishable from the so-called car speaker in that it comes in two parts. One, a super efficient, low mass mylar midrange/tweeter for high definition and clear high and middle frequencies. And two, a beefed up 6½" woofer for beefed up bass sound.

The reason the incredible Comp 60 is a breakthrough, as well as a breakapart, is simple. It's the first speaker to put the midrange/tweeter where it should go in a car. In the front. And the woofer where it should go. In the rear. The result is the treble sounds, which are highly directional, get pointed at you, instead of at the back window. And the bass sounds, which are not highly directional, can spread out and move forward to meet the treble at an ideal point in the car. Your ear.

Of course, to be perfectly honest, the Comp 60 does have a few features in common with a fine home system.

Like a circular woofer for clean bass response. And a dome tweeter for uniform sound dispersion. And a copper wound high temperature voice coil that can take the heat in the music without going to pieces. And heavy weight ceramic magnets that total a big 60 ozs. for a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of distortion. Besides a handling capacity of 40 whopping watts per channel. And a frequency response of from 50 to 20,000 Hz.



The Comp 60 also has some parts no home system has. Like butyl rubber edges and gaskets to provide vibration-proof, jounce-proof damping.

If you want to get as much pleasure from your car speaker as your home speaker, make sure you get a lot more than a scaled down home speaker for your car. Get the first real car speaker. The Audiovox Comp 60. The speaker we took apart because of the way your car is put together.

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tions hardly equals the PSP, much less the larger and more articulate PIP, it is unfair of the good doctor to pin his imaginary scenarios upon a "Puerto Rican Independence Movement" bogeyman. By a large margin, the nonviolent Puerto Rican Independence party is the Puerto Rican independence movement.

Regarding the so-called Armed Forces of National Liberation (FALN), this group would seem to be Puerto Rican in name only and should probably be lumped with the SLA and other urban U.S. terrorist groups.—*Shaun M. Darragh, Hato Rey, Puerto Rico*

Critiquing the critic

It was not necessary to include the biographical footnote to "The Fundamental Lie of Television" ("Advise and Dissent," December 1977), which tells us that the author, Benjamin Stein, is a critic. He has all the attributes common to the breed: his point of view is not original, he has the sort of tunnel vision that allows him to focus his full attention upon some minor detail only marginally related to the issue at hand, and he possesses the seemingly unlimited capacity to develop this aesthetic molehill into Mount Rushmore or, at least, 2,500 words, which is what critics are paid to do, after all.

But to the matter at hand. I would like to offer my poor answer to Mr. Stein's objection to the lack of verisimilitude (as it was called by his spiritual brethren of the eighteenth century) in today's television programs: theater ain't "real life"!

Oh yes, like all art, good theater is *real*. But like all good art, it is really purified, refined, simplified, and thereby made *more* "real" than "real life." Hamlet's problem is *real* even when the play is performed on a bare stage. So is Macbeth's. I am not even upset by the fact that Shakespeare's Athenian citizens talk just like sixteenth-century English rustics, or that he saw fit to give Bohemia a seacoast. Somehow, these things aren't very important compared with the *reality* of his characters and their predicaments.

Granted, there is an element of absurdity in the flashy settings and expensive costumes on many TV programs. It is just that these things aren't very important in the overall picture.

And I will concede that most TV dramas aren't on a par with Shakespeare, either. But if they aren't, it's surely not because of the model car that the characters drive! Why not pick something a little more substantial before you criticize?

I'd like to make a few more points, while I am in the mood for rebuttal. Nobody "works" on TV? Well, sure, most of the "work" we see on television is more fun than a lot of real jobs are. Who wants to sit watching ninety minutes of some poor lug tightening bolts on an assembly line anyway? You don't see much boring work on TV because it is boring. Drama, like any other art form, is *selective*.

It seems to me that all Mr. Stein is saying is that there's not enough *nothing* on television yet. He hasn't been paying attention.

No, I do not work for television. I have worked, on and off, in the theater for about sixteen years, and I really do think many of the programs on TV are garbage. I just can't stand to see *anything* criticized for the wrong reasons!—*L.G. Gramling, Jr., Valdosta, Ga.*

"I foresee only one possible unpleasant side effect from this medication, Mr. Bledso. You may, ah . . . shit in your pants when you see my bill."

Pretty baby

After reading Robert S. Spitz's article about Brooke Shields (January 1978), I really can't help feeling sorry for Ms. Shields. Her mother is destroying her.

Brooke Shields is an incredibly talented young star and a born actress and model. She is still young and has a great future ahead of her. It is obvious that her mother is taking advantage of Brooke's well-being.

Brooke should have a different agent, not her mother. Whether her agent is male or female, it should be someone who won't push her into anything she can't handle. More important, it should be an agent to whom Brooke can talk about her feelings.

It is obvious that Mrs. Shields loves her daughter, and I will not take anything away from that. But business and family cannot mix. As Brooke gets older, she is going to start to do what *she* wants to do, and Mrs. Shields will find the puppet strings she holds on her daughter tied in knots.—*Name and address withheld*

Being an avid moviegoer, I very much enjoyed Robert Stephen Spitz's article "Pretty Baby." In the article Mr. Spitz mentioned a pamphlet entitled "Little Women" by photographer Gary Gross. I would appreciate it if you would publish the address where I could obtain a copy of this pamphlet.—*Name and address withheld*

"Little Women" was printed by Gary Gross for an exhibition of his photographs. It is the photographer's private property and is not available to the public.

The last taboo

When I read Philip Nobile's "Incest: The Last Taboo" (December 1977), I was amazed that he failed to mention the most important book dealing with the subject since Sophocles wrote about Oedipus and his mother. In January 1970 the novel *A Garden of Sand*, by Earl Thompson, was published by Putnam. It deals in great part with a young boy's seduction of his mother and the way both of them are reduced by their circumstances to seek something like love. It is one of the most poignant portraits of preadolescent and adolescent sexuality ever written. More, it is also a story of the triumph of the human spirit over enormous adversity. Not surprising, it was nominated for the National Book Award. I still read it once every year or so.

It is interesting that Mr. Nobile can mention a piece of mind-deadening trash like

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

Pete Hamill's novel in his otherwise interesting article but fail to indicate that he is familiar with Thompson's masterpiece.—*B.H., Bolinas, Calif.*

Veterans' Forum

I heard a news broadcast the other day concerning economical aid to Vietnam. I am a disabled Vietnam veteran. I was wounded in Vietnam's central highlands in July 1968.

The American government *lost* the Vietnam War, and now those of us who fought the war and are now working Americans are giving our tax dollars to a Communist country. I feel that this is wrong. The Vietnam veterans need something to work toward. The government gave up our war, took away many needed veterans' rights, and now serves us the worst and dirtiest blow of all. Thousands of Vietnam veterans are unemployed and need financial assistance, and our own government is sending millions of dollars to help a country that told us we weren't needed. Try to picture how we feel.—*Harvey R. Johnson, Kettle River, Minn.*

Correction

In the pictorial entitled "Tropic of Capricorn" (January 1978) the following credits should have appeared: Clothes courtesy of Strip Thrills, West Hollywood, Calif., and jewelry by Showcase Jewelers, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

MOANS & GROANS

The article "The Overclass" by Robert Wieder (January 1978), presented in the "View from the Top" section, was one of the most blatant examples of journalistic bias that I have ever read.

I deplore the author's use of figures, because he twists them to suit his purposes. For instance, on line two he refers to the overclass as a "small hard core of disaffected persons." He later states that "the overclass has thus produced a huge proportion of America's tax cheats, extortionists, corporate crooks, thieving politicians, perverts, and armed nuts." This statement gives the unwary reader the impression that a huge number of America's perverts and criminals are members of the overclass. This cannot be true, because the overclass is such a small group in proportion to the American population. The number would still be miniscule in comparison to the total population if *all* of the overclass were perverts. I suggest that Mr. Wieder bone up on mathematics and sociology. Then he would know that in reality the largest portion of America's tax cheats, corporate crooks, thieving politicians, perverts, and armed nuts come from the lower social classes.

By consenting to publish "The Overclass" *Penthouse* has revealed that it is contemptuous of rich people. Mr. Wieder is, in a sense, attacking the American dream of financial success. If he were as rich as those he writes of, I'm sure that he would never have written such an article.

At first I thought it folly that *Penthouse* would do anything that would alienate its upper-crust readers. Now I realize that its market is centered in a group of people who generally scorn the wealthy and affluent. By feeding them lies that are biased and ill founded, *Penthouse* is not doing society a great favor, for you only ignite dangerous class antagonism and contempt in the minds of some of your readers.—*S.C., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Mr. Wieder's essay was written with a humorous intent. His attacks on the very rich were made to parody the media's current exploitation of the term underclass.

I am a twenty-eight-year-old woman who believes that when it comes to sex and all its trappings, there are definite preferences. Barriers do blur, but essentially a woman either likes men or she likes women. I don't pretend to know what it is that determines this choice early in life, but the reason has nothing to do with seduction, cultural codes, or Bible class.

When *Penthouse* deals with sex between women, it serves a male point of view that is more fantasy than reality. It may be beautiful visually, but there is little substance to it,

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A LOGICAL ARGUMENT. The overseas companies are now getting into the heavyweight or "Super Bike" category.

Each makes a number of motorcycles and what distinguishes one from the other tends to be the size of the engine. The number of cc's.

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probably because there always seems to be some guy lurking somewhere either to break them up or simply to get off on the whole thing. The pictorial is for men, and the female psychology is nowhere to be found. My objections are against the real misconceptions harbored by individuals in the real world. I couldn't possibly tell you how many times people have grumbled vague threats to my face about dikes and fags without realizing to whom they were talking. Usually, my brain shuts off in order to avoid pain. I flash a brilliant smile to disguise any show of contempt, and I change the subject. They can't believe that I could be a lesbian, any more than they would believe that any reasonably healthy, good-looking airline stewardess would want to pass up a nice screw with any number of good-looking male passengers. While I don't fit their ugly stereotype, the scary thing about it is that they want to take that ugly stereotype and run my life with it.

This observation brings me to comment on your interview with Anita Bryant (January 1978). I admire you for publishing it because she is not the most popular person in the world right now. Through a very clear, feeling, articulate dialogue, she weaves a fabric of fear. She has a right to feel fear, as any sighted person would who strikes out at a viable, yet invisible enemy.

Her campaign is cruel and senseless. I can't embrace ignorance and self-righteous intimidation. Her claim on Christianity is insulting; her politics, unconstitutional. Although I take Bryant with a grain of salt, articles such as this one are a slap in the face, no matter how generous you are or off-base she is. The dignity that she wants to strip from me belongs to me. It takes every ounce of composure I have to keep that dignity, when I see that my private life is so easily open to debate and so easily condemned.

By the way, I am curious to know if you plan not to rest on your laurels and print a decent rebuttal. Please do.—*J.M., Sacramento, Calif.*

Penthouse *has interviewed many controversial people, and Anita Bryant is currently prominent in the news and of national interest. We do not plan on publishing a "rebuttal" to the interview. There are, however, several letters in this month's "Feedback" expressing readers' reactions—both pro and con—to the article. Also, in September 1977, we published a profile we feel was sympathetic to the gay-rights movement, "Dave Kopay: The Gay Life" by Jack Mann.*

The views expressed by Ms. Bryant do not reflect Penthouse's *stance on the subject, which should be clear from the cover line for the piece: "Anita Bryant: Battle Hymn of the Repugnant."*

As a writer and publisher, I pay close attention to a wide variety of consumer and trade magazines, including *Penthouse*. Yours is graphically one of the best around, and in general you elevate sexuality to an honest level of good taste that is very commendable, to say nothing of erotic.

Also, I think you are to be commended for some of your daring articles. The series on "Cartergate" is particularly well presented and well documented, and it could very well alert the public enough to prevent another Vietnam-type situation.

What disturbs me about your publication is that it occasionally gets down into the gutter with some of the raunchiest material around—material that is completely out of character with the rest of the magazine.

An example of what I mean is the series of cartoons called "Happy Hookers" by Walter Gallup (January 1978). Not only is this insensitive to handicapped people, but I fail to see any humor whatsoever.

In general, *Penthouse* is an excellent publication, and I will probably continue to buy it. But please don't mess up a good thing with garbage just to prove that you have the right to print crap if you want to.—*David H. Bunnell, Albuquerque, N.M.*

Jokes are usually amusing because they're at someone's expense. As Mark Twain once wrote, "The secret source of humor itself is not joy but sorrow." There was, of course, no intent on the artist's part to be malicious in the obviously exaggerated comedy of "The Happy Hookers." ○+—

"I don't think there's anything wrong
with your boyfriend's fetish
regarding women in plaster casts.
But I would think twice
before going mountain climbing with him."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

I'm a teenage boy, and every summer I take a couple of days off from my work and backpack up to a remote area in these woods where I live. This spot is so remote that I've never seen any other people there. Well, this last summer I got to my favorite spot and set up camp. I didn't feel like fishing, since it was very hot, and I skinny-dipped instead. I stripped and swam in this narrow creek, and after a while I decided to get a tan all over.

I lay down on the grass face down. I was there for about twenty minutes when I heard a strange sound. I quickly grabbed my rifle and tried to spot what it was. I was shocked to see that it was a game warden, and even more shocked to see that the game warden was a woman! She stared at my naked body and gasped. She had a nice face, to be sure, but I couldn't see much of her figure because of her baggy uniform.

I was embarrassed, so I looked for something to cover my body. She kept coming toward me, though, muttering something about her jeep having gotten stuck up on a trail back in the woods. She took off her ranger hat and released a full head of long, brunette hair. My cock began to stiffen rapidly. I tried asking her about the jeep, but she just kept walking up to me. When she was standing over me, she gently bent down and caressed my chest, and then she began stroking my cock. I grew harder than before. Then she herself stripped. As she took off her shirt, I gazed at those huge breasts. They looked like they were ready to bust her bra. She then slid down her pants and revealed a bushy, brown bush. I almost shot my load right there.

She gave me a long look and then gently pushed me down on the bank of the creek. She sat on my stomach and began massaging my chest, stopping only to take off her bra. What tits! They spat out of her bra cups. They were large, very well shaped, and upright, with huge, brown nipples that stuck out like candy kisses. I couldn't hold back and shot my wad right there. She said nothing but wiped the come off her warm belly, teasingly licking it off her fingers. What a turn-on! Her pussy was very wet by now, and the juices ran down my stomach. She then placed my hands on her melons, and I massaged them as she moaned in delight. Again, my cock grew hard.

She worked her way up my body until her wet cunt was on my mouth. I shot my tongue into her and started laving her throbbing, musky pussy. She began to heave, shuddering and groaning very loudly. Suddenly, a rush of pussy juice oozed into my mouth. I swallowed most of it, and to my surprise it didn't taste half bad. She then sat back and bent over, and I licked and sucked those huge tits of hers. I was ready to come again, and so she slid her hot, wet snatch over my dick, slowly and rhythmically rotating her crotch. It felt so good I wanted it to last forever. Of course it didn't—she was so tight that I shot quite soon.

Afterwards we lay on the sand and talked. She said that her name was Kim and that she had wrecked her jeep up on the hill. She had hiked down and was looking for help when she saw me lying nude on the grass. From there on nothing mattered to her but getting my dick into her twat. She also told me that ranger work is thankless and her sex life almost nonexistent. When she saw me, Kim just went crazy.

During this whole conversation we were nude, and as she talked I gently caressed her breasts. I told her that I had seen many magazines, but that I'd never seen any woman with better tits. She thanked me, and said that if I didn't mind, she would stay with me

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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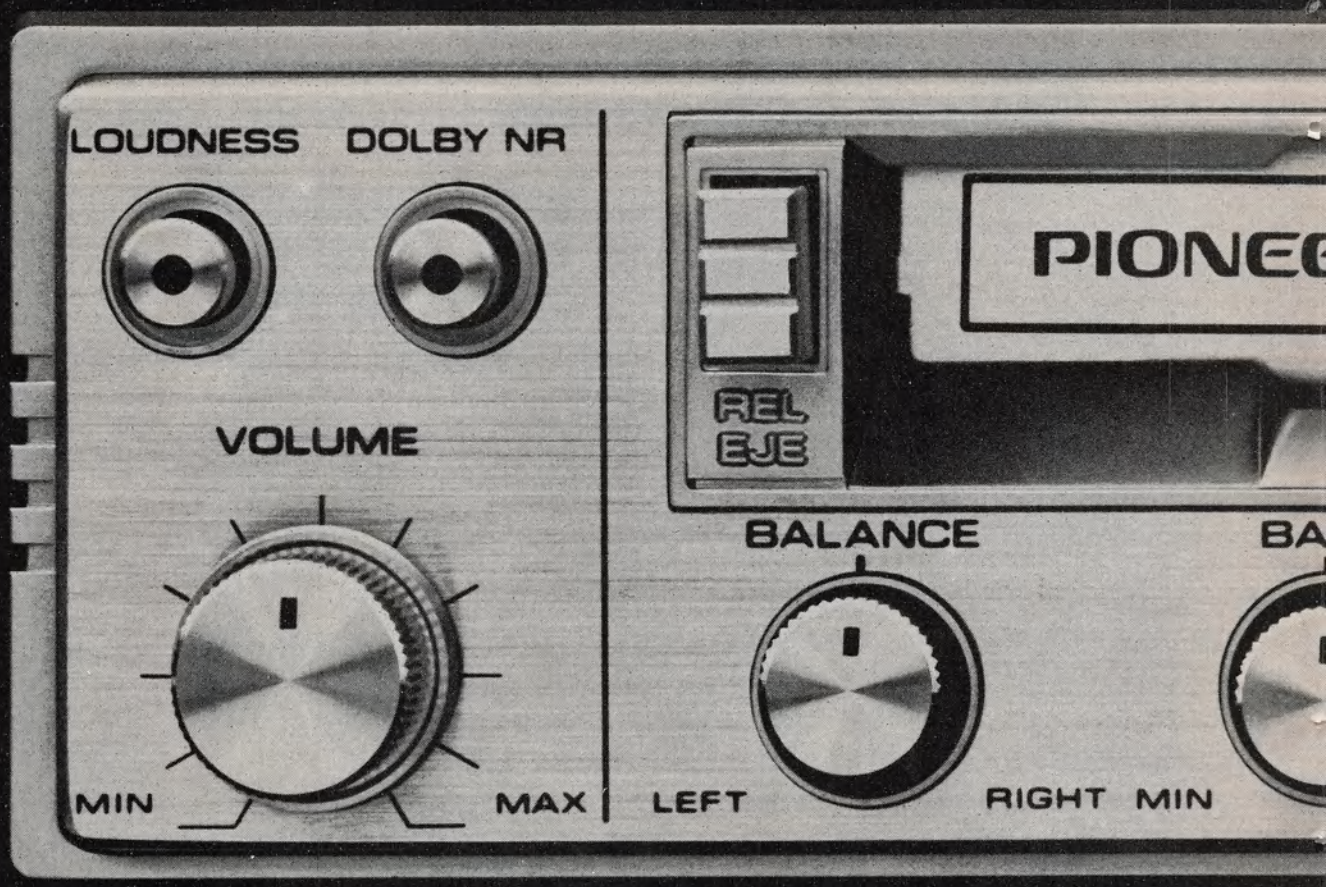

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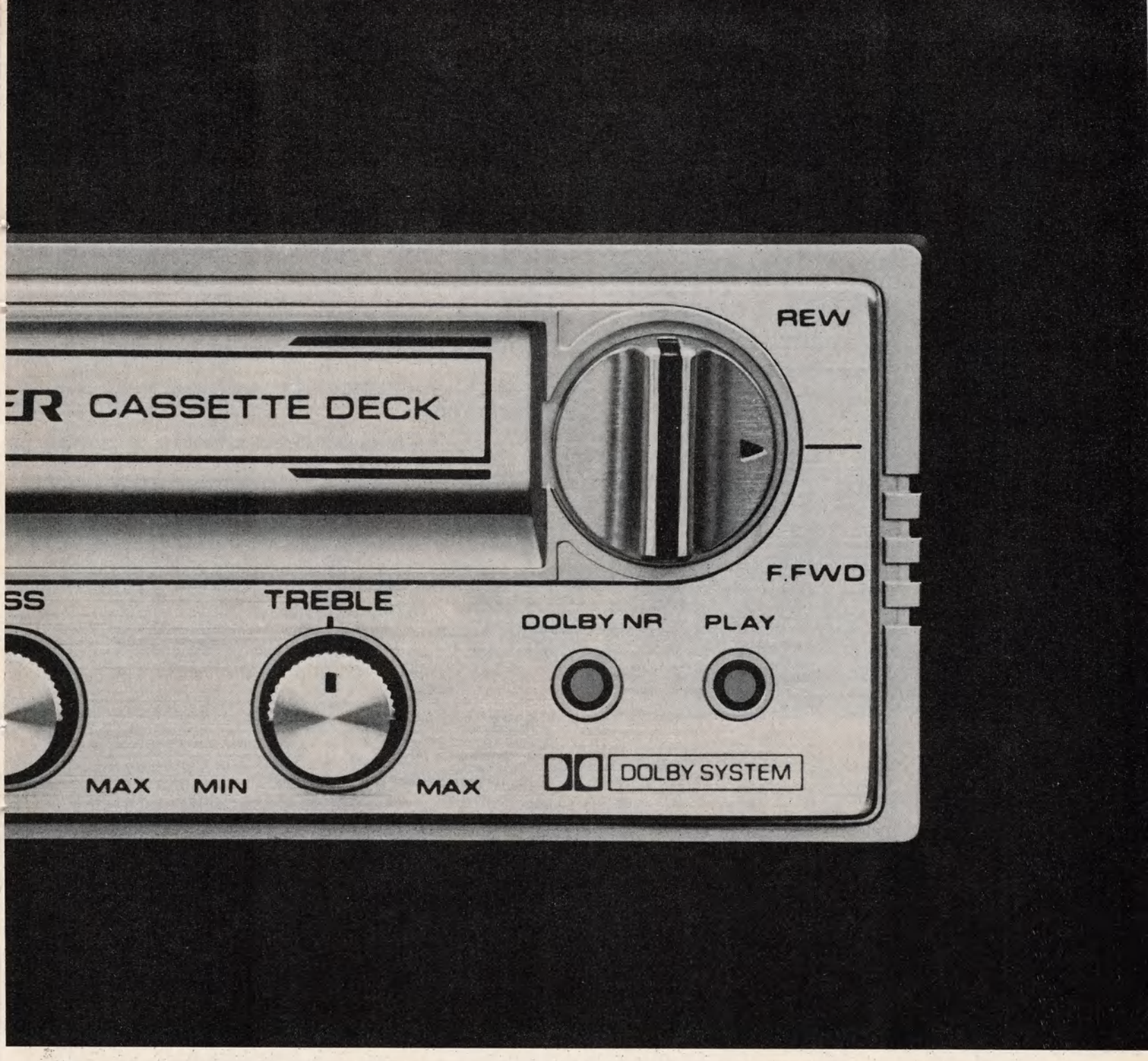

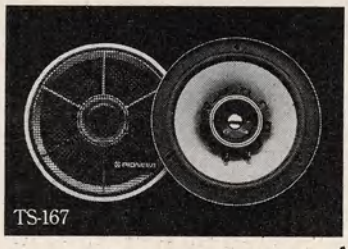

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that night and go back the next morning. I agreed, of course, and we spent the rest of the afternoon fucking each other's brains out.

My problem is this. Before she left, Kim gave me her address. It happened to be in the same town I live in. I've been to her place a few times, and we've had several good fucking sessions. Luckily, she is unmarried. But recently I met a girl my own age. I like this new girl a lot, but, I also like Kim. I haven't told Kim about my girl friend, since I want to continue fucking her. Unfortunately, I feel this is cheating on my girl friend, but I'm afraid that if I tell Kim it would really hurt her feelings. What should I do?—T.B.

I've always considered honesty the hard way out, but in your case it may be the only one. You may want the best of both girls, but reality sometimes prevents such wishful thinking. A guy your age certainly doesn't have to limit himself to one woman. In fact, I think that to do so, particularly at your young, sweet age, is a little—how should I put this?—"limiting." The women in your life may disagree with me, and they have every right to do so. After all, it's not my life. The decision is yours, and since you seem to feel very guilty about your present situation, it's probably best to clear the air and tell all. Kim and your girl friend might even surprise you and think nothing of your loving situation. Could be they even have a few loving situations of their own. What's good for the guy is just as good for the girl.

SOMETHING HAPPENED

I've been tied down to the same girl, Carrie, for about two years. I'm very much in love with her, and she's a very sexy young lady. She stands five feet four inches and has small, firm tits and one of the most luscious little asses I've ever held in my hands. I just love shoving my seven and a half inches up her behind! Before Carrie, I had fucked two other girls. I lost my pureness when I was fifteen.

It's not my sexual problem that I'm writing you about. It's Carrie's. I may be making a needle out of a haystack, but I just can't figure it out. Carrie lost her virginity when she was fifteen, and unfortunately she lost it in a very mixed-up kind of way. You see, her parents treated her like a dog, and she went out with this big dude who was very popular with the girls. He was a pure ass—your typical, dumb, inconsiderate jock. From what Carrie told me, he had ten inches, and at that time this was just way too much for Carrie to handle, especially since she was a virgin. But this asshole jock just didn't care. Just so he got his rocks off—that's all he cared about.

Carrie was dating him when I met her. I'm not boasting, but I am the complete opposite of that bum. I think this is what attracted Carrie to me. Anyway, I took her away from that jock and started going steady with her. Things went fine socially and sexually for a long time. Carrie actually loved sex with me. We did it in many positions and places—including a john on a bus, a friend's bathroom (with his parents in the next room), the middle of a cornfield, the bleachers at a Z.Z. Top concert, and many other unique places. The only problem we ever had sexually was her giving me head. She did do it a couple of times and swallowed my load, too, but I always noticed a sense of resentment when she finished. Carrie never refused me when I went down on her; I always tried to be soft and slow while eating her, because that's the way she liked it. This was obvious, because she experienced orgasm after orgasm when I ate her out. I could always tell when she came, too, because she shoved her hips up and told me to shove my tongue in her and my finger up her ass. Oh, how she loved that!

We were getting along very well when something happened. You remember that dumb jock who rammed her for the first time? Well, he died. He was killed in a car wreck. Carrie insisted on attending his funeral, and so we did. She cried all the way through it. I asked her why, and she told me that, in a way, she still loved him. What way? How could she love a dumb, selfish jock like that? I asked her this, but I never got any answers. This happened over three months ago.

Well, two months ago a friend of mine told me that he saw Carrie with a guy named John, another dumb and selfish jock. I go to school during the day and work at nights. Despite this, we still have plenty of time together, and so my working schedule could not be the reason. I asked Carrie why she was seeing John, and she said it was because we didn't see each other enough. So, like an ass, I quit my job. Two weeks later this friend of mine told me that Carrie had seen John about eight times since I quit my job. Carrie had told me she'd gotten in trouble with her parents and had to be home by five in the afternoon, right after school. What a load of shit. She was going to this jock's house.

Then it happened. We broke up. I figured it was the best thing to do. Two weeks later (and what would have been our second anniversary), she showed up at my house. We tried to talk it out but got in a fight instead. She took off hot and mad. I sat down and cried for a while, because I really did love the girl.

Then her mother called me one day. Carrie's parents had always treated her like shit, but for some reason they worshipped the ground I walked on. To my shock, Carrie's mother told me that Carrie had tried to commit suicide. She had slit her wrists and lost two pints of blood, and she was now in a mental hospital.

She's been there for a month, and the doctors have said she'll be there for quite some time. She isn't allowed visitors, but she can call or write when she wishes. Carrie did call me, and we talked for an hour or

so. I asked her why she did it, and she said she didn't know why herself. Carrie also said she missed me more as a person than as a lover. Man, did that hurt. I love her so much, but I feel she needs to figure herself out, which is more important than worrying about me. We decided not to talk to each other until she's out of the hospital.

Xaviera, she loves me—I know it. I really know it. All we've been through can't go in one hole and out the other. Can you help me figure out her problem? The doctors won't tell me jack shit. I would greatly appreciate any comments you can give me. You see, I'm already lonely for some hot cunt. Do you think I should lay another girl? Would that help me figure out how she felt?

I'm so confused. One half of me wants to wrap myself around Carrie, smother her with kisses, and go off into the sunset. The other half wants to wrap my cock around a mysterious piece of cunt, smother it with sex, and go off into that tunnel of love just to get away from all this mess. What can I do?—S.R.M.

I think your decision to leave Carrie alone until she's had time to settle out her own problems is very wise of you. But as you say in your letter, what about your feelings? You've just been through a rather devastating emotional relationship. It's best not to seek another heavy affair right now. Take time to establish some casual relationships with women. They don't even have to be sexual relationships. If you must have sex, don't let anyone stop you. Sex can be great casual fun, and you owe that to your depressed state of mind. Whatever you do, don't become involved with someone. You're too confused now, and if the relationship didn't work out, it could throw you into a deeper state of depression.

But on the whole, I'm somewhat troubled by a few other remarks you make in your letter. I don't know you personally, but after all, you have asked me for advice. And there are a few things I think you should keep in mind before seeing Carrie again, if at all.

First of all, not all jocks are selfish, horrible, inconsiderate assholes. Your impression of them seems to be clouded by the fact that Carrie prefers this kind of man. In fact, you seem to think that anyone who threatens your relationship with Carrie—including her "inconsiderate" parents—is an asshole. Are they all really assholes, or are you just so insecure that you must belittle them in Carrie's eyes?

Second, I think any woman will remain somewhat "in love" with the man who took away her virginity. It may not be true love; it may be closer to infatuation, but nevertheless that one man will remain a special person to her. A woman may love you and still be in love with a former lover. Perhaps they just couldn't continue seeing each other. But that doesn't mean they have to start hating each other's guts.

Love can be beautiful; don't try to be its sole recipient. Your possessiveness can kill it and make you an Othello.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

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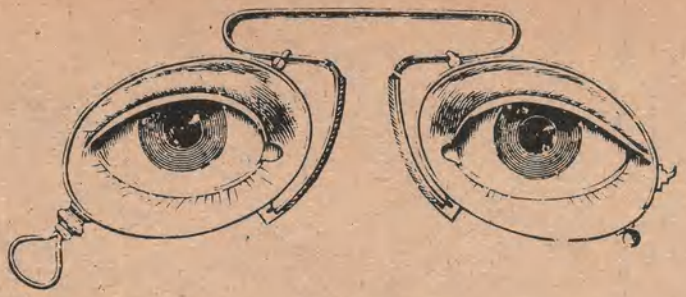


VIEW FROM THE TOP

JOCK CULTURE, U.S.A.

BY NEIL D. ISAACS

Sports heroes are sacred people. Any attempt to cut them down to human size is offensive and intolerable. Political and entertainment figures are fair game for debunkers, and the public rejoices in the public airing of their dirty laundry and clay feet. But the only acceptable "human interest" material about jocks concerns quirks or foibles or oddities that enhance their legendary nature.

The marriages of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe, Lance Rentzel and Joey Heatherton, Bo Belinsky and Mamie van Doren, and Terry Bradshaw and JoJo Starbuck, for example, were made in the sacred heavens of sports mythmaking. But let there be nothing kinky about them. If Marilyn was strange with Arthur Miller and the Kennedys, we want to know all about it—but don't tarnish the DiMag image with any dirt. In Heatherton, Rentzel had a fine trophy, a "perfect sleeper" of an image for a jock myth. But when his pyschosexual problems are exposed, we don't want to hear about it on the sports pages, and we don't want him playing in our big league any more.

Some think that sports heroes are the last exponents of the Puritan ethic. For example, a scurrilous demythologizing may suggest a heavy use of drugs by athletes, especially professional football players. But before such a destructive idea can take root in an anguished public fancy, the NFL launches an antidrug campaign in the public interest, with scores of its star players taping little antidrug sermonettes. And even the most cynical sports fan swallows it.

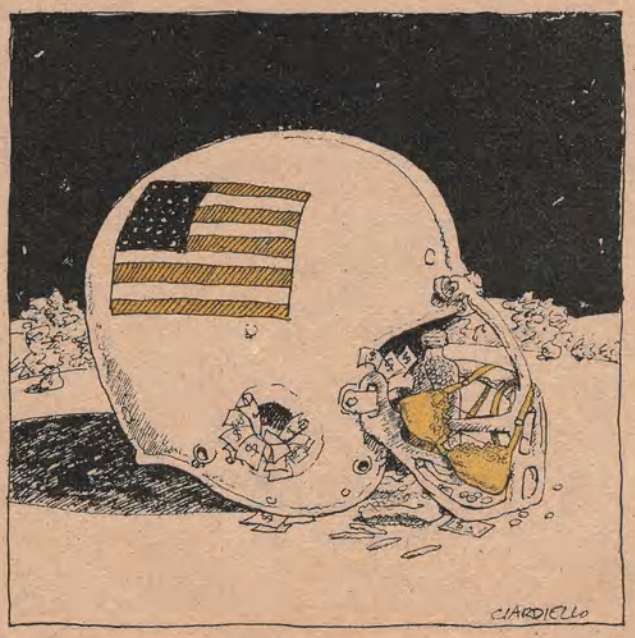
Baseball could never tolerate even the less-than-new morality according to which married players might discover teammates' wives to be more congenial than their own. They might make honest men and women of themselves by divorces and remarriage, but they won't be retained on the same roster.

The sports establishment will go to absurd extremes to preserve the image of purity carried over from an old-world concept of public morality, and these efforts can sometimes be counterproductive. Witness the "public apologies" of Cleon Jones and Joe Namath. Jones, the most consistently excellent outfielder in Met history, apologized for conduct unbecoming a Met after legal charges against him had been dismissed. Jones was arrested for indecent exposure when police caught him in a van with a young woman. The woman was black—that was no problem—and her youth made her, if anything, a suitable object of macho-heroic attention. Nor need the fact that Jones was married have mattered, since gods and heroes are famously prodigal with their virility. The problems were (1) that he was *caught*, like any common public nuisance; (2) that he was caught in a *van*, with its overtones of counterculture and hippydom; and (3) that he was over the hill in a baseball—not marital—sense. So that if his hero image could be cut, so could his hero-level salary.

With Namath, on the other hand, the sports establishment had actually traded on his image as rebel hero. He was the new breed, the long-haired, free-spirited swinger who could be a viable folk hero for new generations of NFL addicts. Never mind the obviously bourgeois values of Namath's actual life-style and mind set; never mind that Namath could be wholeheartedly embraced as the rightful inheritor of the blue-collar, Archie Bunker generation; the point was that he could be sold, merchandized, and mythologized as antiestablishment proof that pro football was with it.

But the antiestablishment posture can go only so far. And Joe Namath went too far.

In the sacred world, the triumph over the old order is the laudatory feat, the stuff of saga. Joe Willie would boast that he would beat Unitas and the Colts, the champion representatives of the old order, and he would carry out his boast. The quick release of mouth and pass made him a mythic hero. But in the profane world, where his interest in a cabaret, Bachelors III, brought him into contact with characters deemed undesirable (and not hero-worthy) by the NFL, a quick release of his holdings was demanded. And achieved. With public apology. The myth of the antiestablishment hero was one thing, but in a real confrontation, the establishment put the hero in his place and the publican out of his place. If Namath wanted to continue as a hero, it would have to be on acceptably conventional terms.



The conventions of sports heroism may be enormously broad—liberal in the extreme—as long as they are kept within the bounds of the sacred world. Within those bounds, virtually every mythic scenario may be entertained. The ex-con who makes good in the big leagues is a male Cinderella figure. His crimes against society may have been inadequately paid for, but they are transcended by his ability to steal bases and run down fly balls.

Somewhat more difficult to tolerate are the former heroes whose fall from the sacred world is into the depths of the profane. Beau Jack, a beautiful fighting machine as the lightweight champion, is discovered shining shoes in a pathetic middle age. He becomes thereby the stuff of

From the forthcoming book, Jock Culture, U.S.A., by Neil D. Isaacs (W.W. Norton & Co., Inc.)

legendary pathos; his fall from the boxing grace of his prime, the magic circle of the square ring, becomes a classic loss of high place in the sports-minded mythos. And Hurricane Jackson is pictured in Alan Dugan's poem as shattered in face and mind, with one ear "clenched like a fist" listening to itself, while "someone else, his perfect youth,/laureled in newsprint and dollar bills,/triumphs forever on the great white way/to the statistical Sparta of the champs."

This characterization of Jackson is easy, like Beau Jack's, but that of another Hurricane, Carter, blows up a much more complex storm. If the ascension of a Ron Laflore or a Willy Horton or a Jim Rivera or a Sonny Liston or even a Don King from prison to athletic triumph is a tribute to the sanctifying power of the sacred world of sports, what can be made of the descent of a man from highly ranked contender to felony-murder convict?

Taking Dylan's song and the well-organized campaign to free Hurricane Carter as manifestations of myth—that is, setting aside the question (which I can't presume to answer) of whether or not he was guilty of any crime against society, in a legal sense, in the real world—I would argue that he has become a type of the sacrificial victim, the scapegoat. First, his fall is tragic in the simple way that Beau Jack's was: a fall from a high place in the sacred world and then out of that world into the profane. Then the fall is complicated when he is punished and made a victim of profane institutions—society, law and order, racial prejudice. And when the victimization is celebrated in the mythic scenarios of the media, he is apotheosized once again as a tragic sports hero.

Only if Hurricane Carter's crime were against the sacred world itself would his heroic nature be transformed into baser stuff by the demythologizing process. Jack Molinas—whose legend could have been that of a supreme rogue-hero because of his performances on and off the basketball court and his ultimate assassination in modern gangland style—lost his stature when he was named the master fixer in one of the major basketball scandals. Ralph Beard and Alex Groza, Sherman White and Ed Warner, among many others, have been read out of the roster of heroes for alleged point shaving. But even in this company, exceptions may be made to fit a mythic scenario. Thus Floyd Layne, who slipped from glory to infamy for his part in the 1950 basketball fixes, has become a hero of the redemptive power of the sacred world. He never left it; working at great personal sacrifice in the remotest basketball vineyards out of his love for the game, he won a storybook reward—the head coaching job at the institution he once exalted and betrayed.

Ron Galella

Joe Namath with Mom: at home in the sacred world of sports.

The stories of athletic heroes do not often end in triumph. They may die young in their prime or broken in age, but heroes they remain in the stories left behind, in which they are resurrected or re-created in the clear vision of hindsight. The All-American Boy might end up the dirty old man, but as long as he doesn't befoul the sacred terrain—or as long as the mythologizers of that realm keep the lid on his peccadilloes or make light of his flaws—his legend maintains the luster of his eminence.

The functions of role and personality must not be confused. If this "commandment" is broken, a kind of embarrassed joking emerges with regard to those athletic figures who possess an extra dimension that doesn't fit the forms or formulas. The NFL uneasily dealt with the image of Mike Reid, the Cincinnati Bengal linebacker whose ambition it was to be a concert pianist. The idea was to broaden the image of the football player in a pluralistic culture, but the discomfort of the football establishment probably came from the subclinical itch that the sacred world was being infected by the multidimensional practicality of the profane. An ad for the yellow pages featuring Lou Brock and his flower shop or the image of DiMag puttering around the house making coffee brought a similar itch, almost as nagging as Namath in panty hose.

The macho image and the accompanying product identification so dear to the hearts of athletes' agents and market researchers were endangered by all these kinds of extradimensioning.

Anything that acts to confuse or destroy the mythic values of sports figures often provokes strong reaction from an outraged public. For example, late in 1975 the *Washington Star* ran a series called "Homosexuals in Sports," by Lynn Rosellini. The response to the series was overwhelmingly negative. People wrote and called to protest the damage done to the athletes' images in children's minds. "Have a little regard for the young, impressionable boys and girls who are so awestruck with these heroes," wrote a woman from Falls Church. And a man who rejoiced in the way kids' identification with "their heroes transcends race" went on about where models are not to be found: "Kids today will hesitate to admit wanting to be soldiers (murderers), federal agents or policemen (burglars), blue-collar workers (unemployed), small businessmen (broke), doctors (sued), or president (crook). Thanks for messing with the image of the pro athlete."

A caller said, simply, "There are gay people everywhere. Why in the sports pages? It's a sacred page."

Commenting on the response to the series, *Washington Star* columnist Jane O'Reilly wrote, "Sports is the place for myth, sacred cows, untouchables, ancestor worship, and ritualization of trivia." Her point of view was essentially a militant-feminist focus on the sports pages' glorification of the sports industry, which depends "on a basic marketing concept of pure macho—aggressiveness, winning, hard living"—and projects the image of the Mythic Masculine Hero. But take the sexism out of the argument, and it still retains its force. The sports pages chronicle a sacred world, and only therein are larger-than-life figures sustained as a matter of course—and universally accepted.

For this reason sports mythology must be deliberately archaic, its heroes throwbacks to golden ages of incorruptibility. The old virtues and the eternal verities are embodied in them, symbolizing qualities we'd still like to admire but can hardly find any more.

Springer/Bettman Film Archive

DiMaggio with Marilyn.

SCENES

THE FINAL DAZE

"I'm not so much as gonna read the first page of your screenplay," movie mogul Samuel Goldwyn once told an eminent writer. "I don't wanna know how fancy you put words onto paper. Only one thing's gonna make up my mind: just tell me how the damned thing ends."

Movie producers have long taken to shooting alternate endings, keeping them close at hand should a preview audience manifest a notable boredom quotient. Producing a film is a high-stakes game of illusion in which a little sleight of hand is a more attractive alternative to holding a hand slight of cash. Aesthetic pretenses aside, a movie ending is what it's all about.

The most popular reason for altering an ending is the studio's apparent desire to opt for optimism, a myth that suggests sentimentality warms more than just the cockles of the heart. Such a change is, in fact, a lunge for both our heartstrings and purse strings. In *Lucky Lady* the characters played by Liza Minnelli, Gene Hackman, and Burt Reynolds were snuffed out when their boat was blown up by the coast guard. But that particular climactic scene remained on the cutting-room floor, and instead we were treated to a mawkish finale of close encounters and distant triumphs. Similarly, three weeks before *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* opened, Columbia Pictures was forced to cancel a press screening because the director was not yet finished with his work. "Steven [Spielberg] has gone back to shoot another ending," a production assistant reluctantly replied. "I can't remember whether it's the fourth or fifth time he's done it, but then Steven's a genius, isn't he?" In one version, Spielberg reportedly had the film's star, Richard Dreyfuss, declared insane by the Defense Department. Ultimately, Spielberg went with a happier ending and a blissfully sane leading man.

Death has always been the filmmaker's enigma—how to portray it without killing off the audience. Hollywood performed quick facelifts on *Born Reckless* (Fox, 1930), *The Mouthpiece* (Warner Bros., 1932), *A Farewell to Arms* (Paramount, 1933), and *Success at Any Price* (RKO, 1934) to avoid unpleasant endings. Billy Wilder experienced pangs of indecision over the demise of his star in the classic, *Double Indemnity* (1944). Wilder created a powerful finish by having Fred MacMurray face the specter of death through the window of a steel-gray gas chamber. If you don't remember seeing it exactly that way, don't despair—that scene never reached the screen. Instead, Wilder buckled under to studio pressure and left MacMurray's fate to the viewer's imagination. That, for a filmmaker, is sometimes a fate worse than death.

Often, what reads with Nobel Prize profundity transfers to the screen with about as much grace as a segment of "The Bionic Woman." According to one publicist for a major film studio, "Getting *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* on film was like trying to arbitrate a treaty between the Israelis and the PLO. Richard Brooks, the director, wanted to put his own stamp on the picture by rewriting the ending. He obviously didn't give a shit that 11 million people loved it the way it was." Brooks satiated his egotistical curiosity by shooting it two ways—one in which Terri Dunn is stabbed to death by her violent suitor (which followed the book's plot and was ultimately selected), and another in which she turns on her assailant and kills him. Same blood, different body.

Alfred Hitchcock, who adapts all his films from previously published stories, has also had his share of transposition problems. During production on *The Birds*, Hitchcock shot twice as much footage as was needed and decided to wing it. The final sequence has Rod Taylor and Tippi Hedren leaving the Brenner household as the birds part before them. Invariably, the entire theater can be heard sighing with relief as "The End" rolls over their disappearing car. Hitchcock, however, had intended to sign off with a shot of the car arriving in San Francisco; as Rod Taylor looks into his rearview mirror, he sees the Golden Gate Bridge encrusted with black crows. After shooting both endings, Hitchcock decided upon the gentler approach.

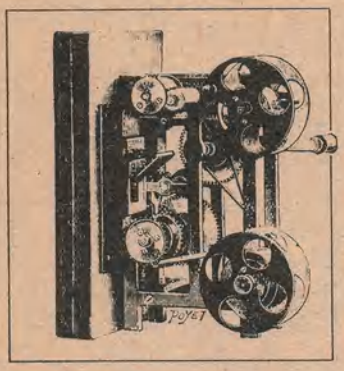
Other films have been altered not out of artistic choice but by cool coercion (atop layers of studio cowardice). In *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, Allied Artists fell victim to the political pressures of post-McCarthy paranoia and discarded the printed end in favor of a "safe" alternative. As originally filmed, the pods were on the verge of taking over the earth, and the final seconds depicted the leading man's warning—but nobody believed him. Sadly, the climax has been watered down to show FBI agents assuring the citizenry that everything is under control. Believable, but believability never was essential to science fiction.

The Wild One, Stanley Kramer's early portrait of an American teenage gang, also succumbed to Big Brother's long reach. In 1953 the censors forced the removal of the original ending, which showed that the townspeople couldn't wait for the motorcycle gang's return, because, while they dreaded the gang's threatening dominance, they knew in their hearts it was good for business in the town. So much for free enterprise.

Then there are those movies that are completely unsalvageable, regardless of how you conclude them. Sterling Silliphant recalls walking through production offices, hearing studio executives ask, "What can we do to save this piece of shit?" He must have been referring to such financial clunkers as *The Heretic: Exorcist II* and *Sorcerer*. But the studios, in an all-out effort to "go with what we've got," have been conducting autopsies of those two stiffs and promise to give them new life before putting them back into circulation for the summer. Let's hope this doesn't develop into a new economic policy. There are some motion pictures for which a promised "The End" is a well-deserved eulogy.—*Robert Stephen Spitz*

Richard Dreyfuss in Close Encounters: *a change of mind?*

FILMS



SONS AND LOVERS

Want an idea for a movie? Why not take a poor kid from the wrong part of town, saddle him with a neurotic, nagging family, a clutch of yahoo buddies, a nothing job, no education, and all the natural urban disadvantages besides—except that he's really a nice kid, and a little bit ambitious, and—wow!—can he ever dance! Say that one night this kid meets Miss Right, smack in the middle of the dance floor (and can *she* ever dance!), and she's standoffish and puts on airs. But the big dance contest is coming up, and he knows they can win it, and maybe that will change his luck, his life. So they make a team, and . . . what do you have? Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers? Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney?

Not exactly. You have John Travolta and an actress named Karen Gorney (who, by the way, *can* dance). You have Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, rather than Paris, London, Rio, or hayseed America, and the Bee Gees rather than Jerome Kern or Cole Porter. You also have a semisuicide, one-fourth of a gang-bang, and a late-night rumble with lots of spectacular violence but no serious injuries. In other words, you have ***Saturday Night Fever***, a movie constructed of so many careful calculations and time-tested formulas that a normal week of, say, situation comedy on TV looks innocent by contrast. *Saturday Night Fever* isn't a bad film, and it manages to gather a collection of quite genuine talents. But it keeps larding over its reasonable and basic boy-meets-girl, gotta-dance situation with a whole grab bag of plot devices having no point other than to catch an audience and flesh out a movie. I'm inclined to blame the screenwriter, Norman Wexler, and to see John Badham, the director, as his victim. But that's largely a prejudice from having liked some of Wexler's previous credits, like *Joe* and *Serpico*, a lot less than Badham's *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*.

As for the love theme, it does preserve a certain innocence, perhaps because it is at the same time so traditional and so improbable. The film opens with long aerial shots, first of the Brooklyn and then of the Verrazano Bridge, two ways out of Bay Ridge that come to stand for the hope and the despair of the story. Next to disco dancing, Tony Manero (John Travolta) most loves to look at bridges. He can get girls too easily for them to matter—at least, until he meets Stephanie (Karen Gorney), who is cold and bitchy and much older than he is. But she dances like a dream, and her job—typist in a New York publicity agency—and even her pretensions offer a clue as to the right bridge to take out of Brooklyn. The combination of dancing, sexual attraction, eagerness, insecurity, and an eventually shared westward social mobility, across the river and into Manhattan, gives their affair a tension and a measure of honesty to put against all the local-color, "realism" claptrap that surrounds it.

Karen Gorney and John Travolta suggest a lower-middle-class aristocracy. They suggest it better together than they do apart. That is why they know, and the film knows, and we know, that they must fall in love. It really is like Astaire and Rogers, for whom every idiocy of those old 1930s musical-comedy plots would fall away with one breathtaking lift of her shoulders and his first effortless steps to lead her into "Cheek to Cheek" or "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Nothing so glorious in *Saturday Night Fever*, though Travolta

John Travolta in Fever.

dances well, better than he acts, with perhaps more trained expertise than innate feeling, and Gorney dances well enough that the brief glimpses we have of her make us wish for more. The production numbers, shot on location in a disco and a practice studio in Brooklyn, are exuberant and sometimes elegant enough to control the movie and to change the relation of its stars to everything around them—which I assume they are supposed to do.

Some of the purest and most serious pleasures in the movies come from dancing, whether in couples, as in *Swing Time* or *Roberta*, or ensemble, as in *French Cancan*. At least a hint of such purity and seriousness enlivens *Saturday Night Fever* when Gorney and Travolta compete as a pair and when they are practicing some form of the Hustle. Those are privileged moments; I wish there had been more of them.

Comparisons are odious, which is why they're worth making. They are also almost unavoidable when a Mel Brooks comedy, ***High Anxiety***, plays simultaneously with ***The World's Greatest Lover***, a comedy by a Mel Brooks alumnus, Gene Wilder; when it happens that it was Brooks's leading lady, Madeline Kahn, who suggested to Wilder his leading lady, Carol Kane (an inspiration); and when both movies mean to earn their laughs by parodying other movies, sometimes in mind-boggling detail.

High Anxiety, of course, is vertigo; I mean, it's dizziness in high places. But it's also the movie *Vertigo*, and the movie *Spellbound*, and *North by Northwest*, *Rear Window*, *Psycho*, *The Birds*, and *Rebecca* plus, I'd guess, *Saboteur*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (both versions), and maybe any film that Alfred Hitchcock directed and Bernard Herrmann wrote the music for. A few other movies are touched as well—Antonioni's *Blow-Up* and Minnelli's *The Cobweb* for starts. But mainly it parodies Hitchcock—affectionately, carefully, even pedantically. The best jokes include some arcane other-film references: a moment of process shooting through a dummy airplane-cockpit window, a tower perched absurdly

John Travolta and Karen Gorney: dancing privileges.

Mel Brooks and Madeline Kahn: comic scholarship.

on a cliff in a meticulously *painted* panorama, a slow dolly from outside into a dining room that goes on so long that the camera breaks through the glass in the French windows, the way a hotel clerk's eyes shift just a *little* like Tony Perkins's in *Psycho*. These things seem to me funnier than the too elaborately executed shower attack from *Psycho*, or the pointed reference to "Mr. MacGuffin," or even—from *Vertigo*—the half-dozen (usually fatal) ways of falling.

The trouble isn't so much that there's no topping Hitchcock (though, in fact, there's no topping Hitchcock) as that the efforts spent in recalling him take so much time and energy that too little remains for the larger comic impulses of the film. As his own leading man, Brooks gives himself a few high-powered sequences: a nightclub number in which he sings the idiot theme song "High Anxiety"; a Yiddish-dialect shtick with Madeline Kahn in old-folks disguise; and a desperate phone call to her in the course of which a mad killer tries choking him to death with the receiver wire, while she at the other end interprets his gasps for breath as anonymous, obscene grunts and groans and begins to like them. But too much of the time he's reduced to playing straight man to the rest of his cast or to all the great ideas of the master he's emulating.

The cast, mainly the sinister staff of the California loony bin to which he, Dr. Richard Thorndike, Nobel Prize winner, Phi Beta Kappa member, Harvard professor, leader in world psychiatry (but with an unaccountable fear of heights), has come as new director, seems just about perfect in ensemble. I'd still single out some regulars. Cloris Leachman as Nurse Diesel, heavily into sadism, and the marvelous Harvey Korman as Dr. Montague, her so gratefully masochistic partner, represent the nuttier impulses of Mel Brooks's comedy. They do it rather better than Brooks himself, buttoned down as he is into his Cary Grant/Janet Leigh/Gregory Peck/Tippi Hedren/Jimmy Stewart role.

Thinking about *High Anxiety* is more fun than seeing it. *The World's Greatest Lover*, on the other hand, sounds like the dreariest of parody clichés but turns out to be full of gently humorous vitality and continual surprises. The story, set in the 1920s, about a midwestern candymaker (Gene Wilder) who changes his name to Rudy Valentine and, with his little wife, Annie (Carol Kane), travels out to Hollywood to enter the Rainbow Studios talent search for the world's greatest lover, touches most of the conventional bases. There is Zitz (Dom DeLuise), the tyrannical studio chief who will not tolerate a "no," matched by a battered yes-man whose tragedy is that he cannot tell a lie. There's an apoplectic hotel manager (Fritz Feld, with a characterization he has institutionalized during fifty years in the movies) and a whole stable of guests and waiters, studio hacks, and bit players—none of whom violate their types but instead bring those types around to a newly understood validity, as if they had never gone stale.

The World's Greatest Lover is sometimes a very beautiful movie, often when it is at its funniest. This seems to be due to a sense of timing that is at least partway up to the standards of a Buster Keaton or a Charlie Chaplin or a Jacques Tati. From Gene Wilder you might have expected the film's decency, but not its formal precision or its knowing, how to build a joke out of the potentials of a situation, rather than just by way of topical reference.

Rudy, of course, wins the talent search—mostly through the pathos he excites by being the world's worst lover—and he also wins back his wayward Annie with the help of the real Rudolph Valentino (Matt Collins) and one night of phony-exotic love. Some of his adventures are odd, some quite traditional. But in any case they keep picking up special insights and bits of mysterious good will. Things like Rudy's flaky Los Angeles uncle, Harry, going swimming with him, fully clothed, in his hotel room's flooded sunken living room so that Rudy won't lose face after Annie leaves the bathtub faucets going when she decides to run away. Or an incongruous midnight canter by Rudy and his new friend Rudolph Valentino—horseless—through the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. These moments on screen are as wonderful for their tact and gracefulness as for the laughs they provoke.

Both *High Anxiety* and *The World's Greatest Lover* are a form of tribute to the history of their medium. But where the first is an act of—occasionally brilliant—comic scholarship, the second is an appreciation that quotes its sources much less and ultimately contributes more to the remembered ambience that is its major reason for being. It's a better movie, better comedy, and perhaps a better way of coming back to the scenes in movies we love.—*Roger Greenspun*

Gene Wilder and Carol Kane: film tributes.

WORDS

SHOW AND TELL

Show and tell time. Off with the plain brown wrapper. Away with discretion, euphemism, reticence. When social and intellectual historians eventually look back upon the 1970s, they may or may not be impressed by our permissive attitudes toward children and youth, our contempt for the elderly, our politics of style and sensibility, our proclivity for psychology and self-analysis. They are certain to be struck by our sexual candor.

For the first time in history, comprehensive, accurate, and complete sexual information is available to a whole population. This surfeit is not without its drawbacks. Sex is losing much of its mystery, majesty, and guilt. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, for example, no longer stuns with its language, though it still startles with the daring of D.H. Lawrence's intention, which was to break out of a smothering morality.

Nowadays Lady Chat would drop by to see her shrink about her old man's incapacity. The shrink, in turn, might counsel the cultivation of nonpenile sexual relations or urge his client to look around for a lusty gamekeeper. And similar advice might also be forthcoming from any of dozens of magazines and other publications—including some that not ten years ago specialized in crochet and considered cunnilingus a social atrocity rather more reprehensible than child abuse.

But oral sex is old hat this year. It even draws mixed notices in ***Intended for Pleasure***, by Ed Wheat, M.D., and Gaye Wheat (Revell, $7.95), a sex manual for and by fundamentalist religionists. The Wheats offer a charming bouquet of sage counsel, scriptural citation, and hints of impending damnation. By page 76 they are saying that mouth-to-genital sex is all right "if both of you enjoy it and find it pleasant." But by page 194 orality is viewed as a short circuit of God's plan (the old in-and-out), though not exactly as a sin.

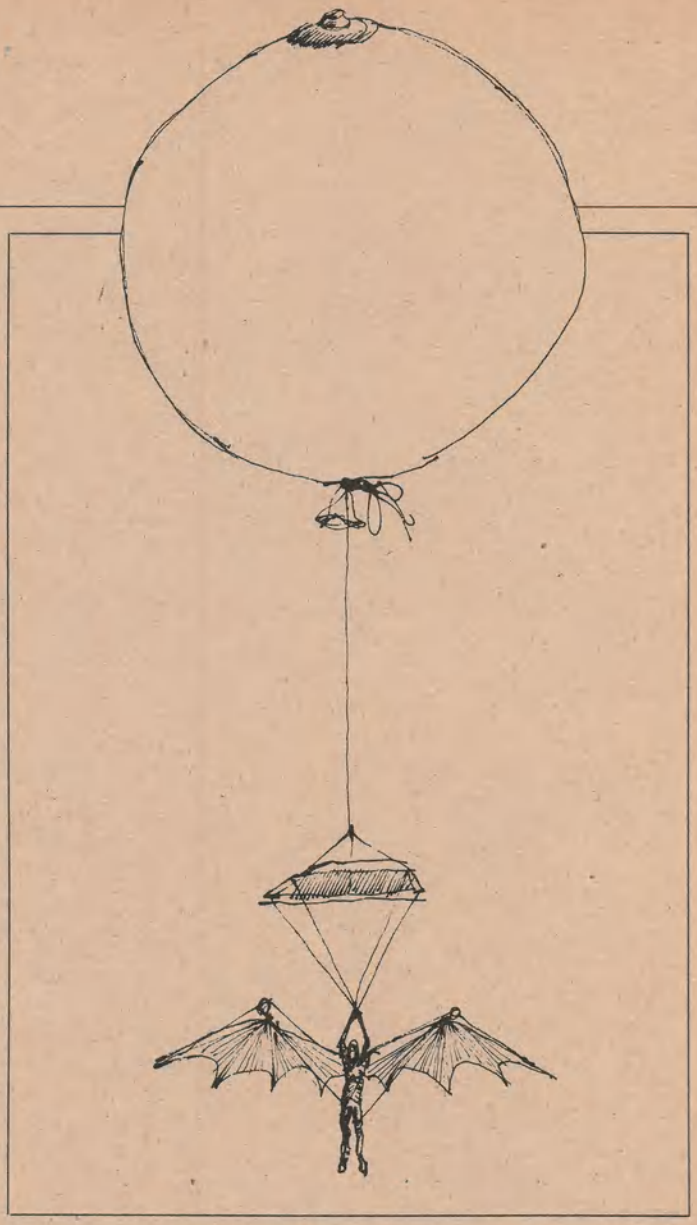
The in thing in sex literature right now is anal sex, an ancient practice allegedly introduced into England in the twelfth century by a group of displaced Bulgarians and outlawed ever since in the English-speaking world. ***The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality***, by Carol Tavris and Susan Sadd (Delacorte, $8.95), reminds us that Lady Chat tried it, though Lawrence was less graphic than usual in reporting the experience.

The Joy of Gay Sex, by Charles Silverstein, Ph.D., and Edmund White (Crown, $12.95), is big on buggery, something that will come as a surprise only to those accustomed to the discreet references and plain avoidance of the subject to be found in earlier, aboveground homosexual literature. *The Joy of Gay Sex* tells all, in plain language. But then so does a sister volume, ***The Joy of Lesbian Sex***, by Emily Sisley, Ph.D., and Bertha Harris (Crown, $12.95). "While the anus is almost always the last bit of the anatomy to come out of the closet in lesbian lovemaking, as a locus for erotic abandonment it is second only to the clitoris," the authors write. This is the worst sentence in either book—perhaps because writers still tend to fall apart when they find themselves eyeball to eyeball with the human ass hole, so to speak. Both of these books are light-years ahead of their predecessors in informativeness and sensibility.

The Redbook Report (to get back to it) reports that more than 100,000 women filled out the questionnaire on sexual attitudes in that magazine. Some 43 percent of these said they'd tried anal sex, but only 2 percent said they did it "often," while 19 percent confessed to "occasionally." However, "the more often a woman has anal sex, and the more she finds it pleasurable, the happier she is with her sex life. . . . As with oral sex, it is the uninhibited willingness to experiment, to explore all realms of sexuality, that makes for happy sex." The report is full of equally useful findings. Some 29 percent of the 100,000-plus become sexually aroused within five minutes or less of foreplay, while 28 percent can achieve orgasm in intercourse within the same time span. We are not told anything about the overlap between the two groups, but it is plain to see that *Redbook*'s readers no longer spend all their time crocheting doilies.

The *Redbook* survey can be faulted on procedural grounds: its respondents were self-selected, as they say in the research business, and were under no special compulsion to tell the truth. But the report is intelligent, frank, and thorough, a major achievement and a credit to its two unterrified, sensitive authors.

Fewer procedural complaints can be lodged against ***Men's Sexuality: A National Survey***, by Anthony Pietropinto, M.D., and Jacqueline Simenauer (Quadrangle, $9.95). The authors have, they say, first asked a group of women what they want to know about male sexuality and then asked a properly randomized national sample of 4,000 men for the answers. All well and good, I suppose, but the book is dim-witted and prudish, often simultaneously. The authors say that they asked questions about



A sketch from Freud's DaVinci: *Leonardo on the couch.*

men's attitudes rather than about their sexual practices because the women on their panel were more interested in the first than in the second. The women I know are interested in both, and there is no reason both kinds of questions couldn't have been asked. Pietropinto and Simenauer also tell us that beauty is an advantage to a woman—for about five minutes—and that at puberty the penis is "invariably" an embarrassment. They are careless as well as foolish, and they are playing on a busy street.

Mark Podwal, M.D., is joyous and wonderfully inventive in ***Freud's DaVinci*** (Images Graphiques, $9.95). Podwal has filled a sketchbook with the drawings Leonardo would have made if Leonardo had indeed been the fellow in Freud's famous study. The sketches are overwhelmingly sexual, and their vast humor generally transcends the dirty-joke level, at which sexual humor in our time so often seems to be fixated.

Another, heftier tour de force is ***Big Bad Wolves: Masculinity in the American Film*** (Pantheon, $12.95), by Joan Mellen, one of the most intelligent books ever written about the movies. Mellen's thesis is that Hollywood has "sought to render men powerless by projecting male images of fearsome strength and competence" and has promoted social conformity and spinelessness in the process. She is no doubt right about the images projected, but she is surely wrong about the motive. She makes it all sound as if all the plots and directorial signatures since *The Squaw Man* were hatched by a commission on brainwashing; actually, of course, the movies she talks about were made by mortals because it was thought people would go to see them. But her book is a most important piece of social history, a kind of core sampling through all the decades of Hollywood's history.

Animals are also being paraded out of that capacious closet. ***Sex Link***, by Hy Freedman (Evans, $8.95), is a jolly summarization of patterns of copulation and reproduction in the animal kingdom. "One can only imagine the size of the male [sic] penis if it is to make any impact whatever on the enormous vagina," Freedman writes of the whale—then offers the "reasonable estimate" that the schlong of the largest mammal is about the size of the tallest basketball player. He is more precise regarding the gorilla, reporting that its penis averages two and a half to three inches in length. But Boyce Rensberger asserts, in ***The Cult of the Wild*** (Doubleday, $7.95), that the average measurement is only two inches when erect, and he cites his source. Rensberger is a decent writer and a most careful researcher. He has written a lovely book about animals, but it is only occasionally concerned with sex and not at all with buggery.—*Patrick Owens*

The Bettman Archive, Inc.

Rhett and Scarlett at odds: "to render men powerless."

THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE

Being a man isn't quite what it used to be, and four recent books on masculine good looks and grooming attempt to tell you exactly why that's so.

Looking Good (Hawthorn, $14.95), by Charles Hix, has already enjoyed a few weeks on the best-sellers' list, a first for any men's fashion book. Too bad the book is practically useless. Hix is obsessed with "the look" but seems absolutely incapable of describing *it* or how to get *it*. Bruce Weber's photos sum *it* up best: either be born a Madison Avenue model or forget about "the look."

Manstyle (Clarkson Potter, $6.95), by Peter Carlson and William Wilson, is a compilation of fashion articles from *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. The book is helpful on such mundane subjects as good fabrics and clothing care but dated with regard to style and fashion, as indeed almost any such book would soon have to be. Last year's fads are never today's fashion.

Francesco Scavullo is a fashion photographer—glossy, inoffensive, and complimentary to his subjects. In the case of ***Scavullo on Men*** (Random House, $15), the subjects are not models but "fifty of the world's most interesting men." You'd never know it from Scavullo's interviews. Learn why Mick Jagger prefers silk underwear, Truman Capote's never had an affair with anyone taller than five feet eight inches, and William F. Buckley dislikes attending Mass in English. Read on as Scavullo asks questions like: "What is a day like for you?" "Is sex very important for you?" You can practically see the type squirm on the page.

Henry Post's ***The Ultimate Man*** (Berkley, $6.95) is the best fashion book on the new masculine mystique. In an overcrowded field, it may well be the ultimate book for men. Unfortunately, Post also pays homage to that male-model mold, as though men in ads are the arbiters of all taste. But his book is crammed with lots of solid information, detailing everything from hair implants to how you can choose your wardrobe from a catalogue.

Mirror, mirror.—*Robert Hofler*

SOUNDS

REMEMBER HER NAME

Alberta Hunter, who began singing professionally around 1907 in a Chicago dive called Dago Frank's, is sitting as inconspicuously as possible in a corner at Elaine's, a celebrity watering hole on New York's Upper East Side. Filmmakers Robert Altman and Alan Rudolph have taken the place over for a mid-afternoon lunch to announce that Alberta, who is eighty-two, will be scoring their new picture, *Remember My Name*. The air is thick with cigarette smoke and the sizzle of exploding flashbulbs; Geraldine Chaplin, Kurt Vonnegut, and other notables squint down into their wineglasses. But somehow, although she is trying to stay out of the way while she primes her pianist and bassist in a whisper, Alberta is the center of attention. Even if you didn't know she had made some of the very first blues records, composed Bessie Smith's biggest hit, performed with the young Louis Armstrong, and played opposite Paul Robeson in the London production of *Show Boat*, you would notice her.

Alberta's mahogany-colored face frames two of the brightest, most commanding eyes imaginable. She is eighty-two and doesn't try to hide it, but she stands straight and radiates tremendous energy. There is nothing musty or infirm about the way she bounces up and down on her heels while she talks and sizes up the room with a quick glance. And once the beaming,

white-bearded Altman introduces her and she begins to sing, any lingering doubts are forgotten. "I want me a two-fisted, double-jointed, rough-and-ready man," she proclaims, and "some girls are cryin' murder, I don't even have to move my hand . . ."

Her singing is as sure, supple, and rhythmically incisive as that of a young woman. She seems to be singing directly at you, and you believe every word. Altman, whose beam has become a positively beatific grin, mutters aside that "if anybody here doesn't like this, it's just their own fault."

But everybody does like it; at eighty-two, Alberta Hunter's time has come. It all began last October, when she opened at Barney Josephson's Cookery in Greenwich Village after a twenty-year layoff. Soon she was playing to capacity crowds, appearing on "The Today Show" and "The Mike Douglas Show" and talking to *Newsweek* and *The New Yorker*. *Cue* called her "the hottest thing in town," and Barney Josephson, who used to present people like Billie Holiday and Dinah Washington at his Café Society Downtown, allowed that she is probably the hottest property in American popular music.

"And just think," Josephson added, "when she started here in October, she was taking the bus home to Roosevelt Island, transferring in the middle of the night. The *bus*! I gave her cab fare, and I had to *insist* that she use it."

Alberta returned to the Cookery late in December. Early one evening she sat in a corner booth in the brightly lit ground-floor club-restaurant, which was all bustle and discreetly clattering dishes, and chatted about her comeback. "I was so excited when I opened here that I wasn't able to sleep for a week," she said, fingering a brooch at her neck with one index finger and gently but insistently jabbing at the table with the other. "One thing I worried about was reviews. I know you gentlemen of the press"—here she flashed a winning, we're-all-sophisticates-aren't-we smile—"can make or break an artist. And I must say, you certainly have been kind to me."

Alberta Hunter: "some girls are cryin' murder. . . .

Fate, too, has been kind to Alberta Hunter. There was nothing particularly auspicious about being born black in Memphis around 1895, with a mother who worked as a chambermaid in a sporting house and a father who died when she was an infant. But it didn't take Alberta long to realize that she could sing, and when she heard, at the age of eleven, that singers were making ten dollars a week in Chicago, that settled it.

Like Bessie Smith and most of the other classic blues singers of the period, Alberta sang blues as part of a broader spectrum of entertainment. She was a variety artist, a trouper; and today, when she swings into a song like "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," with her eyes flashing, her hands describing flourishes and arabesques in the air while she rocks back and forth on her feet, the vaudeville background is evident. But during and immediately after World War I, Chicago drew droves of black immigrants from the rural South, and these people brought a taste for down-home blues with them. So the blues filtered into cabarets, supper clubs, and vaudeville houses, and versatile, sophisticated singers like Alberta developed a new kind of blues. Their diction was impeccable, their intonation was exquisitely musical, they carried themselves with dignity. At the same time, they were black and had an intimate acquaintance with the blues; they didn't pretty the music up so much that it lost its feeling and immediacy.

Alberta was one of the first of the classic blues singers to make records, and in 1922 she wrote and recorded "Downhearted Blues," which sold 800,000 or perhaps a million copies the next year, when Bessie Smith covered it. Even though Bessie, who was a rougher and bluesier singer, scored the big hit, Alberta's career took off. She worked at the fabled Dreamland Café in Chicago, where the floor was transparent glass with lights underneath and where the band was King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, with Louis Armstrong on second cornet. Using her sister's name, Josephine Beatty, to get around her exclusive Paramount contract—a standard practice in those days—she made a renowned series of records for the Gennett label with Armstrong and the Red Onion Jazz Babies. By this time she was one of the top entertainers in the windy city, numbering Sophie Tucker and Al Jolson among her admirers. In 1923 she left for New York, and was soon singing on Broadway, in the musical *How Come?*

Because she was flexible and could put over a show tune as well as a blues, Alberta escaped the hard times and shattered careers that were the lot of most of the classic blues singers during the depression years. Instead of sulking at home, she performed in London in *Show Boat*, followed Josephine Baker into the Casino de Paris, sang in cabarets in Cairo and Vienna, came back to Broadway in Ethel Waters's show *Mamba's Daughter*, and, when World War II broke out, joined the USO. With an all-black unit she entertained the troops throughout Europe and Asia. She kept on touring until 1954, when her mother's death sobered her and she enrolled in the school of nursing at the Harlem YMCA. For twenty years, until April of 1977, she was a nurse at Goldwater Memorial Hospital on New York's Roosevelt Island. She would be nursing there still had she not exceeded mandatory retirement age by many years.

Not long after she retired, Alberta attended a party for her old friend Mabel Mercer. Charles Bourgeois of the Newport Jazz Festival saw her there, found out who she was, and asked her to sing. Bourgeois liked what he heard and told Barney Josephson . . .

Winding up her narrative, Alberta moved over in her seat to make room for Barney, a rangy, friendly, white-haired man whose Café Society, founded in the 1930s, was New York's first racially integrated nightclub. He gave Alberta a hug. "This is an honest man," she said. "I always knew of him by reputation, but I never had the pleasure of working for him before." She started to go on, but John Hammond, the talent scout and record producer who discovered Billie Holiday and Count Basie in the thirties and Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen in the sixties and seventies, came in. He huddled with Alberta in a corner.

"John is going to be producing her first album [Columbia], which will be the *Remember My Name* sound track," Josephson explained. "Just think: her *first* album." One imagined the three of them working in the studio, all well past sixty but ready to turn the world on to the blues all over again. "This has been unbelievable," said Barney, who seemed veritably to have run out of superlatives. "You know, I'm a confirmed atheist. But when Alberta came in here and sang for me, I cried. I said, 'God bless her! She can still swing.'"

—Robert Palmer

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One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience.

He captures it in his own distinct way.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

CARTERGATE V

THE FIRST HUNDRED LIES OF JIMMY CARTER

When he was running for office, our president told us that he would never, never tell a lie. On the contrary, it is extremely difficult for him to tell the truth.

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

Jimmy Carter is a liar.
The president of the United States is a habitual, compulsive teller of untruths who, throughout his campaign and administration, has woven a tangled web of false and misleading statements.

On November 30, 1976, Carter aides presented the president-elect with a 120-page memorandum of his promises as a candidate—a compilation known in the White House as "Promises, Promises." It is divided into fifty-two categories, beginning with "Unemployment and Job Creation" and concluding with "Nuclear Proliferation." Each category contains from two to thirteen statements, many of which include several promises, ranging in scope from "supporting the repair of existing nine-foot-deep lock and Dam 26 on the Mississippi River but opposing replacement with a new larger twelve-foot lock" to "supporting efforts of the U.N. and other bodies to attract world attention to the denial of freedom."

The 100 lies that follow do not include campaign promises that are simply as yet unfulfilled. No president who has been in office for only a year could be expected to have made good on all his commitments. In compiling this list of lies, we have limited ourselves to instances in which Carter, as candidate or president, has misstated facts, made misleading statements, or violated specific commitments. (Entries whose first word ends with "-ing" are quoted from the memorandum entitled "Campaign Promises.")

Jimmy Carter isn't the first president in American history to tell a fish story. But he is the first president in American history to insist publicly that he will never tell a lie or make a misleading statement. Whenever he made these two commitments, he prevailed upon his audience to judge his performance strictly. "Watch the television," he told students at Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, Fla., on October 29, 1975, "listen to the radio; if you ever see me do any of those things, don't support me. Because I would not be worthy to be president of this country."

Is Jimmy Carter, by the standard that he himself set, worthy to be president of this country? Take a look at his first hundred lies, violations of promises, and misleading statements and decide.

1 *"I am an engineer and a nuclear physicist"* (Athens, Ga., 5-4-74).

A nuclear physicist is ordinarily considered to be someone who has earned a Ph.D. in the field. Carter doesn't even have a Master's.

2 *"Increasing federal expenditures to local school systems whose wealth and tax bases are inadequate"* (announcement speech, 12-12-74).

Carter threatened to veto a bill that would grant educational aid to communities with large numbers of federal employees.

3 *"Scheduling public interrogation sessions to allow full bodies of the Congress to question cabinet members"* (announcement speech, 12-12-74).

No such public-interrogation sessions have been scheduled or planned.

4 *"When I left office [as governor of Georgia], our state surplus was almost $200 million"* (Carter's autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*).

The highest surplus Georgia has ever run was $135.6 million in fiscal 1973. Between fiscal 1970, the year in which Carter became governor, and fiscal 1975, the year in which he left office, the state's surplus dropped from $103.4 million to $42.9 million.

5 *"Having mandatory improvements in building insulation"* (energy speech, 7-11-75).

The provisions for improving building insulation in Carter's energy plan are not mandatory.

6 *"Developing standby [oil] rationing procedures"* (energy speech, 7-11-75).

Carter's energy plan contains no provision for rationing, standby or otherwise, of any form of energy.

7 *"I will never betray the confidence that any of you has in me"* (Daytona Beach, Fla., 10-29-75).

Speaking before the National Urban League's conference in Washington on July 24, 1977, executive director Vernon E. Jordan said, "Why, then, are black people disenchanted with the administration they elected? And why do so many black people feel that their hopes and their needs have been betrayed? . . . The sad fact is that the administration is not living up to the first commandment of politics—to help those who helped you."

8 *"Moslems should have access to all their holy places in Jerusalem"* (campaign speech, November 1975).

Moslems from all countries already had complete access—indeed, they controlled access—to the two mosques that are on the site of the ancient Jewish temple and are holy to Islam.

9 *"Yielding part of the governing of the Panama Canal Zone to Panama"* (Louisville, Ky., 11-23-75).

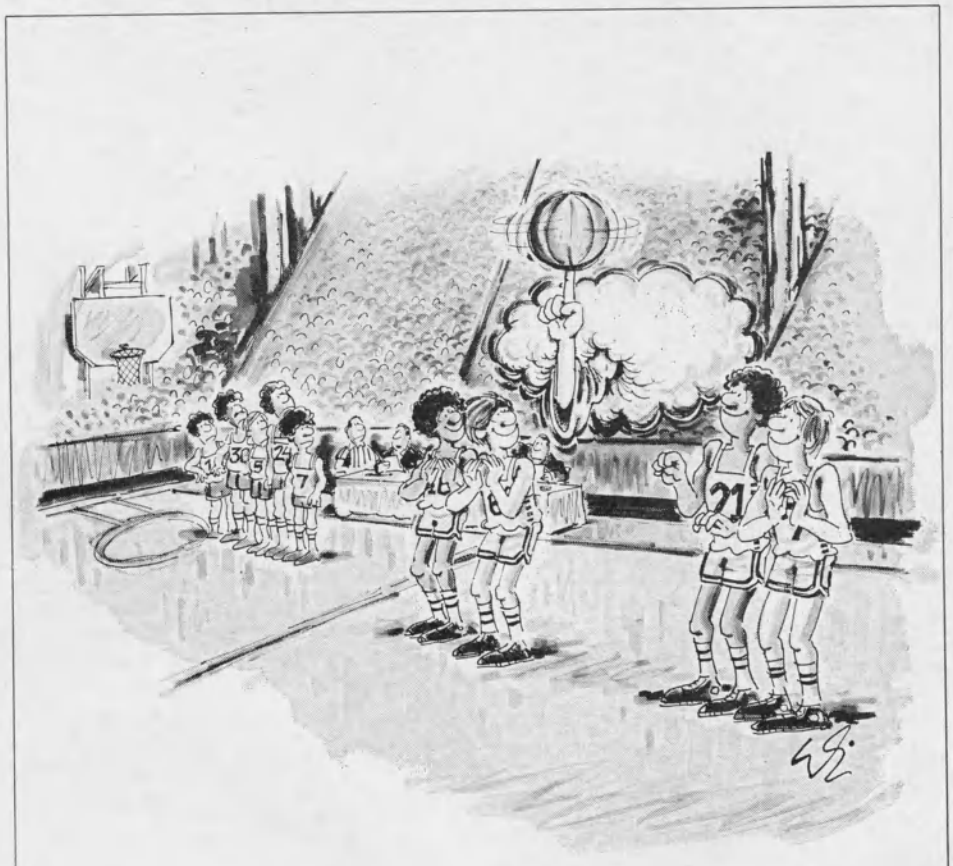
Carter's treaty does not yield part of the governing of the Canal Zone to Panama; it yields all of it.

10 *"Not favoring relinquishing actual control of the Panama Canal; retaining actual political control"* (Louisville, Ky., 11-23-75).

Carter's Panama Canal Treaty relinquishes actual and political control of the Panama Canal.

11 *"Never supporting nations which stand for principles with which their people violently disagree, and which are completely antithetical to our principles"* (Louisville, Ky., 11-23-75).

The Carter administration's foreign-aid request included support for such nations as Argentina, whose dictatorship con-



"And playing right God for the all-stars . . . !"

It's good to know it's in there.

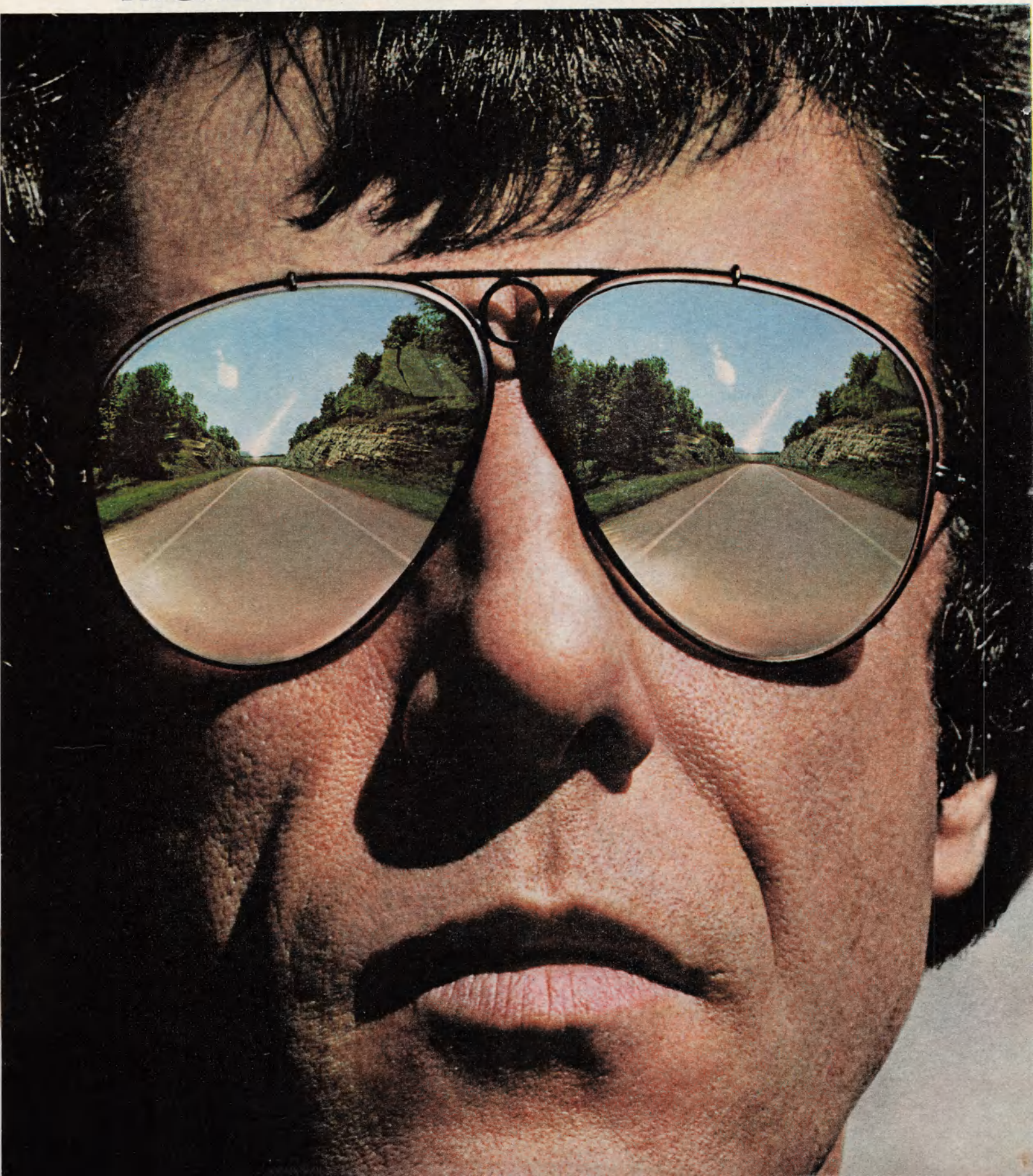
It's good to know your favorite drink is made with Seagram's 7. Because nothing else tastes as good with club soda, or any other mixer. Pour 1½ oz. over rocks, fill glass with club soda for a tall, refreshing drink.

Seagram's 7 Crown

Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

THE SPARKOMATIC SOUND. IF YOU'RE A TRAVELIN' MAN LOOKING FOR HIGHER STANDARDS IN HIGH FIDELITY.



Car speakers haven't exactly been noted for high performance or high fidelity. At best, they were a source of sound. But they were far from reproducing anything close to the original sound source.

Travelin' men seriously into sound, like yourself perhaps, were frustrated. Settling because there was no alternative. But your higher standards in high fidelity didn't keep you from sounding off. Until finally, you've made it clear that from here on in, unresponsive sound would be unheard of.

Sparkomatic, long an unchallenged leader in car sound, has been listening. And studying. And designing. And engineering. And now, Sparkomatic can proudly announce a real score in car sound. We've created speakers and amplification systems with unprecedented power band width, with exceptional frequency response and with extraordinarily low distortion. But only a live demonstration will confirm the "live" performance quality of Sparkomatic car sound equipment.

So if you're a travelin' man looking for great sound, now you can experience a new high in high fidelity. Visit a Sparkomatic dealer and see for yourself.

Van Speakers

For the man who travels by van, Sparkomatic has special Van Speakers. And these speakers don't take their van name in vain. They are designed to fit the "acrobatic" mounting requirements and acoustical imbalances created in vans. They're also engineered to handle up to 50 watt power peaks. They sound and look superb.

TriplePlay Speakers

Sparkomatic's TriplePlay speakers deliver the essence of "in person" performance. The delicate levels of high frequency are brilliant. The bass response is practically distortion free and the range is magnificent. Power is no obstacle to these speakers and 50 watt peaks come easy. The TriplePlays are available in various sizes and shapes to fit all installations.

Loud & Clear Amplification System

An amplification system to equal the power of any, but with unequaled, undistorted clarity. And for speakers to handle this power plant, Sparkomatic's Loud & Clear Amplification System is matched up with compatible 6 x 9 coaxials of impeccable credentials. The sound reproduction is indeed loud, but with an absolutely clear advantage.

The "Gutsy" Sound

The component look. It's an eyeful. And an earful. Woofer, tweeter and mid-range combine to faithfully reproduce the full sound range. These Sparkomatic speakers capture the elusive tones at high and low extremes. And they'll take plenty of power . . . up to 50 watt peaks. They're as "professional" sounding as they look.

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dones, and participates in, a campaign of murder and kidnapping against opponents of the régime, especially Jews; Nicaragua, which has been under martial law since 1974; Brazil, whose dictator expelled an opposition leader from parliament for criticizing the government's treatment of political prisoners; Thailand, whose democratically elected government was overthrown by the military in 1976; Indonesia, whose military government admits to holding 31,000 political prisoners; the Philippines, which has been under martial law since 1972 and whose dictator admits to holding 50,000 political prisoners without trial; and South Korea, which has been under martial law since 1972 and whose dictator forced through a constitution that the International Commission of Jurists calls "one of the most authoritarian instruments presently known in the annals of national constitutions, including the constitutions of Communist nations."

12 *"I achieved welfare reform by opening up 136 day-care centers for the retarded and using welfare mothers to staff them. Instead of being on welfare, those thousands of women now have jobs and self-respect. You should see them bathing and feeding the retarded children. They're the best workers we have in the state government"* (*New York Times* magazine, 12-14-75).

Taking Carter's recommendation that we should see Georgia's welfare mothers bathing and feeding the retarded children is made difficult by the fact that there is no such program.

13 *"I support the overwhelming position of the National Governors' Conference to limit deregulation of natural gas to that small portion (less than 5 percent) of production not under existing contracts"* (campaign advertisement, *Des Moines Register*, 1-16-76).

The National Governors' Conference had adopted no such position. A few weeks *after* the advertisement, the proposal was put to the conference—and rejected.

14 *"I support legal prohibitions against ownership of competing types of energy, oil and coal, for example"* (campaign advertisement, *Des Moines Register*, 1-16-76).

Carter's energy plan contains no such prohibitions.

15 *"If the CIA ever makes a mistake, I'll be the one, as president, to call a press conference . . ."* (Manchester, N.H., 2-11-76).

In February 1977, Carter learned that the *Washington Post* was planning to publish a story revealing possibly illegal CIA payments to foreign heads of state. Far from calling a press conference or giving an explanation to the public, he summoned the publisher of the *Post* to inform him that he was "distressed" about the impact of the story and preferred that it be delayed or not published at all.

16 *". . . and I'll tell you and the American people who violated the law . . ."* (Manchester, N.H., 2-11-76).

After the *Post* went ahead and printed the story and reporters asked the White House whether such payments were illegal, Jody Powell replied, "It is the administration's policy not to comment on—either to confirm or deny—any stories concerning alleged covert activities."

17 *". . . this is the punishment I recommend : . . "* (Manchester, N.H., 2-11-76).

Carter recommended no punishment of CIA officials for the payments to heads of state.

18 *". . . this is the corrective action that needs to be taken . . . "* (Manchester, N.H., 2-11-76).

At no time as president did Carter indicate that corrective action needed to be taken with regard to CIA payments to foreign heads of state.

In September 1977, Carter said that he had not consulted with the attorney general on the Helms case. In fact, he had met with Attorney General Bell on this case in July 1977.

19 *". . . and I promise it won't happen again"* (Manchester, N.H., 2-11-76).

Not having admitted that the payments had been made, Carter did not promise that they wouldn't be made in the future.

20 *"I have served on international bodies, such as The Trilateral Commission, which makes recommendations on some of these problems"* (Chicago, Ill., 3-15-76).

The plural "bodies" makes this statement a lie; otherwise, it would be merely misleading. Carter belongs to only one organization that might be called an "international body"—The Trilateral Commission (see no. 68). But strictly speaking, being a member of an unofficial organization like The Trilateral Commission no more amounts to "serving on an international body" than being a member of, say, the International Society for Krishna Consciousness.

21 *"Our [foreign] policies should be shaped with the participation of Congress, from the outset, on a bipartisan basis"* (Chicago, Ill., 3-15-76).

Carter got around the law requiring that sales of military equipment to foreign countries be approved by Congress by arranging for Lockheed and G.E. to rebuild 200 of Egypt's Soviet-made MiG-21 fighter-bombers without even notifying legislators. Carter quadrupled the amount of U.S. aid to be channeled through international financial institutions, such as the World Bank, thereby evading congressional country-by-country review of funds for such human-rights violators as the Philippines, Chile, Uruguay, and Argentina.

22 *"But we must not . . . recognize the existence of brutal terrorists who masquerade as [PLO] representatives in the world forum"* (New York, N.Y., 4-1-76).

Last October, at a reception held by the Syrian delegation to the U.N., U.S. ambassador Andrew Young met with the Palestine Liberation Organization's representative to that world forum, Farouk Kaddoumi, who has said that "this Zionist ghetto of Israel must be destroyed."

23 *"I will reduce the White House staff by 30 percent—and you can depend on it"* (campaign speech).

Carter has reduced the presidential staff from 2,197 to 1,810, a cut of 17.6 percent. Of the total reductions, 150 were transferred to a new Central Administrative Unit within the White House establishment, and other employees were shifted to other executive branch agencies. Less than 150 represent dismissals of jobholders. The actual cut is thus less than 6.8 percent.

24 *"I was put on the [local library] board because I checked out more books than anyone else in the county. My library card is number five in Sumter County. For I remember that I started reading books as an isolated country boy when I was very young"* (Cleveland, Ohio, 4-8-76).

Carter indeed holds card number five at the Blackshear Lake Regional Library in Americus, Ga., Sumter County's seat, but it's not because he started reading books when he was very young. Nor was he, as he implied, the fifth person to borrow books from the library, which began lending them forty-four years before Jimmy Carter was born. Cards specially numbered one through twelve were issued to all the members of the library board in 1962, when Carter was an isolated country boy of thirty-seven.

25 *"Never using unemployment as a tool to fight inflation"* (economy position paper, 4-22-76).

In 1975 Carter was promising unemployment of 1 to 2 percent. Shortly after the inauguration, it was announced that the first-year goal would be 7 percent. At the moment, keeping one out of every fourteen working people out of a job is Carter's primary tool for fighting inflation.

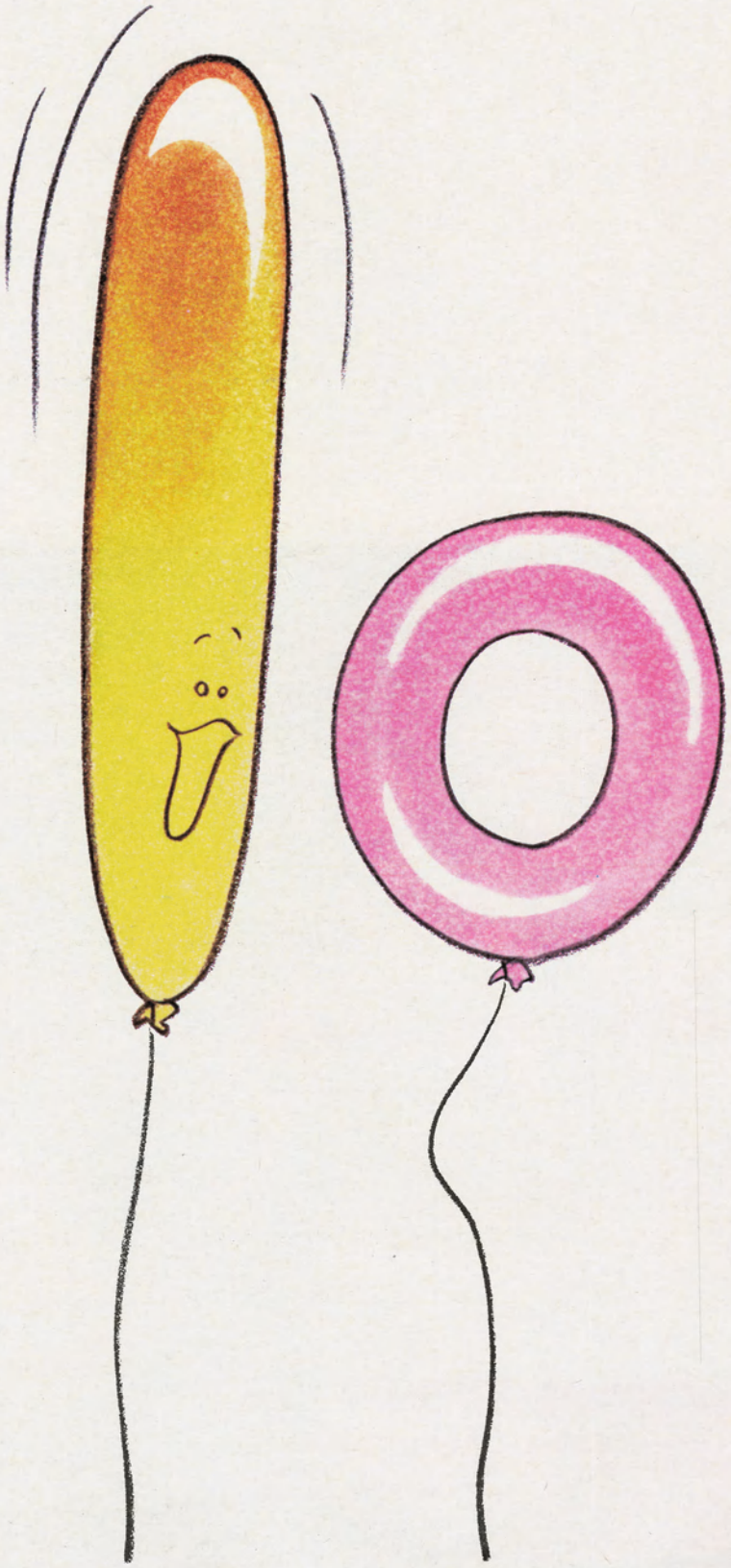
26 *"Proposing a plan to assist Lebanese who are in danger to emigrate to this country"* (Philadelphia, Pa., 4-23-76).

As president, Carter has proposed no such plan, despite a PLO massacre of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Hey, I just got a great idea!"

LIVING DOLLS

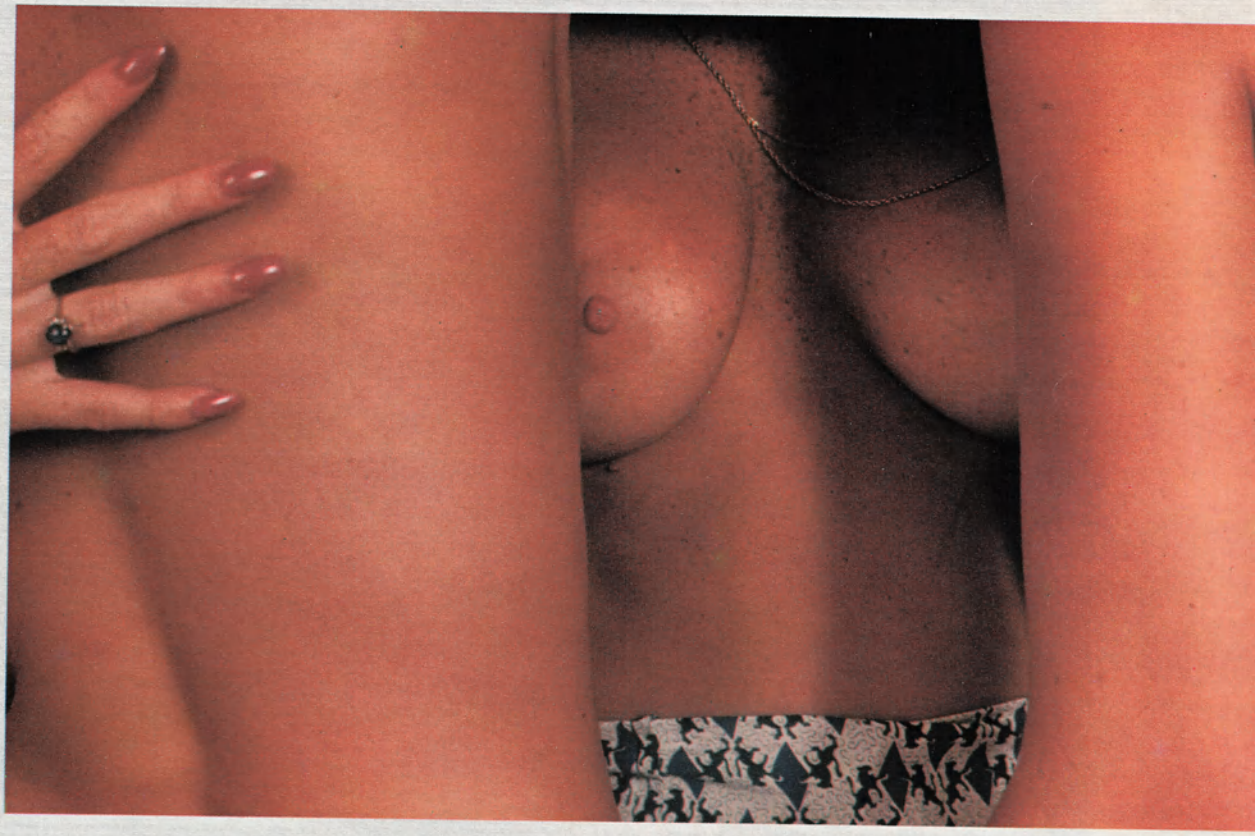
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Maybe you think that it's an easy gig being a mannequin, just standing around looking beautiful all day in a chic boutique on Manhattan's Upper East Side. Oh sure, we get lots of pretty clothes to wear, and the guy who owns us, Luigi, takes good care of us. Passersby admire us, and sometimes people in the store even fondle us to see what we feel like. But, mostly, it's a ho-hum scene, with not much action until Luigi turns out the lights and locks up. That's when we come alive. Midnight is the hour.

Hair by Robert Butler, Fernado Romero Salon, Beverly Hills, Calif.; wardrobe by Eclectigaria, West Hollywood, Calif.

Away from human eyes, when darkness falls, our perfect plastic bodies turn to tender flesh. We feel yearning, wanting, passion, ecstasy, the entire spectrum of mortal woman's possibilities. We shed the daylong confinements of our clothes so that we will experience the transformation more intensely. We shed our daylight inhibitions, too, and act out all the fantasies that wander through our lilting minds when we are static, posed for daily work. You mortal beings cannot imagine how exhilarating it is to suddenly enter the realm of human pleasures—how exotic and precious these moments are to us. These moving, breathing, feeling, lusting hours are what makes a mannequin's existence all worthwhile.

We're not just dolls, as many people think we are. We have women's souls and hearts and needs inside these man-made bodies. Our bodies don't look real in sunlight, but you can see how real they are when nighttime comes. We spend our long, long days in anticipation of these all-too-brief and sensual nights of relishing each other. The shop becomes our private love bordello, a boudoir just right for our ménage à trois.



Our curiosity is so innocent, you see. We have only the nights to play, explore, discover, cavort, like children. All these glorious sensations are very new to us. We seek out the unknown pleasures hungrily, linger over each caress, dwell on wanton kisses and gentle graspings. We wonder at the marvels of our skin turned soft, our breath turned warm, our eyes turned moist, our hands turned mobile. Mortality seems a small price to pay for all these satisfactions. We would be real women if we could.

Dawning comes and all too soon. Too late we notice sunlight slanting through the glass. Hurriedly, we dress ourselves, but, oh, not soon enough. Luigi comes when we are still half-clothed. Of course, he'd never understand, even if mannequins could speak to mortals. We think we notice something else behind the puzzled way he looks at us. Could that strange look in his eyes mean craving? We contemplate how we might contrive to make Luigi stay with us all night tonight.

THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT

Eight experts discuss the meaning
of today's fastest-growing religious phenomenon.

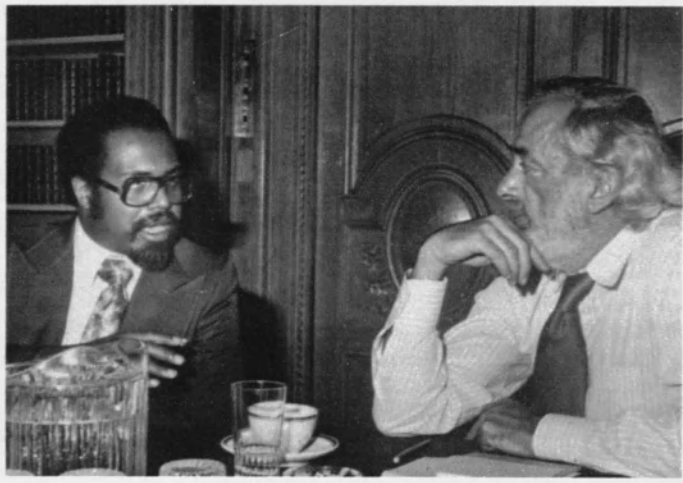
Photographs by Pat Hill

Clockwise, at table, from left: Quebedeaux, Hargrove, Cox, Dayton, Goode, Keeton, Guccione, Ford (hidden), Lovelace, Adams, and Hoyt.

Evangelical Christianity has been a part of American life for over three centuries. In the early 1700s, a series of religious revivals known as the Great Awakening swept through the English colonies, and since then periodic and colorful evangelical crusades have been an American trademark. The names of such great fundamentalist preachers as Dwight L. Moody, Billy Sunday, Aimee Semple McPherson, and Oral Roberts are part of our history. Freethinkers, such as H.L. Mencken, Clarence Darrow, and Sinclair Lewis (who wrote *Elmer Gantry*), have scoffed at the "Bible Belt mentality," but the tide of evangelical belief has continued to grow.

In the past few years, moreover, this movement seems to have gained a new respectability and even more dramatic support. For thirty years preacher Billy Graham has been a fixture at the White House. And today the president himself is proud to be among the 40 million American "true believers."

Evangelical Christians are Protestant fundamentalists who feel that orthodox Christian truths are in danger from liberal interpretation. They believe that the Bible is-infallible and should be taken literally; they anticipate the physical second coming of Jesus (which will herald the end of the world); and they aggressively seek new converts. For example, Jimmy Carter's sister, faith healer Ruth Stapleton, recently made headlines by bringing *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt into the fold. But the importance of today's religious revival goes beyond flashy news stories. An increasing number of young people—who ten years ago would have been turning on and dropping out or demonstrating in the streets, protesting the Vietnam War—are finding solace by being "born again" and testifying to their faith.



(Top left) Penthouse *publisher and editor Bob Guccione; (Top right)* Penthouse *associate publisher and* Viva *editor Kathy Keeton; (Middle left)* Penthouse Forum *editor Al Freedman,* Penthouse *editorial director James Goode, Dr. Harvey Cox; (Middle right,top) Dr. Barbara Hargrove, Cox; (Middle right, bottom) Rev. Charles Adams, Robert Hoyt; (Bottom) Guccione, Dr. Josephine Ford.*

Because of the scope and importance of this phenomenon, *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione invited eight authorities on the evangelical movement to discuss the growth of this phenomenon and its meaning. The symposium was hosted by Guccione and was moderated by Dr. Harvey Cox of the Harvard Divinity School. The other participants included the Reverend Charles Adams of the Hartford Avenue Baptist Church in Detroit; Donald Dayton from *Sojourners*, an evangelist magazine; Richard Quebedeaux, a noted author whose book *The Worldly Evangelical* is to be published by Harper and Row; Robert Hoyt from *Christianity and Crisis* magazine; Dr. Barbara Hargrove of the Yale Divinity School; Dr. Josephine Ford of the Notre Dame School of Theology; Dr. Richard Lovelace of the Gordon Conwell Theological Seminary; and James Goode, editorial director of *Penthouse* magazine.

The following is an edited text of that discussion.

Guccione: Religion is, for better or worse, one of the most emotional issues in America today. We in the United States have a constitutional freedom of choice in religion. But without an understanding of all the choices, this freedom doesn't mean very much.

As editors of *Penthouse*, we hope that this symposium on Evangelicalism—perhaps America's fastest-growing religious movement—will help our readers to understand this cultural, physical, and philosophical phenomenon. We will also explore the question of how religion today is affecting politics and whether, as Marx said, religion is an opiate or an important force in achieving social change.

Cox: Let's begin by defining *Evangelicalism*.

Quebedeaux: I'd say that an evangelical Christian has a firm commitment to three things: the authority of the Bible, salvation through faith in Jesus Christ, and the desire to see others converted.

Dayton: I don't see that it is possible to give the word a coherent definition. "Evangelicalism" has been used to refer to pop religion, to rigid confessionalism, to the "born again" movement emphasis, or merely to a movement of reaction in the churches. Sometimes it is used to mean little more than a religious resistance to modern cultural currents.

Adams: In the black people's Baptist churches, evangelism combines a personal, private relationship with God and social action that addresses and confronts the structures of society.

Goode: Why does the word *evangelist* in the parlance of so many people carry negative overtones? Is there some kind of an image of the Evangelical as one who tries to push, persuade, and cajole in a way that is somehow not appropriate to human dignity?

Cox: Part of being an Evangelical is to share the "good news." I don't mind people sharing good news with me. But as you know, there are an awful lot of people out there with an awful lot of good news—some of which comes across as fairly bad news—and I wish they'd go away with it.

Who are some people who come to mind as representative of evangelical Christians?

Quebedeaux: People used to consider Billy Graham to be the archetypal Evangelical, but I think Jimmy Carter has replaced him. Graham got his visibility and influence largely because he was close to power—he was able to influence power. Jimmy Carter, however, *is* power. It's an incredible transition. Many of the people who have joined the movement, the ones who actually created the "growing phenomenon" and possibly elected Carter, are simply bored and are looking for a sense of meaning in their lives. They're hungry for structure and discipline.

Cox: You call President Carter an archetypal evangelical Christian. How would you classify his sister, who is a preacher and a healer? We have a brother and a sister, a very prominent brother and sister, in two different evangelical movements.

> Jesse Jackson distinguishes between Martin Luther King and Billy Graham in this way: King said, "We'll march to the Promised Land." Graham played golf with the pharaoh.

Lovelace: I don't think there's much difference between Ruth Carter Stapleton's beliefs and those of her brother.

Hoyt: Martin Luther King would certainly represent one definition of an Evangelical. Jesse Jackson came up with a distinction between Graham and King as Evangelicals. He said that if Martin Luther King went to Egypt and preached to the slaves of the Egyptians, he would have said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and we'll march to the Promised Land"; and King would lead the march. But Graham would say, "Believe in the Lord Jesus and go back and pick that cotton" while he played golf with the pharaoh.

Cox: Are there any other examples of Evangelicalism?

Hargrove: The many independent local churches fit the definition of fundamentalist religion and evangelism, and I think we tend to discount their importance. There are a lot of people in this country who are involved in those churches, *totally* involved in Christianity. But they're encapsulated, and we simply ignore them.

Cox: But why is it, if these people are so encapsulated and ignored, that they dominate my car radio? And I don't have to be driving through Alabama to have this happen.

Hargrove: It's simply that a number of stations are owned by one particular religious group.

Lovelace: I don't think Evangelicalism represents itself that well by its use of the media. Much of what we hear is the gospel preserved in corn syrup.

Adams: Perhaps those who own the media would prefer to have a nonpolitical program, a religious program that doesn't bother with the power structure or politics.

Goode: How can you say that these programs aren't political? When I listen to Garner Ted Armstrong, which pervades the air in Los Angeles, it would seem to be right-wing in character.

Cox: Yes, I think that Evangelicals in the United States have always been very active politically. To my point of view, they've generally been on the wrong side of things, almost invariably on the wrong side. But to say they've been inactive politically is certainly wrong when you think of Prohibition, when you think of the opposition to Al Smith, when you think about issue after issue in which fundamentalist and conservative Christians have, in fact, been very active.

Dayton: I think that Evangelicalism often finds its major social impact in certain forms of disintegrated lower-class culture, rather than in politics. In many cases it helps to restructure families and to put lives back together. Pentecostalism in Latin America, for example, makes good workers, makes them faithful on the job. In that sense it is "counterrevolutionary," because it perpetuates the status quo by undermining possible challenge to the entrenched powers.

Ford: But you must distinguish between the leaders and the followers when you call it "counterrevolutionary." As for the Pentecostal experience, which centers around this "born again" Christianity, I'm convinced that it's a very good thing to go through but that it's a very bad thing to stay in; and I know many people who have left the movement and have since accomplished things along Martin Luther King's line. However, the conservative American middle class does stay in this movement. These dominant Pentecostalists are successful in appealing to the white middle class because they've got money, organization, and full-time workers. They cater to the well-to-do.

Goode: Can you say that religion is business—big business? There are people who maintain a rotating cash system, which means that more radio time is bought with more dollars that come in from more radio broadcasts. It's a giant pyramid that has built several religious empires.

Hoyt: Those broadcasts are directed toward a very private religion. The content is incantatory, autosuggestive, and empty of any reference to the real world, to social

"Why do I always get the ugly one?"

problems, or even to moral questions. It tends to be a wail or a pounding on the table, and there doesn't seem to be a whole lot of resistance to this.

Lovelace: The racketeering element, the exploiting of people's religious hunger—people who can be mislead—for the accumulation of wealth is like a parasite feeding on the movement. But it's not the movement itself.

Hargrove: But in the public mind the parasites may be far more closely associated with Evangelicalism than what you call the real thing. How does the public distinguish between the two? One of the biggest dangers to religion is that people may see it in terms of financial gain—one guy trying to make a buck.

Guccione: To what extent do you feel that the church, through its more popular advocates, such as Carter and Graham, should influence the workings of the government and politics in this country?

Hargrove: The political consequences of a separatist type of evangelism are the consequences that there will be from any kind of removal of oneself from the political scene: none. These people have no effect on politics, because they ignore politics. On the other hand, those who fall more within the traditional definition of being "born again"—which includes being able to communicate with different types of people—have had a profound religious experience, which makes them feel that, being totally committed to God, they are obliged to help shape history in terms of their own moral and spiritual experience. It seems to me that one of the points of being a "born again" Christian is to get involved in various political causes, because of the values that are reinforced by an ultimate commitment. These people are then willing to take all sorts of political risks, because they're securely grounded in something beyond themselves. They will go to no end to achieve what they believe to be right.

Ford: People from the Christian Growth Ministry, in Fort Lauderdale, saw Nixon as "God's instrument."

Cox: And many people would be delighted to see a movement that would get all of those religious people out of the political realm completely. Take one very recent example of a person who felt that she had something to achieve in the political realm but on a religious basis, namely, Anita Bryant. God told her directly to get out into the political struggle. Now, would you prefer to have Anita really out there, struggling in politics, or would you rather have her savoring her personal life, whatever it is?

When one thinks of the movement of religious people and church groups in politics, this question becomes very ambiguous. To advocate or support, in a blanket way, the participation of people in this realm raises some questions for me. What does it mean that churches, groups, church councils, synagogues, and individuals who announce themselves as having some kind of divine imperative are becoming very active in politics?

It does arouse some legitimate fears. It's very hard to be on the other side of somebody who claims that God is telling him what to do.

But I'd like to raise another question about the so-called new resurgence of evangelism in the United States. People like Anita Bryant, these celebrity evangelists, have much more influence on the purported growth of the movement today than they would have had, say, thirty years ago. Today, when someone like Anita makes a declaration, the Associated Press immediately picks it up and everyone in the country knows about it. The subject then becomes household conversation, and we end up having more people exposed to evangelism—Anita's version, at least. Is this alleged growth simply a media event? Has it been invented by the press? Or does it have some real quality?

Adams: I'd say that an evangelical movement certainly exists. There are people marching down the aisles by the hundreds of thousands, claiming that they've had a personal experience with God. But I do not see, along with that expansion, a concern for justice, brotherhood, and peace. I see the nation moving closer to the things that were supposedly eliminated with the downfall of Nixon. I see us getting closer to Nixon. Nixon himself has not been repudiated—only his crimes have and the fact that he was caught. Had he been successful, I think he would have been the great hero of our times. I think his mentality and values are still directing the course of our economic and international concerns.

Hargrove: I don't know if I am that pessimistic. I think the legitimacy of religion is now greater among the college-educated than it was for a number of years, because this group, during the sixties, was assuming that rational science would answer all their questions. But they have since become disillusioned with science; it never answered their questions, and they have turned to religion. So now, for the first time, what we could broadly call a religious experience is being celebrated by a significant proportion of the population in a significant age group in a significant socioeconomic group.

Hoyt: I think that among the contributing factors that have encouraged people to try to find some sort of validation for their lives would be the Vietnam War, the whole experience of the sixties, the phenomenon of being exposed to Richard Nixon, and a satiety with that kind of cynical rejection otherwise referred to as utilitarian individualism.

People elected Nixon, knowing very well what he was. They voted for a man whom they knew to be a bad guy, because they wanted a bad guy. They thought the United States was involved in a contest with all sorts of other bad guys, and they just wanted a tough one for themselves. But it didn't work, or, rather, the depth of sleazi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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STATESIDE

The war-weary first sergeant couldn't believe that this beautiful, black-Irish, pale-skinned debutante wanted his body.

Her name was Carol Ann Firebaugh. She was a Luxor, Tenn., girl and was going to Western Reserve in Cleveland, where she was studying acting. In the summer she was a volunteer Gray Lady for the Red Cross. And she had one eye, her right, which every now and then did not track quite straight. This coupled with her long, clean-lined legs gave her a sexual attractiveness that was almost insupportable. She was, as some forthright, bathrobe-clad Government Issue had said, eminently fuckable. Some female thing about her every movement said so, and her shy self-awareness of her sex in front of so many male eyes underlined it.

First Sgt. Mart Winch was feeling better than he had felt since Doc Harris shipped him out of New Georgia.

There was no doubt in Winch's mind that this was due to the appearance of Carol in his life. He could hardly believe his own luck. An old man like him.

Before he'd picked her up (or been picked up by her, he could never be sure which), he had been suffering one of the lowest points of his life. Even the long nights on the line in Guadalcanal and New Georgia had not been as bad as this hospital half-life at Kilrainey General, Luxor, Tenn.

The medical stuff was bad enough. The heart failure attack had left him with what the docs called a left bundle branch block. They had had hopes the block would disappear with treatment. But more and more the docs at Kilrainey had come to think it was going to stay, a permanent impairment.

Weakness, shortness of breath, the inability to run or carry weight or do any but the lightest exercise. In the past month he had lost the initial feeling of total fragility he had had in the beginning. But Winch had always been a strong man physically and depended on that as one source of

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his authority. Without it he felt helpless.

He had his first serious meeting with Carol Firebaugh in the big rec hall. She challenged him to a game of Ping-Pong.

Winch had seen her around there, to say hello to, from time to time. And actually had been introduced to her once. But Winch had never spent much time in the rec hall and had never had a conversation with her.

"How about a game with me, Sergeant?"

She was smiling. The sheer beauty of just her youth alone was an insult, like a slap in the face. In addition, she was quite beautiful in herself, in a nonmovie-star way. But had anybody ever been that young, ever? Winch wondered. Had he? There was a certain coquettishness in her eyes and in her attitude that was very southern.

Winch had to hold himself tightly, not to respond with a cocky male truculence.

He heard his own voice saying, "Sure. Okay. Why not?"

There were a number of things Winch had done well in his career. In addition to football, basketball, springboard diving, track, checkers, and chess there was Ping-Pong. At Forts Bliss and Houston he had been one of the army's top players in the late 1930s.

He took off his maroon issue bathrobe and duck slippers and played her barefoot in his gray issue pajamas. He was able to play her three games before he had to quit. His heart was pounding unbelievably, but the unaccustomed exercise made him feel good. He beat her 21-12, 21-17, 21-18. She was a good player and obviously had slyly believed she would beat him.

"You're really a fine player," she said, laughing breathlessly. Her pale, black-Irish complexion was flushed and rosy under the raven black hair framing her forehead. "Don't you want to play a few more?"

"No," Winch said. He was trying to hide his own breathlessness. "You better practice up with somebody your own class before you try me again."

"Oh!" But she laughed. Winch wanted mostly to sit down someplace for a few minutes but would not let himself. Instead, he put back on his maroon issue bathrobe and duck slippers. He walked over with her while she put away the paddles.

When he asked her to have dinner with him that night, she accepted almost before he could get the words out of his mouth.

He wanted her to meet him in the bar lounge of the Claridge Hotel. He thought that would be better than the bar at the Peabody. But she was hardly inside and seated before it was plain she did not like being in the place.

"I haven't been in this place since my high-school senior prom," she said nervously.

"And is that such a long time ago?"

"Three and a half years." She paused a moment. "Actually, it's not that long. I've been here since then. But I haven't been here since the war and all the servicemen descended on Luxor."

"I don't know any bar to take you where there aren't servicemen," Winch said.

"There are a few," she said. She looked around the place again.

"You find this place too lowbrow for you, now?"

"No. But on the other hand it's not the real Luxor any more, either." She hunched her shoulders and then pulled them back down, skittishly. "I don't like the way they look at me when they've been drinking. Out at the hospital it's a different thing."

When they got around to discussing where to go for dinner, over their drinks from Winch's brown-sacked bottle, she suggested a place she knew: Mrs. Thompson's Tea Room. There wouldn't be servicemen there. Winch vetoed it immediately.

"Let's get something straight. If I'm going to be taking you around to places, I'm not going to take you to places where you're well known. Your own local places. I'm going to take you places where you're not known. My places."

She liked it
hard and driving,
like a piston,
beating against her
spread crotch
and crotch hair.

Carol smiled. "Is that an order, sir?"

"Call it that."

"You're ashamed to be seen with me? Is that it?"

"No. Certainly not. I'm thrilled and delighted," Winch said. "Let's just say I don't want people you know in Luxor to think you're robbing the cradle."

She laughed at that. "Yes. You're some cradle rider."

Winch grinned, briefly. "I might be able to show you some places in your city you didn't even know existed."

"I'll bet you could," she said. "But I'm not sure I want to see them."

For the dinner he took her to the Plantation Roof of the Peabody. She hadn't been there in a long time, either. But after a little while she seemed to like it.

"It's certainly got energy," she smiled, looking around. "I didn't know there were that many servicemen *in* Luxor."

Winch suddenly noticed she was not wearing her glasses. Her irises were dark, almost black. Her one sometimes uncontrollable eye was more prominent without them and kept looking at him briefly and then looking guiltily away while the good eye went on smiling at him coquettishly. It was enormously sexually exciting somehow.

"Booze," he said grimly. "It's the energy of the doomed. Most of these people will be shipping out of here soon. Either east or west."

"Please. Let's don't talk about that." Her brother, her younger brother, Winch now found out, was a fighter pilot in Florida, finishing up his training before heading for Europe. That was why she was home from college this year.

She was a good ballroom dancer, it turned out, light and supple and easy to lead. Winch paced himself carefully, sitting out as many dances as they danced so he would not get out of breath.

"Why are you in the hospital?" she asked when they were sitting out some dances. "What did they send you back to America for?"

Looking at him with that one unmanageable eye, she reached out a youth-smooth hand and placed it over his callused one on the table.

Winch had been anticipating this question and wondering how he could handle it. He could not bring himself to tell her he had heart trouble.

"Dengue fever and malaria," he said, promptly and laconically.

"Is that enough to get sent home for?"

"It is if it's bad enough."

"And now you're getting over it?"

"Just about."

"Is that why you don't drink?" She had had two whiskeys out of the bottle on the table. "I didn't know drinking was bad for malaria."

Winch shrugged. He wanted badly to change the subject. "They told me not to," he said shortly.

"And soon you'll be going away again. Off somewhere."

"Probably," Winch lied. "Actually," he added, "I may be stationed here for a while. In Second Army."

"That would be great," Carol smiled.

"Let's dance awhile," he said.

It had been so long since any sexual desires had moved him. They said the digitalis and the diuretics caused that. Holding her against him dancing, her breasts lying heavy against the chest of his shirtfront, he felt no sexual stirrings. That didn't bother him. It wasn't sex he was after with her. It was that incredible, unbelievable youth. It stung him, like some furious insect.

When he took her home to her parents' house on the big, tall tree-shaded avenue, he did not attempt to kiss her and told the taxi to wait as they got out.

"Let him go," she said. "Don't you want to come in for a while?"

Winch shook his head. "I'm too old to go around necking with girls on the sofas of their mamas' parlors," he said as they walked up the walk.

"Oh, there might be more to it than that," Carol smiled promptly.

"Not on any living-room sofas, with papa and mama upstairs," Winch said. "Not for me. But next time I take you out I can have a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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SYMPOSIUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

ness in Nixon was exposed. Progressively, people realized just what Nixon was, and they rejected him. I would think this has been something of a contributing factor in the movement toward a more genuine religion, toward religious values.

What bothers me about religion today is that it's becoming faddish. As it becomes faddish, it also becomes vulgarized so that the trust in the Bible with regard to faith and conduct is extended to become an excuse to stop thinking. The conversion characteristic is ego supporting and judgmental. It turns evangelism into supersalesmanship, derived from this ego support.

Goode: Is there a new sophistication in these movements that allows the common parishioner to reject, so to speak, a Garner Ted Armstrong? Or are these followers simply creatures of their cult leaders?

Ford: I'd agree that the latter is the case, especially where glossolalia is involved and the recipients become completely subordinate to the authority figures who introduced them to tongues.

Hoyt: To the extent that this movement is burgeoning, it would appear that people are not taking the option, given to them by the sophistication of our age, of rejection. They're swallowing everything and loving it—and very profitably for someone out there.

Goode: To what extent does this improve the condition of life for everybody? If it simply encourages more fear, paranoia, or insularity, then it is working against everything that anyone at this table cares about.

Hargrove: What we have is a validation of the right of people in modern society to be religious, primarily on the basis of inward, personal experience and the assumption that we've been missing something in terms of experience. I find this closely related to the interest in, say, sensitivity training or Sun Myung Moon. These people look at a society in which individualism seems to have gone rampant, in which there's a hedonistic ethic of "What's in it for me?" The greatest amount of media hype is in the individualistic, experiential, hedonistic type of religion. You may have people more interested in joining Moon's Unification Church than you will find joining any particular Christian movement per se.

Our society moves in trends, short-run trends that go up and down in terms of repression and hedonism. But I really think that the short-run trend prevailing right now would be a repressive one, in which you find the possibility of a strong reaction against magazines like *Penthouse*—not for its articles but for the explicit sexuality of its image and the fact that, at present, part of the "meaning" that people are searching for tends to get bound up with this kind of long-standing Victorian antisexuality.

Adams: I disagree. I don't think the current religious movement has been at all hedonistic. When I look at Martin Luther King's life, his ministry and evangelical interest, I see a lot of good flowing out of that for a whole lot of people. There are white people in the South who praise and love King today because he liberated not only blacks but also whites, whose social world was just too antiseptic, unreal, and narrow.

It has been said that Carter's presidency is simply the outgrowth of Martin Luther King's movement. Had it not been for that, Carter wouldn't be where he is now. If Martin Luther King continues to influence human policy, it means that we will have a freer society; we will have a more just society and, therefore, a society that might survive.

Cox: I'd like to return to the question of the religious personages and institutions that influence the corporate, political, and social life of the nation.

For example: Martin Luther King praying on the Selma Bridge; Anita Bryant declaring to the citizens of Dade County that God has told her to stamp out homosexuals' rights; the Catholic bishops of the U.S. supporting a constitutional amendment to forbid abortion; the National Council of Churches withdrawing its funds from the Chase Manhattan Bank in opposition to Chase's support of apartheid in South Africa; Billy Graham greeting Richard Nixon at an evangelistic rally in Tennessee while Nixon was running for president; or Dorothy Day being arrested while she sat on the picket line in Delano, supporting the farm workers.

What do these people signify?

Ford: The examples that you've just cited are examples of a *total* conversion to evangelism, what being "born again" really means. It's a conversion on not only a religious level but also an intellectual and social level. It involves a commitment to society, a commitment that produces external action.

Goode: Would you distinguish between all religious movements in those terms? Certainly not every movement requires the total commitment toward King's type of action that Dr. Ford spoke of. Does it do any good to have a hundred thousand people following Garner Ted Armstrong?

Adams: I think it does some good if it leads these people to an encounter with biblical reality.

Hargrove: I disagree with that. Many of these people who claim to be "born again" are not what I would define as being "reborn" at all. Rather, they are looking for a way to reenter the womb and stay there. We end up with people who are very carefully encapsulated in a religious community and are not involved in society in any way, positively or negatively. It has tremendous political effects, because these people are removed completely from the political scene. To be "born again" should mean to reenter society with a sense of meaning and purpose—a total commitment toward all

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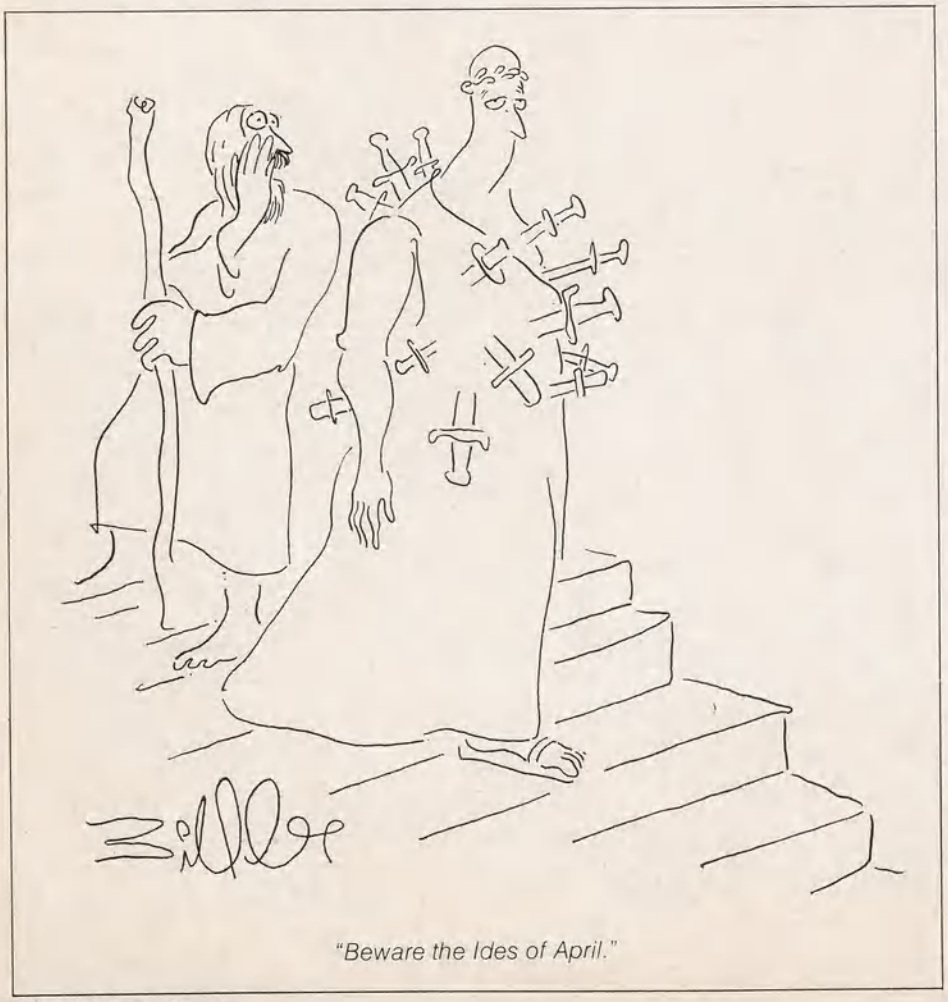
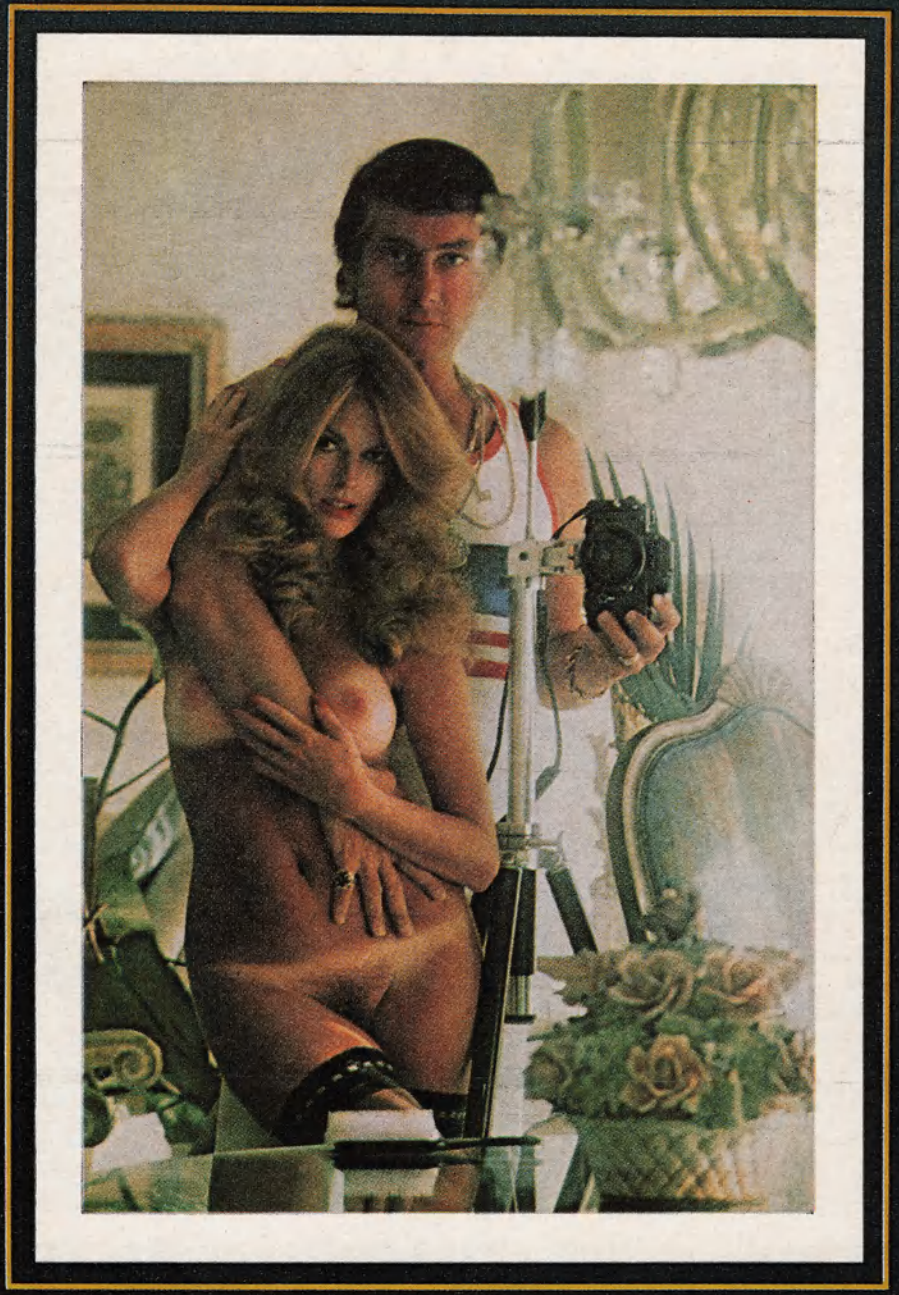


"Beware the Ides of April."

GET INTO THE PENTHOUSE PICTURE WITH THIS MAN



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Kawasaki
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KL250

Double-duty, dual-purpose enduros showing their stuff. Clockwise from left *(all figures suggested retail prices): Harley-Davidson's SX250 (also shown on preceding page) has a two-stroke, aluminum, single-cylinder engine, with chrome bore, and competition-type front fork with 6.29 inches of travel ($775); Can-Am's 250 Qualifier features a six-speed transmission and the only rotary-valved engine of those shown here ($1,499); Kawasaki's KL250 enduro, with a no-hassle, four-stroke, single-cylinder engine, displacing a full 250 cubic centimeters ($1,199); among the performance features of the Suzuki TS-250C is the Power Reed valve to the crankcase, as well as laid-down five-way adjustable gas-oil shocks ($1,189); the Yamaha DT250 has the unique Monocross suspension system, with the same single DeCarbon-type shock used on Yamaha's world-champion motocrossers and road racers ($1,188).*

For more information on these machines, see page 174.

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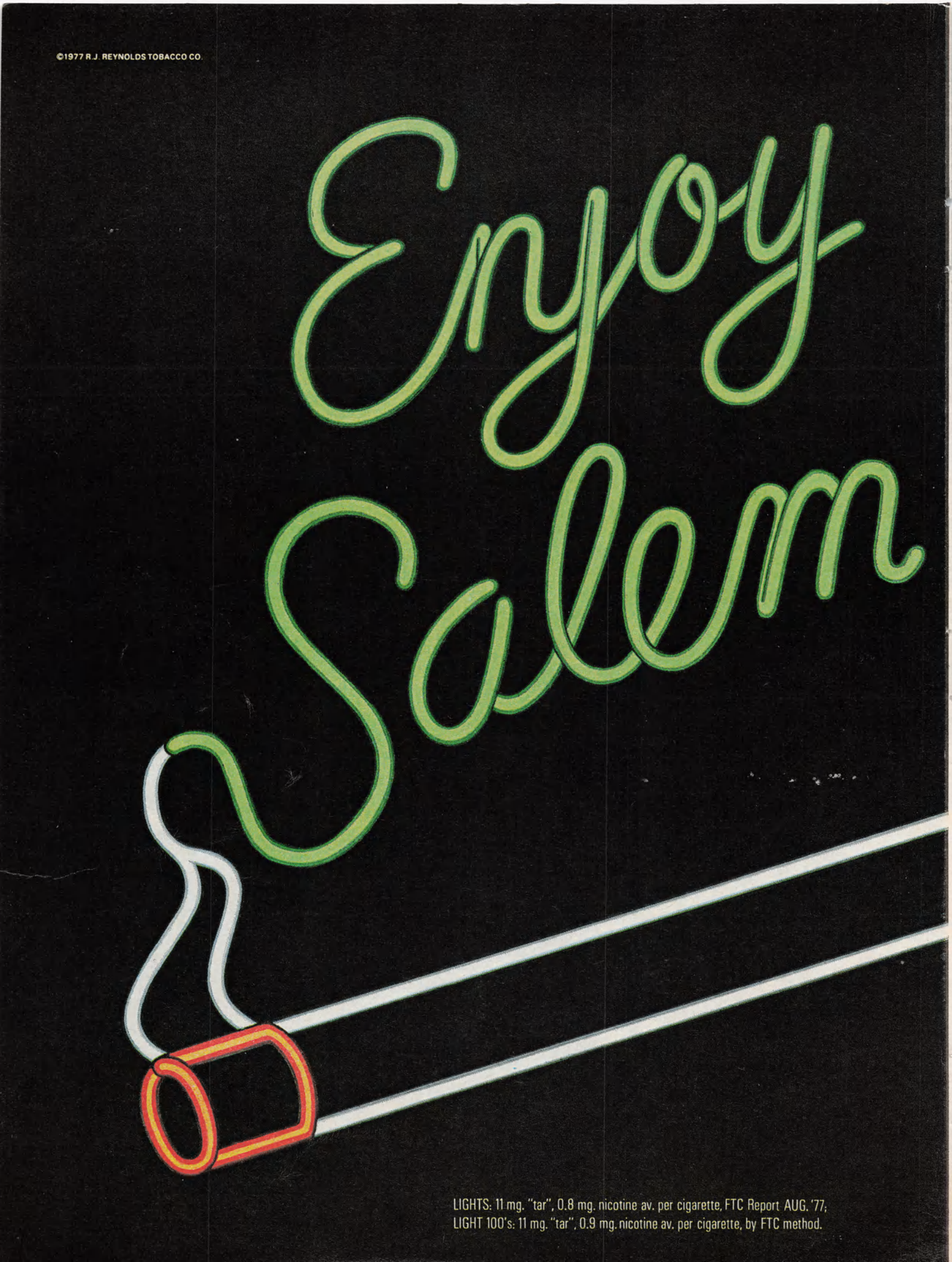

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SYMPOSIUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

aspects of the society that one lives in.

But the increase in religiosity that one finds in today's society, the hundreds of thousands of people following cult leaders, is neutral. These people don't represent a liberal or conservative faction. They only lose their political voice. They become amenable to outside political direction, because they feel that their religion ultimately sustains and supports them in their private lives. They don't care about the rest of the world. When people don't care, it obviously becomes easier for an individual politician to assume power. It's a lot easier to take over a flock of sheep than an aware group of human beings.

Hoyt: What example would you give of today's Evangelicals getting involved in things, as King did at Selma or the National Council of Churches did in withdrawing its funds from Chase? To what extent is it likely that Evangelicals will organize again in these effective ways that really challenge society—particularly the wealthy and the powerful within society?

Lovelace: A number of people are working now to resuscitate the Evangelicals for Social Action. There are a lot of role models out there for Evangelicals to follow: Carter, Sen. Mark Hatfield, Sen. Harold Hughes, *Sojourners* magazine. These people are working to change society, but who can say what direction they will take?

Cox: One of the most important forces affecting our daily lives is the concentration of power in the United States—more specifically, corporate power. It is difficult to follow through on the decisions we must make, whether they have to do with racial justice or educational opportunities or other things, because of a world system that seems to be concentrated in the hands of a very few people. Much of my concern about the alleged evangelical rebirth of social concern is that it doesn't seem to engage that level of corporate power.

Goode: But some religious groups are taking issue with corporate power. Your own reference to the NCC and Chase Manhattan is one example. If such groups really want a hand in corporate power, they need a bargaining tool, and that tool is public opinion.

Cox: Another issue that interests me is the role of women in churches. Their place is growing, if only in number. Nine years ago at the Harvard Divinity School, we had four or five female students. Now 43 percent of the student population there is female. But do they have a voice?

Hargrove: There are religious strains that empower women and strains that oppress women. Small, local churches operate on a perversion, a real hypocrisy, which says that women have no voice in church matters—while in reality they run the church. In small, needy churches women are very important, even though they're not officially allowed to participate. The Ladies Aid calls all the shots, because they're the only ones with money. But I still can't find a clear definition, one that says either that Christianity puts women in a subservient position or that it elevates them.

Ford: The subservience of women, sometimes amounting to absurdity, and even cruelty, is, I think, the chief problem in Pentecostalism. Eventually, it will break the movement. The issue blinds the male leaders to really vital matters and inflicts great harm on female children, many of whom give up their religion altogether.

Hoyt: The more religion grows, the more people are asking questions about the role of women in religion, because there are more and more women involved in religion. They want to know if scriptures refer to women as people and, if so, whether women are to be empowered as such. Homosexuals today find themselves in the same position.

Dayton: But you must distinguish between the pop-culture kind of thing that Anita Bryant is playing on a great deal—her homophobia—and the emergent intellectual religious leadership.

> By the hundreds of thousands, people are claiming they've had a personal experience with God. But I don't see, along with that, a concern for justice and brotherhood.

Goode: Does Anita Bryant represent the majority of Evangelicals, or do the intellectuals?

Quebedeaux: I think Bryant represents a vast majority, unfortunately.

Lovelace: Numerically, this may be true. But I am certainly involved in this religious movement, and I have spent many hours writing to her, trying to disabuse her of the "vampire theory" of homosexual reproduction.

Goode: Is there something in human nature that, having found a presumably higher spiritual condition, must then be imposed on others? Is that the real reason for the Anita Bryants, who believe that they have found a system that is missing in the lives of their hapless fellow men? Isn't their imposition on others the real impulse of the right wing, or do they do it because of their "religious awakening"?

Hoyt: That kind of thing happens in every religion: self-righteousness following upon self-righteousness. Evangelicals place an emphasis on "I am in contact with God, I speak with God, therefore . . ." and then they insert their own views. This type of certainty comes from a direct interpretation of the Scriptures.

Cox: A lot of disputes having to do with religion in the state—let's say church and state—seem to focus on sexual issues or quasi-sexual issues, Anita Bryant being the most glaring example. Just as Evangelicals are beginning to become sexually liberated, we have a generation of young people for whom sexual liberation is already old hat. But the problem remains of how to rid the mind of the distorted elements of sexual repression, the taboo ethic, and still retain some moral guidelines.

Lovelace: Our society works on a system of supply and demand. As more people are converted, more of their money naturally goes to religion. Conceivably, money that was once spent on sexual literature will dry up, because the demand will diminish. In this way, religious growth can influence sexual ethics.

Quebedeaux: Don't be so drastic about it. Religious views toward sexual behavior have progressed. Evangelicals are finally getting in touch with their bodies, within marriage at least. Even oral sex is now permitted.

Cox: What are some of your views about Evangelicals using the state and its legislative system for a particular perspective that stems from a religious issue? With a congressional bill, for instance, having to do with religion? The Thirteenth Amendment would be one example, by virtue of the fact that the Bible says no man can own another man, and by virtue of the fact that the people involved in stopping slavery did it for religious reasons.

Adams: Blacks can certainly identify with that issue. Yet some of their worst enemies have been those who claim to be "born again," whose hearts were changed and yet whose economic systems remained very hard, cruel, and oppressive. Their slave masters were "born again" people who read the Bible and sang "Jesus, keep me near the Cross," but who kept them in a state of dehumanization.

And black people continue to be suspicious of the evangelical movement. While the evangelical movement grows, we still see a widening of the economic gap between white and black; while the evangelical movement grows, we still see that the antibusing constitutional amendment grows more likely every day; while the evangelical movement grows, we see not only the death of the civil-rights movement but also the death of so-called affirmative action and the withdrawal of the government from the task of redressing ancient wrongs against a weak and powerless people.

Hoyt: Obviously, religion has an influence on life and on politics. An individual's religious views will help determine how he will vote. I think that we can all agree that unless it has impact outside one's self, religion is meaningless—it's spiritual masturbation, an excuse for immaturity.

MARIWIN

"I am easy prey to big, well-built guys who push me to my physical limits."

PET OF THE MONTH

SKY QUEEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

Graceful Mariwin Roberts may have her head in the clouds, but it's only to keep her eye on the earthy pleasures of her own personal success below. And even as her bronzed, perfect 36-23-35 body floats through space, Mariwin's career takes firmer root. Our twenty-four-year-old beauty has appeared in movies and on TV and has been acting since she and her six brothers and sisters got together to form their own troupe way back when in Fort Stockton, Texas. Today Mariwin lives in Southern California, where she is able to be close to the mountains, the ocean, and the wide western sky. A consummate athlete, our gifted Gemini also concentrates on a more earthbound daily ritual of running with her two Dobermans, dancing, and swimming. She dreams of having her own TV series one day and loves the challenge of a Hollywood future that includes perfecting her body.

Hang-gliding facilities provided by Bird Builders, Hang Gliding, Malibu, Calif.

Mariwin's maturity was hard won. "I was a late bloomer," she says. "I was skinny and flat-chested as a young girl. In the seventh grade I could barely fill out a bra. To compensate, I dated older boys, and I think that made me grow up faster than other girls my age."

"Now I look for men who turn me on emotionally. I am easy prey to big, well-built guys who push me to my physical limits. Sometimes, you feel like you've known a stranger a long time, and you can instantly be yourself. For me, that's the biggest turn-on."

"I have to be emotionally turned on . . . to feel a man's mind rubbing my body as if it were his hands."

Mariwin believes in being good to herself. "I believe in me," she says, "and I think it's fine to be a little selfish sometimes. I want intimacy and involvement in my relationships but never the feeling of being confined. And I really enjoy watching men in the street, seeing them move. I have to be emotionally turned on to get physically turned on. Seeing a man from a distance is not enough. I need to hear him speak, to feel his mind rubbing my body as if it were his hands. And the way a man's eyes hold my attention determines whether or not I'll go to bed with him. After all, eyes aren't supposed to lie."

Mariwin also has an adventurous side. "I enjoy being a little shocking sometimes. Once I was in Las Vegas with the first man I ever loved. I was wearing a wraparound dress with see-through panties, and when we came out of a restaurant and he was paying the bill, I flashed at him. It was a great moment. And I don't mind a little bit of pain in sex so long as it doesn't leave any marks. Also I'm thrilled by making love in an unexpected place, like the back of a 747. Sex, my career, and knowing who I am are the most important things in my life."

MISS MARIWIN ROBERTS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

STATESIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

place to take you. If you want."

"Is that a threat?"

"No threat," he said. "A promise."

They were at the door, and instead of answering she put back her head, closed her eyes, and pushed out her lips for him to kiss her. Winch waited, deliberately, until she opened her eyes looking startled, before he leaned forward and put his lips on hers. When he did, she immediately popped her tongue into his mouth and rubbed it around hard all over the inside of his mouth in a mechanical way.

"When?" she said, when their mouths parted.

"How about tomorrow night?" Winch said and, when she nodded, added coldly, "First thing, I'm going to have to teach you how to kiss." Before she could answer that, he was on his way down the walk to the cab.

He sat quietly on the ride back. Carol pretty clearly didn't know any but the most obvious things about sex, and it could be great sport to teach her. In his khakis, which he never wore underwear with, he could feel his cock crawling and extending itself a little, tentatively. His breathing deepened. He sat quietly in the cab and savored the sensations all the way back to the hospital, watching out the window the rich, well-off lawns and trees and avenues and then the poorer places and suburban juke joints of Luxor's southern-city landscape.

It was easy enough to arrange for a room at the Claridge. Jack Alexander kept two rooms there for players to rest or sleep or drink in, as well as the suite in which he ran the big-time, high-stakes poker game for the big winners of the army's monthly payroll. Alexander called the Claridge for him. Jack made sure the room was on another floor from the one his game was on.

"You knew exactly how to handle me, didn't you?" Carol said with a triumphant little smile, when he took her there after another dinner at the Peabody's Plantation Roof. "I'll bet you've done that many times before, with women."

Winch sensed she wanted him to grin. So he did, briefly. "If you want to know the real truth," he smiled, "I'm just too old to fart around any more."

"You intrigued me. You said you'd teach me how to kiss. I thought I knew how."

"Well, you don't," he grinned. "The first thing to remember is never to use heavy pressure. And never be mechanical, never keep repeating the same movement. The whole art of sex is to tease just ever so slightly. That way you want more. And more. Come here. But first, let me show you how I undress you."

The covered parts of her were as deliciously, unbelievably youthful as the uncovered parts. There wasn't an excess ounce of fat on her. With that black, black hair and pale, pale skin of the black Irish she had a thick, black luxurious bush against her white belly. She played a lot of tennis and golf, she said. Her father was a big-time lawyer in Luxor, she told him.

"How old did you say you were?"

"I'm uh twenty-two." The slight hesitation betrayed her. "I will be. Soon."

"How soon?"

"In seven months." She blushed.

"I'm old enough to be your father."

"I think of you as something else. You make me think of a smart, tough, wise, old elephant, who's been roaming his forests forever," she whispered.

"I do, hunh?" Winch said.

She did not seem to mind at all that he was extraordinarily slow in achieving an erection.

"I don't know why I'm drawn to you so, the way I am." Holding his head against her, she added in a breathy voice, "I'll have to go home later, you know. I can't stay out all night."

He found, as he had suspected, that she knew very little about sex at all. He was sure she had not, for example, ever had anyone go down on her before. But he decided that that could wait for some future session.

"Do you think I'm attractive?" she whispered as he raised himself over her to enter her and stretched out her long-waisted, long-legged pale black-Irish body for him on the bed.

"Yes." Winch didn't feel it necessary to elaborate. In any case Winch was discovering for the first time in his life, to his surprise and disbelief, fatigue in sex as he worked on her carefully in the bed. He had always been in good enough shape, before, that he had never had to worry about becoming tired. Now was different.

"Oh. Oh. It was never like this." She whispered it with her eyes closed. How many women had said that line to how many new men? Winch wondered. To each new man. He had never been much at long-dicking them, but he knew he had a more than usual circumference.

While they were lying side by side afterward, after he had come, though he was sure she hadn't, Carol said, "What are we going to do? What's going to happen to us?"

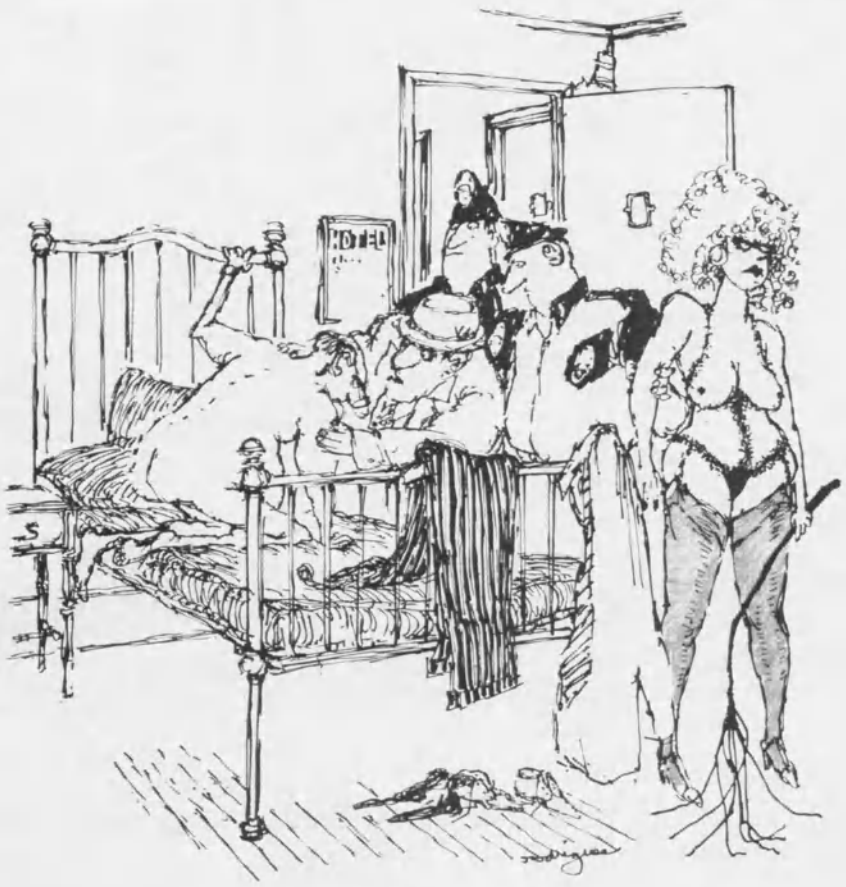
Winch thought that that, to say the least, was a little bit premature. "Well, for one thing, we can have a hell of a great time together for a while," he said softly.

It was right after the first time he had gone down on Carol that she had first mentioned her boyfriend to him.

They were both lying nude on the bed in the Claridge hotel room. He had not yet taken the little apartment. Carol was lying all sprawled out flat, arms and legs spread wide, staring at the ceiling. "Most men don't like to do that," she said faintly.

Winch had to smile. "You mean, most American men. I suppose not. I like it. I like doing it, and I like giving pleasure."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



"Did she hurt you, old timer?"

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100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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Winston King. Winston 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BY AMITAI ETZIONI

The author is professor of sociology at Columbia University and director of the Center for Policy Research. His most important book is The Active Society.

FIGHTING AMERICA'S DISHONESTY EPIDEMIC

Dishonesty in America is nearing epidemic proportions. We long ago passed the point of isolated outbreaks: one in a town, two in a city. The sickness of unbridled greed, abuse of authority, and unabashed nepotism has advanced to the point where it threatens to infect the very ethical backbone of American society. Dishonesty is not limited to a few individuals in high places: a president, a vice-president, a governor. To measure the extent of the illness, one must consider that roughly 115 congressmen (out of 535) are reportedly involved in the Koreagate bribe scandal; that 300 (give or take a dozen) major American corporations are under investigation for violating U.S. laws in the conduct of their international business and for committing offenses like bribery, illicit campaign contributions, payola, tax fraud, procurement (e.g., a suit filed by a former Southwestern Bell employee alleges that the company staged an orgy for local politicians). For further indications of the spread of our collective sickness, cast a glance at the medical profession. Out of every five surgeries conducted in the U.S., *at least* one is unnecessary. Not all of the healthy ovaries, tonsils, and appendixes are removed by greedy surgeons; some organs are lost to ignorance (doctors not catching up on recent medical developments) and others to ambiguity of symptoms. Nevertheless, we know that many, if not most, are gone for profit.

More than half of the major institutions in this country have shown signs of decadence. Yesterday's bulwarks are today's infirmary list: the CIA conducted secret and dangerous experiments on innocent and unsuspecting Americans; the FBI is reported to be deeply infiltrated by the Mafia; the IRS opened individual tax returns to White House use. The list of corporations involved in nefarious dealings reads like the Fortune 500, the list of America's leading corporations.

Nor are the other institutions free of signs of trouble. Many school lunches are underweight, long on starches, short on nutrition. From West Point to the college of your choice come reports of rampant cheating and massive purchases of term papers, M.A., and even Ph.D. theses. Scores of nursing homes and hospitals abuse and bilk their medicaid patients. Who is next? Will tomorrow's headlines focus on the foundations? (Some foundations spend most of the funds they collect on their own staff; others help their founders manipulate stocks in the corporations they own, stocks that the founders donated to the foundations as tax-deductible gifts.) Or will it be the churches, which invest millions in real estate without public accountability?

What all of these frauds, deceits, and malefactions have in common is a mentality best personified by Richard Nixon and best expressed by his idol, Vince Lombardi: "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing." Or, in other words, don't let decency, morality, or even law interfere with the hot pursuit of *your* objectives. Self *über alles*. Former Attorney General John Mitchell (doing time in a federal penitentiary) stated, "In view of what the opposition had to offer, *everything* possible had to be done" (i.e., to defeat McGovern). Perhaps G. Gordon Liddy put it best (or worst): "When the prince approaches his lieutenant, the proper response of the lieutenant to the prince is '*Fiat voluntas tua*'; thy will be done." Apparently,

One public-opinion poll after the other shows that the majority of all adult Americans have lost trust in their government. Many youngsters say they never had it.

Liddy hadn't heard of the Nuremberg principle: only unethical persons follow orders without judging their morality.

Behind such old-fashioned words as honesty, morality, civic ethics, lies the sociological essence of social existence: the need to play by the rules, to limit the urges of each person to a responsibility to his fellow men and the community. If we all ruthlessly maximize our own good, the social world will turn into a jungle. Social existence and civility are not to be found in hiring ever more inspectors, auditors, and policemen. Every day there are *billions* of business, political, and personal transactions. No amount of personnel could possibly check them all and enforce the rules. Besides, even if half of America were to turn inspector to keep the other half honest, who would inspect the inspectors?

Society must therefore rely for its first line of defense against this plague of dishonesty on its members' voluntary compliance with what is moral and legal. This must be accomplished through ethical upbringing, education, example, and community endorsement of honesty and condemnation of abuse. When these principles are well established, society's second line of defense, that of inspection and policing, can be brought to bear on the offenders, kept to a small number by the first line. True, some will slip through both lines, but the *combination* of the two suffices to isolate dishonesty and sustain civic ethics. In our present degenerating condition the first line has become thin and weak, while the second has become overloaded and ineffectual. As more and more acts of dishonesty go undiscovered and unpunished, as more "get away with murder," so others are more tempted to overstep the limits of probity—and the entire societal body strains toward the breaking point.

What must be reestablished and sustained is *not* a specific code of behavior, a God-given (or Washington-promulgated) list of dos and don'ts. Nor is it the "never tell a lie," God-fearing religion, premarital chastity, monogamy, honor, country, and the other old virtues. What is considered honest or ethical changes with time, and there is room for new concepts of right and wrong. However, people living together in a society must observe certain restraints in their behavior toward one another in order to keep the societal body alive and well. None of us can pursue his own ends without consideration for those around him. There is no winner in a horse race in which the riders all knife each other coming down the home stretch.

It can be argued that our wanton competitive drive has its roots in American history. America was, after all, a nation of immigrants and settlers who had to struggle against harsh and forbidding conditions merely to eke out a livelihood. Our ancestors, therefore, tended to place a premium on "making it," without *too* much soul-searching about how. But this explanation is far too simplistic. Americans, despite their competitive zeal, have, through the years, drawn on religious traditions, humanistic education, and a firm commitment to the Constitution (a government of laws, not of men) to temper the drive for individual success and to place it in a civil context. True, there have always been the Robert Vescos, Billy Sol Esteses, and Bobby Bakers, and their antecedents of earlier generations. But they have been criticized, not for their success, but for *how* they made it.

In recent years, however, the sense of responsibility to society, the willingness to play by the rules, to advance honestly, has waned considerably. It is being replaced by a selfish, egocentric, and dishonest cult of "every man for himself." The reasons for this weakening of the moral tissue are manifold. Corruption in high places has a demoralizing effect on society's lower echelons. Thus, if the president of the United States submits a fraudulent tax return, ordinary citizens are sorely tempted to do the same.

Second, recent years have seen a massive increase in government spending. Copious funds—a cool *$113 billion* per year—flow through welfare, medicare, medicaid, and other programs, with spotty supervision at best, virtually inviting corruption of public officials, recipients, doctors, and anyone else who can dip into the public till.

The justice system, supposedly society's second line of defense, has become so overloaded that *most* offenders don't get caught; and if caught, they often are not convicted; and if punished—not harshly. All of this further undermines the motivation to play by the rules. No wonder that one public-opinion poll after the other shows that the majority of all adult Americans have lost trust in their government. Many youngsters say they never had it.

Yet there are signs in America today of a reaction, a demand for new civility, higher honesty. Rather like a sick body mustering its antibodies, the nation seeks reform. It was such a yearning that helped carry moralist Jimmy Carter into the White House. Nevertheless, the president has yet to fashion new tools that would both sustain and inspire the nation to reassert its voluntary commitment to civic ethics.

What is now needed is a thoroughgoing cleanup *and then*—but not before—a "closing of the books." To many, "closing the books" connotes whitewashing and new pardons, but this is precisely what must be avoided. Any attempt to "forget Watergate," to "turn over a new leaf," that is not preceded by a massive cleanup will lead only to renewed eruptions of revelations, scandals, cynicism. What is needed first is the secular counterpart to the religious expiation of sin or atonement. The suggestion does not spring from any fundamentalist or "born again" orientation, but rather from the sociological study that suggests that reinstatement of the dishonest without *some* sacrifice is not possible because of past offenses. At present, we have no method of enabling dishonest Americans to do penance and then truly to shed the past. With this in mind, the president should propose and Congress should enact a "New Departures in Honesty Bill" whereby:

(a) All persons who committed a dishonest act and who make restitution by July 1, 1978, will be considered to have paid their debt to society and be clean.

(b) Those who fear that they may have committed dishonest acts in which there are no clear rules of conduct may apply for Clarification of Status and will not be deemed dishonest if the ambiguity is plausible; if not, rule (a) will apply.

(c) Dishonest acts that involve less than twenty-five dollars and were committed prior to July 1, 1978, will be pardoned after that date.

(d) Those serving in public office will be held to especially

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

KIKI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OTTO R. WEISSER

In the Tuscan town
of Viareggio, the
pristine beauty
of the Mediterranean is
rivaled only by
the marvels of the exquisite
women who gather there from
all over the Continent.
Kiki is among the
most compelling of these
international wonders.
Her heredity is a subtle
blending of Dutch,
French, German, and
even a bit of Basque.
Exotic but very
approachable.

The sun's the thing at this end of the Italian Riviera, and Kiki arrived early in the season to worship every ray of sun. A beach nymph by nature, Kiki lives by the phases of the day, being as much in her element in the waning gold of afternoon as she is in the fragile pastel yellow of early morning.

Even in this opulent paradise of white sunlight and lush greenery, Kiki looks beyond to the promise of the new. America's her goal right now—California, to be exact. "It's such a big, sexy country," she says. "Europe will always be my home, the place I'll come back to, but right now I'm ready for adventure." An Italian summer followed by a California autumn. . . Kiki's a woman for all seasons, on the move to new frontiers.

STATESIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

She had such a magnificent young body. Young breasts, flat hips, prominent crotch bone mound. So unworn by living.

"Why do you think they don't like it?"

"Oh," Winch said lazily. "I suppose it's our American religious training. American Christianity. Sex is all scrambled up in with our religion. Evil, dirty, filthy. Guilt. It shouldn't be. It's all very primitive. Medieval. But it's all tied in with our puritanism."

"I never thought of it quite like that," she said. He felt a certain pause of intensity in the air, before she spoke on. She was still staring at the ceiling. But stiffly now. "My boyfriend—up at school—doesn't like it at all and won't do it," Carol said.

Instinctively Winch sensed he was expected to react to this. A test balloon. From where he lay on his elbow, looking over, looking down at her, he saw her eyes roll toward him once, then flick back to her close scrutiny of the ceiling. Her one cockeye seemed to waver around for a focus up there, on it.

He smiled. "He won't?" he said, easily. "He doesn't?" He let a little pause develop. "Well, he's very young yet."

"Yes, he is," Carol said vehemently. Her eye focus never left the ceiling. "Did you ever go to a whorehouse?"

Winch had to laugh. "Me? Yes. Sure. A lot of times."

"He goes to a whorehouse a great deal."

Winch chewed on this a moment. He was, for no reason he could isolate, enjoying himself immensely. No jealousy, no anguish. No pain. "He probably tells you he goes a great deal more than he actually does," he said.

"Why?"

"To show off."

"It's the only way I can climax," she said. "What you did. Unless I play with myself."

"In my experience, my vast experience," Winch smiled, "very few women can come from simple fucking."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"You don't think there's anything wrong with me, then?"

Winch shook his head. Climax. That must be one of her college words. He had noted that she never would say the word *come*. It had struck him, suddenly, that perhaps she might be lying to him about the boyfriend's whorehouses. Could she be lying to him about the boyfriend, too, then?

She wasn't lying. "I like to do it that way, too," she said. "Like it. Like to do it. But I'd never dare try it, with him. Never dare even suggest it."

"We can arrange that easy enough," Winch grinned.

"Do you mind if I talk to you about him? Tell you about him?"

"No," he said. "Not at all."

"He doesn't seem to be responding to medication. Why don't you try whacking him off?"

He had learned a great deal about him. Then, and since then. He had been Carol's boyfriend, off and on, since high school. He was the second boy she had ever slept with. The first was a secret. Still a secret, even now. She had pretended to be a virgin with the boyfriend. She thought he had believed her. She had quit him once in high school for a while. For an older boy, a college boy. Then she had gone back to him. She had gone to Western Reserve up north largely on the suggestion of the college boy, who did not go to Reserve, but who was studying to be an actor. The boyfriend had followed her. He had intended to go to Mississippi down at Oxford. But he had found out he could study business administration at Reserve. And he said he could not stand to be away from her. At Reserve she had left him twice, after stormy quarrels, but had always come back to him.

At school, both times she had left him, she had had affairs with older persons. Once with a senior boy, when she was a sophomore. Once with an English instructor, a married man, when she was a junior. Both, of course, had been impossible situations. Untenable. Both times the boyfriend had accepted her back, without any questions. He had been a perfect gentleman. Half of her, or some fraction less than half, had wished he had not been.

He always had wanted them to marry, as soon as they both graduated, when he came back home to go into business.

She had never agreed. She had refused to become engaged officially.

He was just so damned insular. When he was drunk, he was absolutely crude. That was when he talked about going to a whorehouse.

Lying naked on the bed beside Winch that first night she talked about him, Carol had suddenly blushed, all the way down into her breasts.

Once at a party, when he had gotten drunk and crude and jealous, and had passed out, in a fit of anger she had gone off with a lone, dateless man and had slept with him, outside, in the backseat of one of the cars. The boyfriend had never suspected.

"I've never told that to anyone."

"It's safe with me." Winch smiled.

"I don't want to be a southern belle," Carol said. She paused a moment thoughtfully. "But I'm afraid I'm a southern belle, anyway."

"You're a beautiful southern belle," he said, emphasizing the descriptive adjective.

She raised her head off the sheet and looked appreciatively down along her nudeness, blushing again. "Not like in any of the War of the Rebellion lithographs, I'm not," she said.

This had been in mid-November. And quite soon after, it came out that the boyfriend was coming home from school for Thanksgiving. She would not be able to see Winch for a few days. Perhaps a week. She hoped Winch would not mind. She hoped he would not hold it against her. She hoped

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he would not be jealous. And that it would not—change anything.

Winch had smiled. "No. It won't. I've got plenty to keep me busy."

"You won't be lonely?"

"No, I won't be lonely."

Suddenly, she laughed. "Damn you."

He smiled. "Well, maybe I'll be a little lonely."

That was better, she had said. "You see, I can't help being a southern belle."

When she came back from Thanksgiving, the first thing she said was that the boyfriend had said he "knew I had a lover."

Winch laughed. "How do you think he knew?"

"He said he could tell by the way I acted. I was too happy. Of course, I denied it."

And now the same thing had come up again lately, about Christmas. The boyfriend was coming home for Christmas vacation from school. She would not be able to see Winch for quite a while. Maybe three weeks. And of course by now Winch had the apartment.

"I'll try to sneak away and slip off at least once," Carol said.

"Don't worry," Winch had smiled.

He did not really know what he thought about the boyfriend. He apparently was just a good, solid, generally good-natured, thoroughly fucked-up, upper-class southern boy. Winch certainly did not envy him his marriage to Carol—if and when it came to pass. And Winch felt pretty sure it would come to pass. He felt a certain sympathy for the boy, more than anything else.

"He wants me to be like his mother," Carol said about him once. "And at the same time, he wants me to be his whore."

"But if you're his whore, you can't be like his mother," Winch smiled.

"Exactly!"

But it was curious Winch was not jealous. He wasn't. The time she spent with the boyfriend at Thanksgiving did not bother him. He did not conjure up painful pictures of her in bed with him and brood about them. Instead, he felt he was very lucky. More than anything. A lucky weekender.

Perhaps it was just age. And his physical condition. But, what the hell, he was getting it up with her now more than he ever had with any other woman, for quite some time. She was blowing him well; he was teaching her. And he was blowing her well. Apparently. And the fucking they had going was of a superior quality.

What better deal could a man of his years ask for?

His life consisted mostly of Carol now. Carol and his nightmares. And the nightmares were gaining ground, on Carol, and on everything.

One night in a deep sleep Carol had awakened him, saying that he was shouting something in his sleep. Something about "Get them out of there! Get them out of there!" The same sentence, over and over. It sounded as though it had something to do with the war, she said. But it was all so garbled. Was that what it was? Something about the war?

"It was nothing," Winch said. "No. It wasn't about the war."

But the eager look of concealed delight on her face was so apparent, and so strong, that he felt sorry he couldn't tell her. It would give her something romantic to remember about the war. When she was older. An older woman.

"It was nothing," he said. "Just a bad dream." But he was shaken by the fact that he had yelled it aloud.

"You really are upset," Carol said.

"A little. It'll go away."

Instinctively, or almost instinctively (it was always hard to tell with her), she had shoved one of those delicious breasts of hers up to his face, lying beside him, as if to comfort him. Winch had begun to nuzzle it, then kiss it and lick it, then suck it, the puckering nipple. Detesting himself. But it was so soft, so tender. Then she began to pant.

So he had wound up fucking her. It was probably the best thing. But his way, not her way. She liked it hard and driving, like a piston, beating against her spread crotch and crotch hair. He liked that, too. But he liked better the slow, long insertion and withdrawal, softly, gently, over and over, feeling every tiniest quiver along the barrel of his blood-swollen organ. When he came, it was all he could do to pull it out. But he remembered she did not have her diaphragm in, and he had to. Afterward, he lay rubbing his loosening cock into the wetted cushion of her pussy hair while she clutched his shoulders.

He liked the slow, long insertion and withdrawal, softly, gently . . . feeling every tiniest quiver along the barrel of his blood-swollen organ.

He fell asleep to be awakened by one of the other nightmares, some unknown time later, and lay looking down at her as she slept, for a time. He had a hunch she was not going to let it drop, and he was right; she didn't. The next time he saw her she brought it up, and kept on bringing it up, asked about it. And once the nightmare had broken through the one time, as if a gate had opened, it began to happen more times. Before long she was waking him every night, from one of the nightmares or another. Winch got so he hated to drift off to sleep. He became what he had never been before in his life, even on Guadalcanal and New Georgia—an insomniac.

Winch never did tell Carol the nightmares, could not tell her. He still believed, even though he had in his sleep let them outside himself inadvertently, that if he did not tell them to anyone, didn't talk about them, he would be able to wriggle out of it somehow and get back his control. And Carol was too delighted by the idea of them. Too delighted to tell them to.

There was something about her that seemed to enjoy gruesome, monstrous war stories, with an almost sexual thrill. It was like a kid loving and hating Dracula movies. That was because she had never had to live them. When you had lived them, they weren't gruesome any more. They were just sorry. Sorry tales. But there was no reason she should be expected to see that. Far too many civilians were like her, Winch had found.

Carol was having her own troubles, anyway. They had begun with the Christmas vacation of her boyfriend. He was still hot to go into the army, and he had come home for Christmas with nothing but that on his mind. He was determined to quit college and enlist. His own family was against it, particularly his mother. And Carol's family was against it: they were not going to have her marrying some enlisted soldier just off on his way to Europe, no matter how well-bred and well-connected. But only Carol's opinion carried any real weight with him. She had brought the problem to Winch again.

She had seen Winch but once all through the Christmas vacation, as she had promised she wouldn't; so it was not until January that he heard the story.

"Well," Winch said, with the crispness of command, " Do you want him to go? Or do you want him not to go?"

Carol made an anguished little face and then sort of wailed. "Well, I don't want him to go. But I'm not sure I want to marry him. I don't think I'm in love with him. I'm in love with you."

"I don't count in this," Winch said. "Leave me out of it."

"How can I?" Carol cried. "But I don't want him to go. I mean, his whole family doesn't want him to go. His poor mother. And his old dad. He's got it all fixed for him to get a business deferment. I have to respect their wishes. I'm just not sure I want to marry him.

"And if he stays, I'll surely have to marry him. Won't I?"

It was easy enough to tell what kind of answer she hoped for. Was demanding, in fact. "Not necessarily," Winch said.

Carol turned to stare at him with her large, dark eyes for a long moment. The cocked one rolled off a little bit, then came back. "Anyway, he won't stay just because I ask him not to go. I don't have all that much influence on him."

"It's very simple," Winch said immediately. "That's the easiest part. Just tell him you have a lover."

The dark, cocked eye made her seem extraordinarily sexy.

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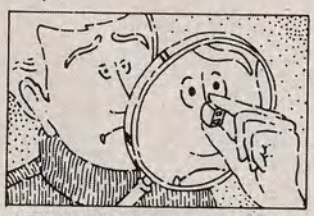

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"Oh!" Carol said. "Do you think that would make him stay? It might work just the opposite. Make him run off and enlist," she said. "In deep despair."

Once again Winch suddenly had that feeling he had been getting more and more lately with all sorts of things. Was it real? Was it really real? Did she really mean it? Evidently, she did.

Did these men really mean it, when they got together, and got all this explosive together, and killed all these other men? Evidently, they did. But were all these men killed? Were they really dead? Or was it all just sort of one big kids' game?

If you built a house, was it really a house? Or was it just a bunch of wood stacked up together a certain way and nailed, and everybody got together and said it was a house.

The frightening concept, and the bottomless feeling he had, stumped him. She had stopped him. Again.

"I just hate to do something like that," she said. "Unless I'm absolutely sure." Then after thinking a moment, she looked up resolutely, the one eye rolling away, and said, "I'll do it."

"Maybe I'm wrong," Winch said lamely. "But it would certainly make me stay around."

"I'll do it," she said again. More resolutely.

But then she hadn't done it. She told Winch later, the next time she saw Winch, that she had been too afraid to do it. Instead she had agreed to come up to school and visit him for a week, if he would agree to go back. He had agreed. She had promised she would come up to Cleveland near the end of January.

After that she and Winch had had their four or five nights a week together for several weeks. Till she left for Cleveland. She still got up resolutely every night at four in the morning, dressed herself all up carefully, and put on all her evening makeup, to go home and be there by four-thirty. Nobody ever waited up to meet her. Nobody ever got up early to see if she came in. But it was a gamble she did not want to take. And she was always home in bed, when she had to get up at eight-thirty and her mother called her.

Winch, who at four did not have to get up for another three hours, would lie in bed and watch her go through her meticulous ritual. A lot of times he badly wanted to make love to her in the mornings. She was so cute. So adorable, with her unrelieved ritual. But there was never any chance. The ritual must never be broken or even slowed.

It was when she got back from Cleveland that she told him she had found a new boyfriend. She had stayed away almost three weeks, instead of the one week she had agreed upon, and the new boyfriend was the reason. He was from a small town in Ohio and the same age as the other one. "He loves it when I go down on him," she said, without even blushing. "And he loves to go down on me. Gamahouche, he calls it. It's an old Victorian word. He loves all the sexual things." They were in the apartment, and it was freezing cold out. She stopped to take off her coat. "Maybe I'll marry him, instead." He had even more money than the other one and more social prestige. And his family was marvelous, very genteel. Especially his mother. "Oh, you've taught me so much, Mart!" she cried, and swirled her coat onto the couch and whirled herself off across the room.

Winch felt he had heard the final accolade.

Then she stopped. "But I don't love him!" she cried, in another tone, a wail. "I love you!" She came across the room and put her arms around Winch and rubbed both her breasts against his chest. In high heels she was nearly as tall as he was.

"Whoa. I'm not a competitor in this competition," Winch said. "Remember? I told you that from the beginning."

He put his palms, flat, on the round of her back under the arms, in the sweater she wore, then moved them down her to the flat on her hips, his finger paps pressing themselves alternately into the round of her bottom. Storing up sensory impressions. To be remembered some time later.

> Carol seemed to have had enough apparent satisfaction out of his penetration of her. . . . His coming himself . . . gave her all the pleasure she needed.

"Oh, what's going to become of us?" she said, rubbing the side of her head against his ear. "What are we going to do?"

"Let's try going to bed. How about that?" Winch said.

For quite a long time after he had begun fucking Carol, he had had this feeling of extraordinary breathlessness, panting, afterward. A result of that heart condition. Then for quite a while it had gotten better, almost gone away. Lately it had come back, almost as strong as at first. Winch did not know why. But this time it was there, exceptionally strongly. He had to get up and walk around the room, to hide the fact that he was panting.

A few months later, Winch climbed the stairs to the little apartment in Luxor. He waited a couple of minutes on the high outdoor landing before opening the door, to get his breath. But for some unaccountable reason he was feeling in much better shape tonight than usual. Maybe it was the glasses of wine he'd had.

In the beginning dusk off through the tall trees the spring was coming on furiously, like a madly galloping horse. People were out working in their yards and Victory gardens.

"I thought maybe you weren't going to be able to come tonight," Carol said lightly, when he'd shut the door. She had gotten herself all dolled up for the evening in a new spring dress he hadn't seen before. Off behind her somewhere, in an unobtrusive corner, were sitting two lady's suitcases, side by side.

"Are you kidding?" Winch grinned. She came to him and put herself into his arms, her breasts pushing against his blouse, and Winch felt the youth of her again, as he kissed her.

The kiss went on, and then further on, and Winch felt the old familiar ache in the back of his throat. But there was no way to possess a woman, really. Skin. Skin was as close as you could really get. Even the inside of the vagina was still skin.

"What do you say we have a drink first?" he said, breaking away.

"Of course," she said. "Of course. No rush. There's no rush."

"Have we still got any of that sauterne for me?"

"It's in the icebox. I'll get it. I'll have a Scotch and soda. Will you make it for me?" She went off in that long, willowy, youthful stride.

"I've got two bits of news to tell you," she said, when they had their drinks and were seated on the couch and she had snuggled up to him.

Winch had his arm around her. He smiled. "Let's let it wait till later. What do you say?"

With their drinks they went over to the bed. On the bed Winch began slowly undressing her out of her new outfit and himself out of his uniform. That was one of the great things about her; she didn't give a damn about mussing her clothes. There was very little of his breathlessness. But there almost never was, before, and during. It was always afterward.

This time there was no breathlessness in Winch afterward. When Carol rolled out from under him to go and wash herself, as she invariably did, patting him on the ear and neck, Winch lay in the bed lazily and enjoyed his not having to get up and walk around the room quietly, to get his breath.

He had no idea at all why it should happen like that. He felt almost good. The only thing that was bothering him, now, was the distension in his belly that he got whenever he tried to eat a meal. Lying nude in the bed, watching the closed bathroom door, he let out a long, quiet, but enormous fart.

Carol hadn't come. Not at all. Hadn't had any orgasm. Winch hadn't gone down on her and she hadn't masturbated, and those were the only two ways she could make it. Winch did not mind. Winch had learned long ago that this stuff of women coming and coming over and over, multiple orgasms, was largely a lot of baloney out of

men's imaginations more than it was the truth out of women themselves. Carol seemed to have had enough apparent satisfaction out of his penetration of her. His using her. His coming himself satisfied her and gave her all the pleasure she needed this time.

She was quite a girl, Carol. But he would rather have taken a beating than to have to go out for dinner.

They had quite a discussion, finally, about where they were going to go to eat.

She came out of the bathroom, nude, and began collecting her strewn clothes and getting dressed. Putting on the dress, she started to laugh in a sort of half giggle. "I'm going to look like just what I am and just what I've been doing."

"Does that bother you?" Winch grinned from the bed. He got up himself and began collecting his warrant officer's uniform.

"You haven't let me tell you my two pieces of news," Carol said while they were dressing.

"Won't they keep till later?" Winch said. "Till after we've had dinner, say?"

"Well, won't you let me tell you the one?" Carol said. "Or didn't you notice the suitcases?"

"I noticed them. You planning on going on a trip someplace?"

"No. No, that's just it. Those suitcases are because I'm moving in here, with you."

Winch did not honestly know whether to be happy or pissed off. He decided to grin, while playing for time. "You're moving in here with me? What about your parents?"

Carol was trying, without total success, to smooth the wrinkles out of her skirt in front of the mirror. She brought her eyes up to her face in the mirror and took a deep breath like someone about to begin a reading in front of a declamation class. "It just seemed to me to be silly to keep on getting up at four in the morning and getting all made up and all dressed up to go home and try to get an extra hour and a half of good sleep. Nobody was ever waiting up for me. Nobody ever asked me about when I got in."

"So?"

She turned away from the mirror. "So I had it out with them. I got them together and sat them down and told them I had a lover. And that it seemed dumb to me to lose all that good sleep."

This is the last passage James Jones wrote. He died in the hospital in Southampton, Long Island, N.Y., on May 9, 1977, of congestive heart failure, before completing the novel Whistle, *from which this excerpt was taken. The book was to have had thirty-four chapters, and Jones had completed somewhat more than half of Chapter 31 when he became too ill to continue. However, he had already plotted in considerable and, indeed, almost finished detail the remaining material. Jones's close friend, Willie Morris, completed the manuscript, based on tape recordings and conversations with Jones during the months prior to his death.*—Editor

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Celebrities as fads—here today, gonged tomorrow.

STAR BORES

BY NICK TOSCHES

In a world where Telly Savalas speaks and people applaud, all things are possible. I have seen sack dresses. I have met the Captain and Tenille.

A lady told me of a man who took her out one night. He was a handsome, fashionable man. They ate at a Chinese restaurant, and he talked of the Five Flavors. After dinner they returned to his apartment, where he played a Linda Ronstadt album and invited the lady to share his Thai stick. Later he played a Chick Corea album and mixed vodka gimlets, as only he knew how. She browsed through his books. There were books about films and books about orgasms and books by people with Gallic names. Between two large volumes was a paperback edition of *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*

"Someone must have laid that on me as a goof," he grinned tentatively.

She riffled through the pages. A photograph fell to the floor. It was a picture of him, proud and crewcut, doing the Watusi in madras shorts.

His hand trembled, and he never called her again.

In the silence of this poor soul's penance there was truth: the wages of gaucherie are death. To be trendy, you must be wary. Burn your Ché posters behind you; scatter your witty T-shirts to the wind. There is no defense from the sneer within. You saw it in the *Voice*? Yes, but that was months ago. Think twice, frail earthling, before you next eat frozen yogurt. And answer me this: what ever happened to Quadraphonic?

Now the loud adoration like an ocean in their ears. Now the money and nice metaphors like petals at their feet. But soon they will be taken over the lea, to that place where Joey Heatherton reclines and symbolic poets seek redress, where Connie Francis and Eldridge Cleaver maunder in the wind. Over there, by the tulip tree: Jack Paar and Erica Jong embrace ziplessly. There even the sunsets are bland.

Soon Farrah Fawcett-Majors will stand before the mirror and, like Schopenhauer, wonder why. A bionic hand will reach out to console her, as her pennyweight breasts dwindle in the dusk. The twelve-year-old boys who discard her will recall her in later years. "Farrah. Oh, I remember her. She was the one with the freeze-dried hair and the paralytic grin. Seemed like if you stuck an icicle up her ass, it wouldn't melt." But have faith, Farrah, for there are possibilities to be explored. Perhaps, like Twiggy, you can make an album of modern country-and-Western music.

Good-bye, Fonzie. It is sad to see the world's oldest teenager fall from grace. Yes, we know all about it. There is a person in there, a gifted actor, Henry Winkler. Yes, we know all about it. Russ Tamblyn said the same thing.

They waken with a jolt and sniff anxiously at their armpits for the scent of obsolescence. Orson Welles makes *Citizen Kane* and is embraced and hallowed by the handmaids of culture. Days pass, and he discovers that he has become NBC's court fatso, shuttling his bulk and his airs from "The Dean Martin Celebrity Roast" to "Hollywood Squares."

It happens so fast. I encountered two young girls browsing through the bins of a Los Angeles record store last year. One girl held out a copy of *Magical Mystery Tour* and called to her friend, "Hey, look! Paul McCartney was in a band before Wings." Fame, said Matthew Arnold in one of his more lurid moments, is a hussy. Mark Spitz, I am sure, would agree.

Where is Carroll Baker, who, in 1964, was to be the hottest hunk of Hollywood flesh since Marilyn Monroe? I am sure that I saw her comparing six-pack prices in an Altadena supermarket in 1973, but I may be mistaken. Of the current whereabouts and doings of the Singing Nun, I dare not even hint.

Joseph Heller would have been wise if he had never published *Something Happened*. He could have gone on forever as the brooding-genius author of *Catch-22*. Instead, he has been turned away as a one-shot writer, a sort of literary Petula Clark. In his New England woods, J.D. Salinger smiles, humming "Downtown" as he endorses his royalty checks.

Not even revolutionaries are immune. The next time you see Bernadette Devlin—if you ever see her again—she'll probably be bouncing fatso jokes off Orson Welles on "Hollywood Squares." Jerry Rubin is just another short person with a receding hairline. Six will get you ten that Huey Newton isn't even on Leonard Bernstein's Christmas-card list anymore. Mark Rudd gave himself up last summer in New York, but few could recall what for. If Bernadine Dohrn had a party, would Angela Davis come? Does Meyer Kahane do alterations? If Timothy Leary tries to fuck with your molecular structure, tell him to take a bus.

I sincerely hope that Lance Loud is doing well, and that he is hard at work on his craft. Remember, Lance: *Ars longa, vita brevis*.

Sometimes a person's spiritual essence falls from vogue, and this situation is truly pathetic. Be aware, born-again *putti* of all denominations, that you have had your day. And with you, the lapdogs of est. To see and hear Valerie Harper and Cloris Leachman on "Dinah!" as they tell rapturously how est changed their lives is an experience not unlike watching refried beans coagulate on someone's face during lunch. Next time you feel the urge to be reborn, please do so somewhere else. Do it over the lea, in that place of primal screams and poodle-faced maharishis and dianetics. Anyone who has ever referred to *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* as The Book should be forced to read aloud from *Kiss Me Deadly* under threat of severe hostility displacement. Little mercy shall be shown, for it is believed that anyone found underlining in *Passages* deserves his fate.

Illustration by Kim Whiteside

THE
GUN
SHOW

Do not invest heavily in punk rock. Those New York groups with the Tzara-like names are losing what little power they had. In two years all that will remain of punk rock will be a handful of embarrassing memories and Handsome Dick Manitoba of the Dictators. He will enjoy a career more illustrious than the combined careers of Louis Prima and Jim Morrison. C.B.G.B. will be reclaimed by the Bowery and become once again the great skid-row bar it was until 1970.

Another musical trend that would be wise to begin checking its pulse is that part of country music that consists of stale metaphorical references to half-warm beer (usually Lone Star), cowboy hats, pickup trucks, faded jeans, and your warm and tender body close to mine. Surely these people can find day jobs. Deportation to 1967 is imminent. Jerry Lee Lewis will rise again. (Think about it, darlin'.)

No one will ever again utter the words *roots*, *thrust*, *aesthetic*, *macho*, *rip-off*, or *orientation*. Nothing will ever again be referred to as *the pits*. Those little mechanical people who read the news on television may be forced by acts of terrorism (picture your local TV newsman; now picture him bald) to stop speaking that gray-cardboard English taught at the College of Android Knowledge. No one will ever again *relate* to anything. There will be no more *phenomena*.

Perhaps we have already seen the last of those movies that portray microcosmic life at the razor's edge of Los Angeles. We will not suffer being told again that Los Angeles is a dark, glowing metaphor of something eternal and indomitable in the American soul. Robert Altman will move to the great Northwest, because people can breathe there. Jack Webb, the true film *auteur* of Los Angeles, will regain power.

There will be no more Third World Art—whatever it was to begin with. Notice to all environmental artists: get a job.

Stay away from the work of all hip novelists. Hip novelists are people who cannot write well; so they write hip even though they're usually not hip or even hep. The typical hip novel is one that seems to have been written several years ago but wasn't. Burn your copy of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* while there is still time. Or hide it. (Wherever you keep your beatnik poetry will do fine.) Also stay away from all hip journalists, previously known as new journalists. These are people who think *The White Negro* was an important work. They favor such titles as "The New Numbness" and travel in packs. Their consciences give off an odor, which perceptive noses can detect.

When a trend dies, a new one takes its place. We eat goldfish today, carry Free Speech placards tomorrow, wear safety pins the day after that. When a cultural hero wakes up, looks in the mirror, and, much to his sadness, sees Sammy Davis, Jr., there is a new hero to take his place. (How else is one to explain not merely the success but the very existence of John Denver?) They come; they go. In the calm and secure center of all these metamorphoses, all this flux, are the mercenaries of hype, those whose sacred and lucrative duty it is to breed and nurture and testify for the vogues and heroes of the day.

These are the people who told us in 1968 that the Boston sound (or, as at least one of them had it, the Boss-Town Sound) was going to be the next big thing in rock 'n' roll. These are the people who told us in 1972 that *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* would change our lives. These are the people who gave us Pat Boone and heavy metal. These are the people who gave us monotheism. They have been with us always, and they always will be. They were there when man first raised a Hula Hoop to the northern light and saw that it was good. They will be there to hand out two-drink tabs when the first stage is built on the moon. They are the brokers, the keepers.

"Lou Reed, down three and a quarter. Ralph Nader, up an eighth. High-fiber diets, no change. If Steve Martin hits ten, throw a press party."

> One girl held up a copy of *Magical Mystery Tour* and called to her friend, "Hey, look! Paul McCartney was in a band before Wings."

Publicity is stranger than fiction. The mercenaries of hype will look you in the eye and tell you that they would still rave about Roy Clark even if he weren't a client. Mystified, they will ask how it possibly could be that you don't want to have lunch with Marvin Hamlisch. They will cast pity upon you, wondering aloud how a writer could pass up a chance to essay the scented sea that is Nick Nolte's soul. They will obscenely expose their Master Charge cards and entice you to follow them into clubs where sensitive young creatures strum guitars and rhyme abstract nouns.

They begin to infest your days, your hours, your minutes on earth. They will circulate your name and number among their eerie race. One morning a new publicist, one fresh from the miasma of *Ur*-publicity, will call to tell you that Bo Diddley is into some heavy new trips. You express a morbid interest, and already it is too late. The next thing you know, you are locked in a room without windows and Mr. Diddley is telling you all about it. To paraphrase Milton: one can run, but one cannot hide. You might escape Bo Diddley today, but what of tomorrow and the impending pain of drinks with some human you have been excitedly told is the Rod McKuen of Scotland?

I recall being waked one wintry morning by the ringing of my phone. A fast, squeaky sound, like talons of ice, came to me with disarming intensity. It was a voice.

"Bloontz is dying to meet you," the voice said.

These words struck my sleepy mind as being quite supernatural. With as much fear as distaste, I whisked away the squeaky voice, as one might whisk away a menacing insect. On two occasions after this, I experienced little nightmares in which pale ectomorphs closed around me in a stifling ring of publicity flesh, chanting endlessly that slobbering, bloated, fecal syllable, *Bloontz*.

A year later, in a different city, in a chilly room filled with tables and large, condescending avocado plants, a publicist approached me from the larboard, took my wrist, and said, "Bloontz would still like to meet you, darling." The last I heard of Bloontz was in the form of a telegram: PLEASE COME TO BLOONTZ PARTY.

When the short publicist and I next met, I spoke first. "I am ready. Take me to Bloontz." I breathed Tullamore Dew and hostility upon the head of the short person.

"Forget Bloontz," the short person said. "I'm doing Neil Sedaka now. You'll love him; he's one of those rare people."

"But I want Bloontz."

Sloughed off by the Polack joke of pop, Bloontz has not survived, but the publicist has—undying, sovereign, short.

Walk carefully in the forest of vogue, lest you be found with Bloontz on your hands, *flagrante delicto*. Within every fiery idol is a Frankie Avalon waiting to get flushed down the bowl. Make one wrong move and you'll end up in a work shirt at a Free-Tom-Hayden rally, or fettered to a buck-fifty seat at a Chad Mitchell hootenanny, or engaged in dialogue with a viable cross section. Where are Mort Sahl's fans, Eugene McCarthy's supporters? And what have they done to Yoko Ono, who only wanted to sing? The implications are fearsome.

You can act cool. You can say that marijuana just puts you to sleep, and that you haven't read a book in seven years. You can say that you don't listen to anything but Bach and the Doors. You can say that you judge movies by their camera angles. You can say whatever you will, but in the end you'll slip and Marshall McLuhan won't be there to catch you. Just keep telling yourself, as you walk through the valley of the shadow of gauche: Marilyn Monroe died for my sins.

There is something beyond cool, however. Bad taste is timeless and the best way to avoid being caught culturally out-of-sync. Get in touch with your preternatural slob-soul. Next time a friend sniffs a wine cork at dinner, tell him that he looks stupid. Use the word *scumbag* at your next job interview. When people around you talk about movies, tell them that you heard Aldo Ray's got a new one coming out. And, of course, do the Watusi.

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FLOATING IN A SEA OF SEX

"I've been here for an hour. I haven't said a word. I hate what this place makes me feel like. There are girls all around, but I have nothing to say. What can I possibly say that sounds real? Listen, I'm me. That's it. That's all."

BY RICHARD PRICE

Saturday night. Me, I'm doing singles bars. Normally, I wouldn't go into one with an elephant gun to my spine, but I'm in just that kind of mood. It's Las Vegas night in my heart. Let's go. Time for love.

It's 8:00. Threw two James Browns and an Al Green on the machine. Jumped into the shower and started the prep. No soap tonight. We do Vitabath. Leave a nice tangy essence. Organic Pimento Crème Rinse, Conditioner, Shampoo Gel. Three rinses, jump out. Nice hot towels. James Brown's shrieking in the living room, and I'm standing in front of the mirror, holding my fist like a mike, squeezing out E over C with one shoulder high because tonight I got a brand-new bag. Tonight *I'm* doing the mother popcorn. *I'm* going to a singles bar where *I'm* finding HER. And because no matter how much I get laid, how many people come and go in my life every day, I happen to be a little lonely and maybe . . . maybe . . . I shaved my face as carefully as if my skin was the turf around the eighteenth hole of a PGA golf course. Slapped some Aqua Di Silva on my palms and drew them in a wet noose around my neck behind my ears and down my chest. Organic pit stop. Talcum powder. Ran in, raised the volume, and did a twenty-minute hot comb. Slipped on white briefs. No good. Off they came. On go rust-colored bikinis. The type that makes you look like you've got acromegaly of the cock. Check front and profile in the full-length for possible paunch. Not bad. Do I have a cute ass? They always comment on that. "He's got a cute ass." The guy could have a face like bad vegetables, but he's got a cute ass. Yeah, I got a cute ass. Maybe if nothing else is cooking, I'll pick up myself. Hey, hey. Throw on a black velvet jacket over dark blue body shirt, pearl gray continental slacks, fill a brandy snifter with a triple rum and a squirt of OJ, chug that down, put two or three impressive books on my night table, bookmark a page in each, turn off all but the dramatic lights, and I'm gone.

The Mad Hatter. Fake English pub. Sawdust. Dark bar. Suspended TV. Mirror. An armpit-high room divider (dark stained) separates the place into dining tables and bar/pickup area.

It's 9:00. Too early. There's maybe a dozen guys and two or three women. I'm swaggering around, note pad in hand, like Johnny Goddamn trying to look aloof and like a writer. The guys terrify me. Pressed chinos, crisp plaid short-sleeved shirts, glasses that reflect the entire bar, short almost cow-licked hair. Out-of-towners. They're standing there swaybacked, one hip higher than the other, their arms folded across their chests, and they're staring hard across the sawdust with weird, frozen smiles as if the girls are just going to materialize out of the jukebox.

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday night, and these heartbreakers have been waiting for action at least an hour. Them and me. Me in my velvets and continentals. It's nine o'clock, and I'm here, too. But I'm a writer. They're not me. No sir. No way. When I start to take notes, I make a flourish with my pen like I'm tuning up the Boston Symphony.

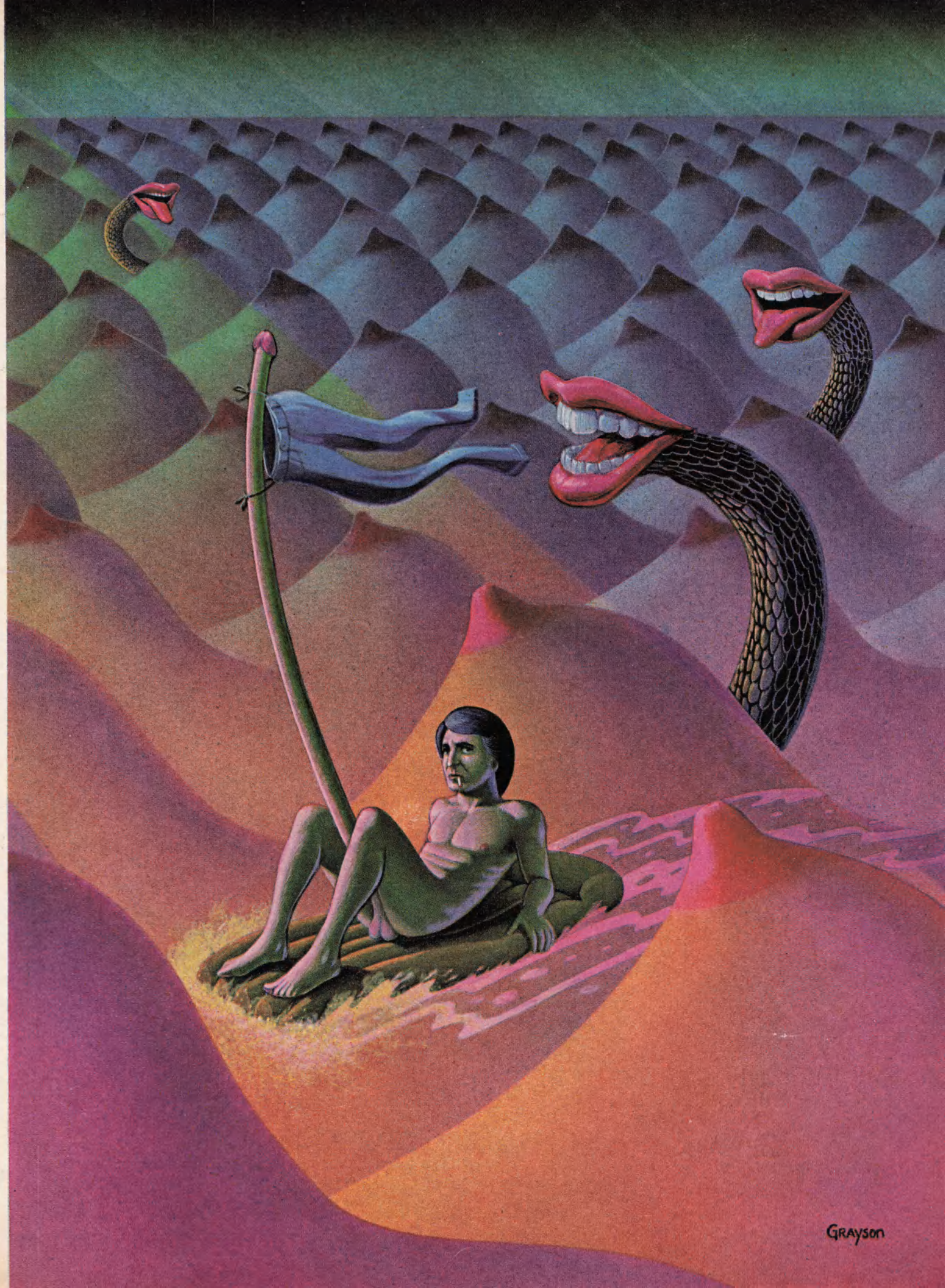
The women are scarce, which automatically makes them desirable. There's a chick three stools down with a bare midriff which in this place has the impact of a bare tit. The other girl is on the phone. At best, in the real world she's a hog, but now, here, in this achingly embarrassingly early hour, she's got Venus beat by a country mile.

Gradually, over an hour's time, people start piling in. More men than women.

A din of jive chatter and jukebox music starts building like white sound. I bury my face in my notes. Guys swamp girls like goldfish after fish food, pigeons after croutons.

To the left of me: "I'll buy you a magnum of champagne on the condition you don't look at me like that." To the right: "I'm thinking about going back to work with George. George who? Harrison.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY GRAYSON/SKETCH PAD STUDIO


GRAYSON

He owes me from way back. Just called me this morning, but I wasn't in." From behind: "Well, look, it's not like I'm un*happy* with the eighty thou per annum . . ."

Girls stand motionless, the brittle remainders of an almost-melted ice cube floating on top of a half-hour-old drink. They listen politely, eyes darting, pocketbooks dangling from crooked elbows.

Male pickup teams blurt out something overly stupid to girls, winking and laughing at each other in their self-conscious self-revulsion. As if they know what lames they are, as if everybody is watching them getting shot down, as if they were on a TV show about losers complete with canned-laughter sound track.

"Hey there, I think I'll pitch my tent here, although I'm not sure where to put the main pole just yet, ha-ha," wink, elbow nudge to friend. Girl smiles like she has a Fudgsicle up her ass, looks briefly at her friend, doesn't answer. Guys giggle, shrug, move on in their ha-ha camaraderie of desperation.

A fat girl walks in, wearing a plastic choker which glows green in the dark. Guys around her are suddenly obsessed with science. Look serious, open conversations with questions about the chemical properties of phosphorescent paint.

I start feeling like I'm dying. I just keep withdrawing into my note pad, trying to look official. The bar is getting swamped. I'm being pressed into the counter. The elation I had smoothing up is petering out fast. I'm lonely. I'm depressed. I forget how to talk. Guys around me hold drinks, scratch banlon bellies, stare intensely up at the overhead TV, where a soundless football game has green-skinned guys running over orange guys. And my fellow swinging singles are studying that game with a burning intensity. As if they're politicos and the screen is flashing election returns. They don't even know who the fuck is playing. They're scared like me. They're ashamed of their shyness, and they don't have little notebooks to write in. So they dress up on a Saturday night, come downtown to singles bars, and stand absolutely hypnotized by bad color TV.

I've been here for an hour. I haven't said a word. I hate this place. I hate what it makes me feel like. There are girls all around, but I can't talk. I have nothing to say. I'm not a schmuck. I don't want to act like a schmuck. What can I possibly say that sounds real? That doesn't sound . . . I can't even describe the feeling of self-hatred. Listen, I'm *me*. That's it. That's all.

Six young Chinese in Korvettes jackets with Bic pens in the chest pockets join the other plants. Businessmen on the town with high hopes and no personalities. Jocks in La Coste shirts and cuffed chinos. "Hi there" schmucks with turquoise necklaces, body shirts, and bad skin. Mutt and Jeff girl teams swamped by grinning slobs. Girls are piling in. I don't know what to say. I can't think. I can't think. A pretty girl is talking to two dinks. Piss me off. Me! Talk to me! I want someone to come up and talk to me! Don't make me say something stupid. *You* say something stupid first. I won't sneer. I swear it. If I didn't have these notes to take, I'd die.

"Ay, guv, whut choo wroitin'?"

A tall limey in an Untouchables pinstripe double-breasted, long blond hair, expensive leather shoulder bag. He's grinning. Somebody Famous. He's got an audience of three behind him. All grinning at him/me.

"Nah, I'm just takin' notes," grateful for the interruption.

"Do you toik dictoition?" winking at his party. They laugh. I laugh. I'll laugh at anything at this point.

"'Ere we go," leaning over me. "'Dear doctor, there's a pain where my 'eart used to be. The weddin's off.'"

I laugh, he laughs, we all laugh. Bored with me, he wheels and grabs a chick by the elbow. "Ay, lov, you're not a dietician, are ye? I could use some speed raht now." She laughs.

Okay, time to try something. I move away from the bar, see a chick staring up at the football game. Inch closer and closer. Thirty minutes later.

"This place is somethin' else, hah?"

She makes a noise.

"This, ah, this is my first time here. I'm on assignment from *Penthouse* magazine."

"Yeah?" She's looking over my left shoulder. She's not that nice.

About five minutes later.

"Do you like football?"

"Excuse me." She's gone.

Hey! This is me! What are you doin'! I'm me! I get laid more than God! I got a mind like a Greek thinker. I'm deeper than the Pacific. I wouldn't fuckin' look at you twice outside a' this shithole. Don't fuckin' walk away from me! You're fuckin' nobody! I furiously whip out my note pad and become official again. I can't take this. I quit. I've got my dignity. I'm no Marty. I'm no dog.

I can't do this alone. I need help. I need somebody to laugh and elbow with. Every asshole in this place has got a compadre. Time for reinforcements. I charge out of the bar onto Second Avenue. Now the entire street is swamped with singles, window-shopping for a good bar. It's like being in the lobby of a catering hall.

"Jo-Jo."

"Yeah?"

"It's Price. Lissin', I'm right around the corner doin' the bars. Come out and meet me."

Three drunks—two men and a woman—pass my phone. The woman sniffs, mumbles "faggot," and falls on her ass. Good thing for her.

My cologne scent is turning into funk.

"You know September's, Jo-Jo?"

"I don't know if I can do it now."

"C'mon, I'll write about you, make you famous."

Okay. Now it's a new ball game. Watch out. I march over to September's, rubbing my hands. Here we go. It's the same setup as the Hatter bar—pickup area and dining area. Three guys in aviator glasses and Isros squint through the glass front into the bar.

"Nah, there's only one good-lookin' one in there."

"Well, it's either Maxwell's or back to the Hatter's."

They laugh and walk on.

I go in. Feeling strong. Another rum and OJ. They have some goateed guy upon a pedestal, playing a guitar and singing "Welcome Back Kotter" and then running into a Mamas and Papas medley. Give . . . me . . . a . . . break . . . A girl standing alone. This time it only takes me fifteen minutes.

"Hi. You know, I've been standing here fifteen minutes, wondering what to say, so I'm just gonna say that." I grin winningly, feeling like a Triple-A pud.

She mumbles something appropriate, and I'm off and running. "You know this is my first time here. I'm on assignment from *Playboy* magazine."

Mumble.

"You know, there's so many isolated people here . . . I can't tell what they want . . . what they need here." (Hey yo! It's me, Doctor Richie, the one-man sensitivity clinic.)

She stands, arms folded as if it's cold. I turn my head and stretch back to the bar to put down my drink. When I turn back, some guy has squeezed between us. Her loss. Here comes Jo-Jo. Good, let's get rolling. Jo-Jo's an animal. He'd bugger his own grandmother if he could get someone to turn her head away. No dignity. No grace. No character. He'll probably get laid in ten minutes.

"Hey!"

"Ho!"

He's gone. Walked right past me. Talking to two girls, an arm around each.

"Hey, Rich!"

"Hey, Jo-Jo!"

"Rich, this is Felice! She's from the Bronx." His chin pointed to one chick with Hostess Twinkie-sized tits and a Winky Dink smile.

"You're from the Bronx? That's amazing! I'm from the Bronx!" I slapped my heart.

"Oh yeah? Whereabouts?" She was semidrunk, weaving in place, doing little Arthur Murray dance steps to keep from

> Why do they do it?
> To meet a mate? To get laid?
> To be seen?
> Because it's what
> you're supposed to do?
> Because there's nothing
> else to do?

"What are you doing after the crucifixion?"

falling down. We yokked it up, having a grand old handjob of a conversation. As it turned out, she was the looser of the two. Jo-Jo wound up with Mary Aspirin.

"I'm doing a paper for sosh on how people rap in singles bars." She almost fell against me.

"No kiddin'. I'm doing an article for *Esquire* myself."

Jo-Jo stared wistfully at Felice. He and Nanook of the North looked like they were sitting in the waiting room of a cancer surgeon. I had a feeling that any second he was going to lunge at my partner.

"Yas, well, umm, ha-ha, ho-ha." I moved in between Jo-Jo and Felice, winking and smiling my ass off.

"Hey, does anybody remember this?" The singer goes into a watery rendition of "Sixteen Candles." No one responds.

"Hey, does anybody remember this?" "Earth Angel."

"Hey, does anybody remember this?" "In the Still of the Night."

Nobody remembers. Everybody remembers. Who gives a shit? I think the people there are more into forgetting than remembering, and, besides, if they do actually "remember" "Earth Angel" and are still doing this scene, I don't think they'd be into advertising it.

"You wanna dance?" That's *her* asking *me*. Why, thank you. It's slow, too. We're grinding on First Avenue. Jo-Jo's glaring at me from his stool. A big fat guy, drunk, stands up near the door. "Hey," he's roaring, "does anybody remember this?" He grabs his crotch with both hands, laughs, turns, and smacks his head into the door. I stop dancing for a second to gulp my drink. When I turn around, she's dancing with another guy. It's Jo-Jo. Die! When the song's over, I grab him by the shirt front.

"You bird-dog me, I'll tear your heart out. I'll use your real name. I'll say you're all talk, 'cause you got a two-inch dick you can't get up with shin splints and you whack off with a condomed broomstick up your ass." I tried to look as sincere as I could. Jo-Jo thought I had a great sense of humor.

"You wanna get stoned?" That's Felice.

"Hey yeah," I wink at Jo-Jo. "Let's all go up my crib!"

"Yeah, let's go up Richie's." We're slapping palms, elbowing ribs. It's a good life. Headache doesn't wanna go. She wants to do more bars. Felice is honor bound to stick by her. So much for that. That's why singles-bar women go around in teams: to make sure the other one doesn't have too much fun.

I wind up with a phone number. I feel like I just cashed a bad check for somebody. A phone number. I could have stayed home, got in bed with the Yellow Pages, and had an orgy. Fuck it. It's an assignment. I'm getting paid for this. I don't slave forty hours a week, dress up Friday nights, piss away twenty bucks' worth of Dewar's Profile all for a phone number. What a goddamned life. All for a phone number, maybe a date, a kiss, a poke, a fuck. Go back to work Monday with fantasies of Mr./Miss Right, cozy weekend cabin in New England, turtlenecks by the fire, romance fantasies, marriage, planning for "the future," going down snowy Saturday nights for the Sunday *Times*. It's a fucking mirage. It's a goddamned lie. It's a scrap of paper with a phone number. It's whacking your pud or shopping at Bloomingdale's for a cute blouse to wear, and knowing the bartender's first name, and reading all of Kurt Vonnegut, and being proud to qualify for a Master Charge, and getting sinking feelings in your gut every time the phone rings because you don't know if it's him/her from Maxwell's or your whiny, unappeasable cunt of a mother, and who the hell took my Valiums?

Jo-Jo and I turn down an offer to do barhopping with the girls and walk uptown. We stop and peer in the window of some place.

"You wanna go in here?" Jo-Jo hooded his eyes with his hand.

"Nah."

6

Male pickup teams blurt out something overly stupid to girls, winking and laughing at each other in their self-conscious self-revulsion.

9

"You wanna go to Mad Hatter?"

"Are you fuckin' kidding me? That's the ASPCA."

"Maxwell's?"

"I ain't going to Maxwell's." I pouted, primping my hair in the glass. I froze in mid-primp, remembering the three guys peering through the glass at September's.

"Jo-Jo, I'm goin' home."

Jo-Jo split crosstown, and I continued walking north a few blocks past blacked-out restaurants, gourmet groceries, and dark-tint singles bars.

What do they do it for? To meet a mate? To get laid? To be seen? Because it's what you're supposed to do? Because there's nothing else to do? I didn't see too many people enjoying themselves but guaranteed they'd be back the next week for more of the same.

Before grabbing a cab, I slipped into a smaller, lesser-known place for one last drink. Standing at the crowded bar, I started reading back my notes. They were as unintelligible as prescriptions.

"Are you writing a novel?"

That came from my right. She had a high, narrow forehead, lightly sprinkled with acne, wise, resonant eyes, and high cheekbones. She had a pinched mouth to complement her narrow forehead, and she chain-smoked thin, cherry-scented cigars.

"Yes," I nodded, calmly. "That's exactly what I'm doing. I'm writing a novel." I tried one of her cigars, exchanged eminently forgettable abridged life histories, and patiently continued drinking and rereading my notes as some guy tried to bird-dog me on her right. (But I knew she would ditch him—which she did.) When the guy left, shrugging sheepishly at his image in the bar mirror, I knew I was in. She smiled at me conspiratorially. I raised my eyebrows drolly, and I repeated over and over to myself, "She said hello *first*; she said hello *first*." Like if she ultimately shot me down, I could drag her into court on that.

"Hey, do you want to come up and see my James Brown poster?" That one took a half hour's rehearsal before it came out. Keep 'em low-key and witty. Low-key and witty.

"No." Emphatic shake of the head, eyes closed in double negation.

"I'll give you five dollars." Low-key and witty. "Hey! Hey! I'm only kiddin'! Only kiddin'!" She looked like she was going to put her cigar out in my eye.

"Hey, I'm only kiddin'. Look, I'm totally batso. I'm jumpin' crazy doin' this article." I held up my note pad and motioned for another drink. "I've never *done* this scene. It really sucks, as I'm sure you know."

She crossed her legs and fished around in her pocketbook for another cigar.

"Listen to me." I lightly touched the knuckles of her cigar hand. "You live on the West Side, I live on the West Side, come back with me, come up. We'll have a drink, do some smoke, talk, you know."

"Yeah, I know." She squints. She had red highlights in her hair.

"Hey, c'mon, I'm not like that." I smiled hard, feeling like a slick prick.

A moment's pause.

"I'm not gonna stay too long."

"Stay as long, as short, as you want. If we start to get crazy, I'll take you home, I swear on the Bible." Hand up, palm out, like a stop sign.

"Are you gonna put me in the article?"

"Absolutely . . . but only the good things."

"Are you really reading Robbe-Grillet?" That from the bedroom.

"Skimming." I hung up her coat. My apartment looked great. I put on some John Coltrane, made two drinks with the good glasses, and almost sat in her lap on the couch. I thought Coltrane would turn over in his grave. But I loved it. High adventure. And it was mutual. I'd bet my life on it.

"So you're in antiques, huh?" I smiled.

"No, I said advertising," she nodded sadly.

Ten minutes later the yawn which brings the stretching arm in a sunrise-to-sunset arc sinking into the far shoulder, the kiss, and finally the descent, which looked like a slow-motion high tackle.

"Why not?"

"It doesn't feel right." She was crunched

under me, twisted at an impossible right angle, hip to head, flat on her back, her feet firmly planted on the ground as if she was still sitting erect, and her arms, forearm out, pressed to her breast. I felt like Dracula. I sat up. She sat up. I patted her arm.

"Lissen, if you don't wanna do anything, that's okay. Say, 'Nothin' doin' and I won't say another word," I said, signaling "finito" with a wave of my hand.

"Nothin' doin'," she shrugged.

"Why not? . . . Nah, nah, nah, I'm only kiddin'." My laugh was as affected as a mincing step on an elephant. Neither of us made a move to get up. I started getting the hyperscreamies inside—a feeling I get in which I think it would be a great relief to pluck my eyeballs out of my head.

"Is it the article?"

"Fuck the article," she screwed up her face in disdain.

"Am I coming on too slick?"

"What, too slick? You think you're the only one who wants to get laid?"

"Then what? Are you holdin' out for ten?" Quick laugh.

"Look, my boyfriend just left for Texas this morning, you know? This seems a little premature . . . Besides, I have to get up early tomorrow."

"Fifteen's as high as I'll go."

A playful punch to my ribs which hurt like hell, some soft-core wrestling, lights out, ten minutes later, pad-shuffling hand in hand to bedroom, dropping semi-discarded clothes, pulling back the fake-velvet blanket, slurp suck gobble nibble bounce bounce bounce oo oo oo ah ah ah, and it's over. Refrain from saying, "Did you come?" And it's over. A couple of half-hearted jokes, motionless cuddling. Avoid the wet spot, and it's over.

Next stop, a singles resort. Selective amnesia and I'm excited all over again. Las Vegas night in my heart indeed. This is the weekend junket. The name of the place is The Getaway. Sounds like a good idea, and I'm off. There's a charter leaving from Manhattan during a rush-hour downpour, and I'm doing the breaststroke with my suitcase handle between my teeth to get to the bus. It's painted forest green, like an ad for nature. The minute I climb aboard, panting and dripping, and take one look around, I know I'm in trouble again.

There's a clique of about twenty kids on board, all friends, all yelling and crawling in the seats like summer campers. I'm talking about eighteen, nineteen, maybe twenty years old. That's seven to nine years my junior, and I'm feeling like Uncle Richie. The girls all have short, modish, angular haircuts, big plastic 1940 earrings, and rayon shirts with what looks like murals painted on the front and back. Everybody's either shrieking or bellowing. One girl yells out, "I don't got no pajamas." Hand to mouth, high-pitched giggle.

"Well, sleep in the buff," some silver-tongued ace hoots from the back. Guffaws. This is gonna be some goddamned weekend, and I forgot my Trojans.

It's a three-hour nighttime bus ride to the Poconos, and some guy two rows back whips out a guitar twenty minutes out of Manhattan and starts a two-hour medley of Simon and Garfunkel that gives me a nervous tick halfway through the first song. People talk knowingly of Aspen and San Juan. Some girl puts nail polish on her fingers in the dark, which is almost as stupid as me taking these notes in the dark. Directly behind me sits a young guy with a gaping mouth and a cauliflower face. He's in between two girls, who invited him up for the weekend.

The bus turns off the highway up into a wild, twisting mountain road. Everybody leans forward on their swollen bladders in anticipation. It's raining still. Heavy-boughed trees dense up the landscape. Every twenty feet is a dead man's curve, and I feel like I'm in the first fifty pages of a Gothic.

We're here. The Getaway. A rustic hotel decked out a little like a gingerbread house. Porticos, gables, crossbeams, balcony. Standard Swiss Miss Chalet.

> After one evening in the bars, I end up with just a phone number. I could have stayed home with the Yellow Pages and had an orgy.

Check in. My room looks like if I knew karate I could total it in three minutes. All formica linoleum and cheap wood paneling. The bathroom is doing *Psycho* takes. Turn on the shower, and I get rusty water. Or blood. Feets, do yo' stuff. After shower and spruce-up, I go downstairs for dinner. Some guy comes out into the lobby to announce that it's "happy hour" at the bar. All Tequila Sunrises are free. The bar is deserted nonetheless. Wood on wood on wood with red lights. Behind the liquor bottles is a recessed stage painted up like a diorama with snowcaps, a sundown, and other college dorm-poster touches. The band that plays there must wear turtlenecks and royal blue elastic ski pants, I'm sure.

The guy who was sitting behind me in the bus bellies up to the bar. He looks like Chuck Wepner in the fifteenth round. Puffed eyes, gaping mouth, folded-over ears. Big Beef.

"This is a wild place." I nod. The grenadine is caking my lips.

"Yeah?" I could fit a silver dollar on its edge in the space between his lips.

"You come up with those two girls?"

"Hah? Yeah. They ast me. I'm gonna fuck 'em both."

"You from New York?"

"Yeah, from Brooklyn. I work in New York."

"Whatta you do?"

"I'm a mechanic."

"Automotive?"

"Nah, I work on cars . . . dents . . . I fix dents."

Dinner call. Everybody walks into a twenty-table dining room. Cliques and clans sit together. I sit with a bunch of Irish kids, boys and girls. I feel like an intruder, like I walked into someone's dining room from off the street. There's eight of them. Four girls at one end, virginal, awkward, vacuous, too tall, too short, and four guys in letter sweaters and pimples at the other end. They all come up together, but I can tell no one's slipping the nut to no one. The guys are guffawing, mumbling, talking to each other in frantic innuendos of sex, brazenly loud about getting drunk. They're all beefy and well behaved, though, the type that always drinks too much beer and comes down to breakfast hung over with a sheepish smile. The girls are more restrained. No thrown eyes, double meanings.

Guy to girl: "Hey, you see what Charlie did to our room? He put in colored lights. Yeah, red and green. It looks boss."

Dinner is ziti, white bread, and ice cream.

The mechanic walks in with his two girl friends. One is six foot; one's five foot. Five foot is a real Martha Raye shrieker. He's got his arm around the big one. Little Big Mouth gets fake-grabbed by some guy from the bus. She shrieks and slaps him in mock indignation, and the guy responds like a dumb bear. He loves it.

The Irish kids have left. I walk around, go downstairs, and find them in the playroom (a coin-slot midget pool table and two pinball machines). The girls get bored fast, and the guys wind up dueling with cue sticks. Lots of polite rage. Nobody's getting laid tonight.

About an hour later, out of a lack of anything else to do, everybody winds up at the bar, getting stomachaches on the Tequila Sunrises. The hotel set up a disco machine (record player and speakers) and hired a black kid from the community college down the road to DJ. All the guys are leaning backwards facing the dance floor, elbows on the bar, drinks tucked like footballs by their ribs, watching five or six girls do some kind of close-order drill hustle. The only guy dancing with them looks like his name is "Steve"—tan in the winter, even, gleaming white phosphorescent teeth, Zuni neck jewelry, body shirt. Well, good for him. He ain't gettin' nothin' tonight either. I suddenly understood why people get married.

The DJ exhorted the bar people to dance with a heavy, funky riff.

"Hey, c'mon, people . . . I get paid either way."

Good night.

My bed was right over the disco machine, and I drifted off after hours of stereo commands to get up and boogie.

In the morning I jumped up, got dressed, and shambled down to the lobby. It is 7:00 A.M. No one around but six kids watching cartoons and two or three kitchen people. Rain. Rain. Like a Poe poem. Gradually, people file down for breakfast. Totally bleary-eyed and fuck-faced. Suddenly, kids burst out of doors, parachute down stairs, leap over couches like rampant punctuation on a page. Kids. Where the hell did all these kids come from? Over breakfast I could see more clearly the breakdown of singles. A clique of about twenty Jews, another clique of ten Irish, three Puerto Ricans, two smoothies of unknown background, and two newlyweds. I eat at the Jews' table. The Jews are all friends and cousins. More verbose than the Irish. The Irish are more polite. The guys go on about the Rangers, Knicks, Yanks, blah, blah, blah. Girls bitch about the rain. Can't horseback ride in the rain. Everybody bitches about the food.

The staff walks around in down-filled hunting vests like tuck-and-roll life jackets. They're the third major group here. The WASP townie staff, mainly young women with bad teeth and too many kids, blond guys with muscles, homemade tattoos, and the beginnings of pot bellies. Trailer-park people dishing out powdered eggs to ethnics.

The three Puerto Ricans get up from their table. Two brothers and a sister. Angel, Ivan, and Rosa. Angel and Ivan are in bad moods. They wear patterned denim leisure suits and goatees. Vulture posture. Sister Rosa leads them over to the table where two silent smoothies sit eating dry cereal. By smoothies I mean they're dressed for a disco at eight in the morning. Actually, nobody's in a good mood. It's raining. It's costing you money; your friends are just as boring here as they are in Brooklyn.

Sister Rosa, like a surrogate mother, introduces her sullen brothers to the two smoothies. The newlyweds stare off spacily in different directions from each other. The Irish guys file down an hour later than their lady friends. Their faces look like stomachs. Their breakfast is coffee. People get up from breakfast uncertain. What to do? The Jews form an expedition to go into town to buy a newspaper. More bitching about no horseback riding in the rain from everybody. People break up into two main groups. One, around the TV to watch a Godzilla film festival. The other around the bar—another Tequila Sunrise happy hour is announced. We're talking about nine o'clock in the morning now.

I want to go upstairs and play with my hot comb. I walk over to the bar. The same girls are doing the hustle from last night. The mechanic is talking to a guy who looks like a tree sloth. His forehead is at a thirty-degree angle from eyebrows to hairline, no neck, short, and overweight.

"Ah God, I had so many goddamned tumors removed after my divorce I feel like the Bionic Man."

Big Foot and Little Big Mouth come over to the bar and the mechanic introduces them to the Bionic Sloth. The sloth nervously blurts out three or four bad one-liners and excuses himself. He reenters five minutes later, reeking of cologne and razor scarred, tiny shreds of toilet paper sticking in festive red clots to his neck and chin. And the beat goes on.

As an example to us all, the Irish and Jewish girls hustle in harmony to the reproaches of a black DJ, while Angel, Ivan, and Sister Rosa stand on the balcony by the cracked Ping-Pong table, somberly staring out at the curtain of rain and smoking stringy thin joints. I feel like an old fart in a resort hotel. I'm obsessed with the next meal. I want to line up outside the dining room for lunch already. I'm totally focused on eating. There's nothing else to do. I wander back into *Godzilla*.

The guy that runs this abortion charges into the TV circle: "Hey, in fifteen minutes we're going to have a bingo tournament, and we're giving away a first prize of . . . a bottle of Sangria!"

> She said hello *first*; she said hello *first*. Like, if she ultimately shot me down, I could drag her into court on that.

I suddenly make a decision which has my heart zinging with joy. After lunch I'm taking a bus home. If there's no bus, I'm hitching.

All of a sudden I feel like doing the hustle and getting plowed on Tequila Sunrises. I'm a happy man. Outside on the balcony Angel and Ivan are now stoned, hunched over, thumbs in belts, staring wordlessly into the rain, into a concrete, scum-topped, dragon-fly-drowned swimming pool, into a big sign: "The Getaway." Yeah. That's exactly what I'm gonna do, too. Back inside, everybody is doing the hustle like the place had turned into a disco version of the *Village of the Damned*. Two blondes that look like Connie and Diane from South Philly are doing the rope hustle, which looks more like the Lindy from early American Bandstand. Steve of the gleaming teeth is hustling by himself. Mush Face is dancing slow hustle with Big Foot. Bionic Sloth would like to hustle. Nobody's getting laid; so everybody's doing the hustle. Everybody got hustled this weekend; so they're commemorating it in dance. The Irish are doing the horny hustle. Walk around a while and, without warning, start punching the shit out of each other, laughing like lunatics while the girls walk ten feet behind, ignoring them. People are hustling in the dining room, hustling in the TV room, hustling in the bathroom.

As the Irish do the punch-the-crap-out-of-each-other-in-front-of-the-girls hustle, the Jewish guys do their own hustle. A baseball game comes on the box. Yanks-Kansas City. Play-off. Every time somebody gets a hit, they jump up and bark, "Awraht! Awraht!" slapping each other's palms and spraying spit like they're up next. The vicarious-macho-sports hustle. Hey, baby, dig *this* Louisville Slugger! The Jewish girls yawn, get up, and do the hustle hustle. And nobody's gettin' laid today!

The newlyweds. He's got a thick mustache, high frizzy hair, and a potbelly. She's tight and plain. He's slouched down in the tacky couch, watching the game, one arm draped across her shoulders. She's sitting higher than him. The screen flashes a shot of Catfish Hunter warming up, and he mutters knowledgeably, "Cat." His bride, pocketbook in lap, looks utterly dejected, hypnotized by rain and inertia.

Dance dance dance.

Some guy from the kitchen staff walks in. Big, raw-boned in a plaid shirt, holding a giant flashlight. Crotch of his palm is splayed over his hipbone. Beady eyes in a high-cheekboned face. Pencil stuck behind the ear. Big cowboy buckle. Thick eyebrows. The type that casting directors love for the leads in *Walking Tall*–type revenge movies.

"Hey, what happened Oklahoma-Texas?"

Hurray! It's lunchtime. Nobody moves from the ballgame. I'm dying to eat, but I won't be the first one in. Lunch is supposed to be from noon to 2:00, but since there's only about two dozen of us, they want us fed fast so they can go home. At 12:01 the front desk lady marches over to the TV.

"Lunch is on."

"Yeah, okay, thank you, uh-huh."

It's 12:05. "You know, lunch won't be served past two."

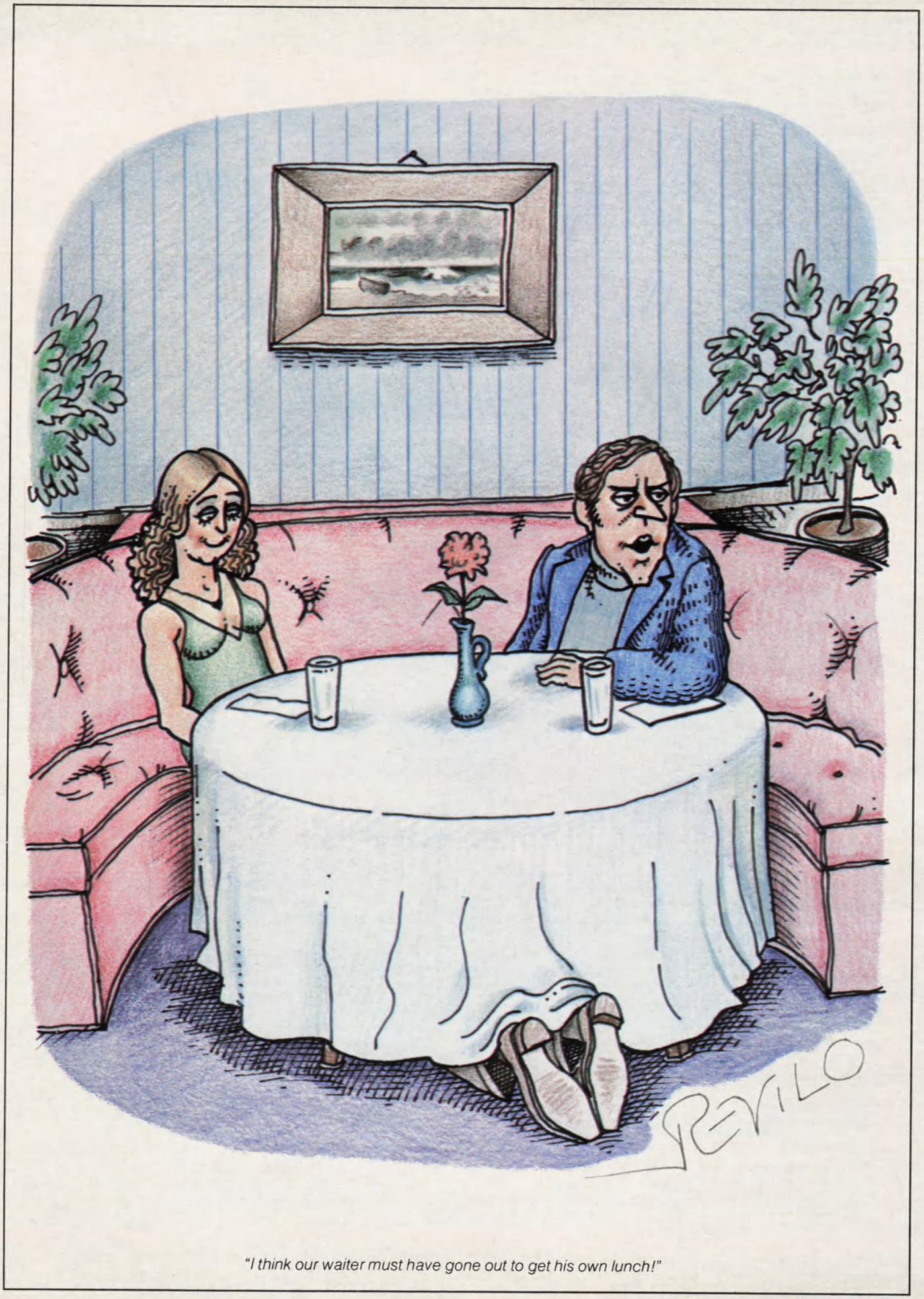
"Yeah, uh-huh, okay." Eyes drill through her to bases loaded.

It's 12:10. In comes the cook. Blond psychotic. Homemade crucifix tattoo on inside of forearms, toothpick, cowboy boots, biceps, and apron. Charlie Starkweather.

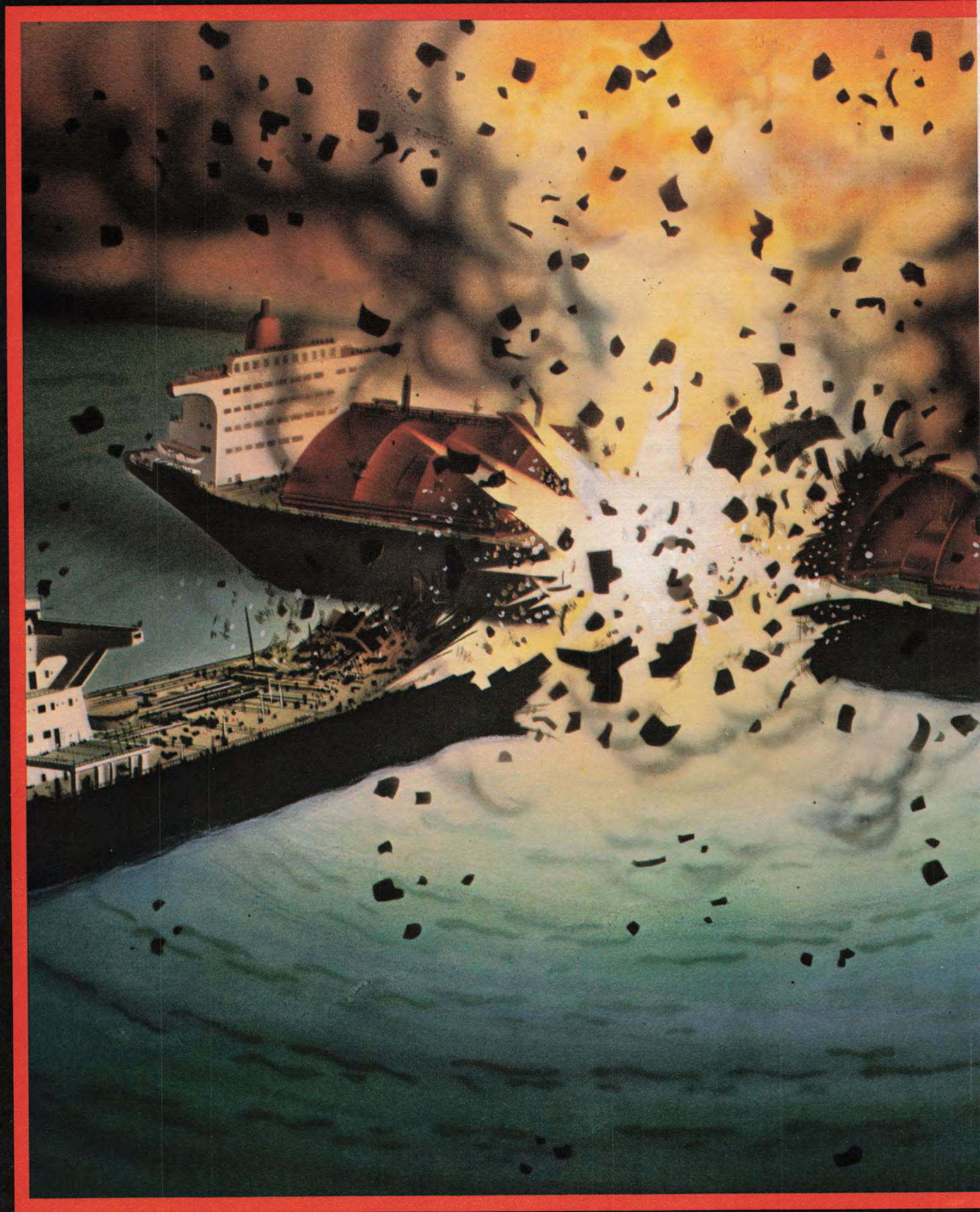
"I'm gonna put a fuckin' bullet through that goddamned screen in ten minutes." Stomps back into the kitchen. Everybody is terrorized. Thirty-second pause, then single file into the dining room.

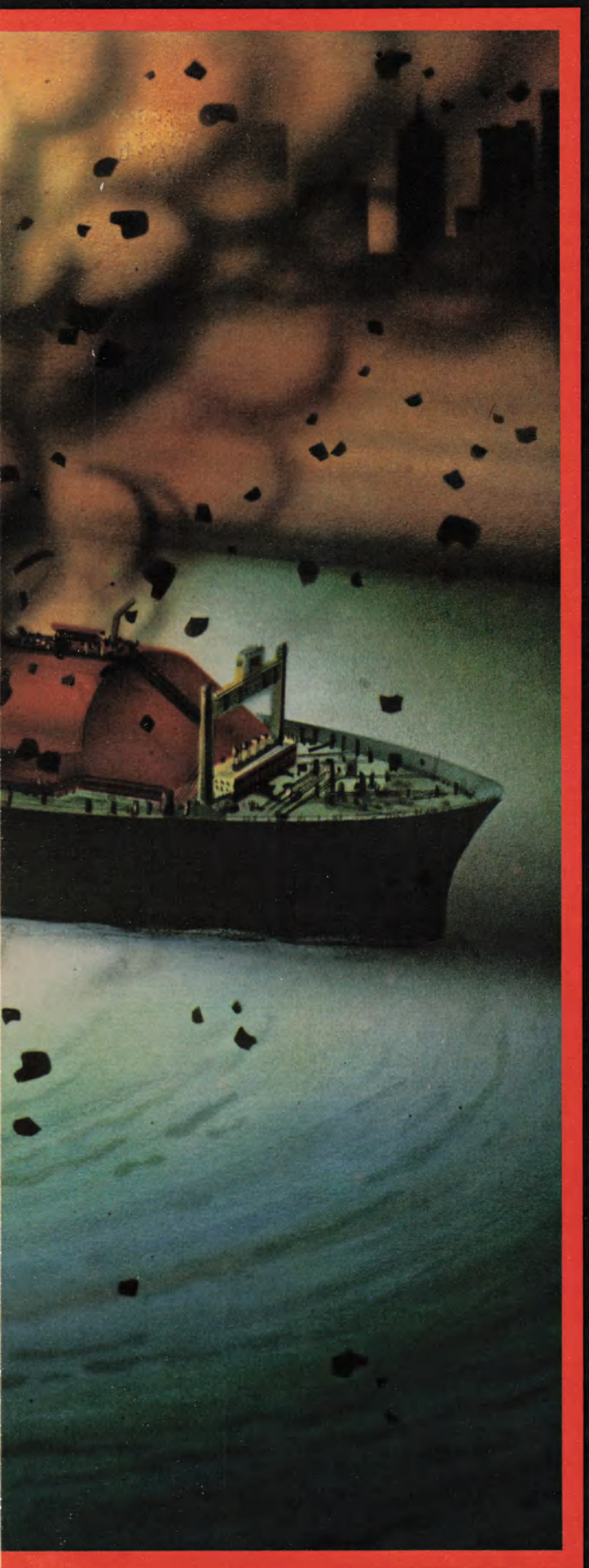
After lunch my bags are packed. My cologne is packed; my body shirt is packed. I feel like a kid leaving a shitty summer camp a month early. The rain is now a petulant mist, the bus stop is less than half a mile away, and I'm in the middle of a real page turner. After ten minutes' hiking I look back and see three people hustling on the balcony.

The Getaway. You got it.



"I think our waiter must have gone out to get his own lunch!"





TIME BOMB

It's only a matter of time before another liquid natural gas disaster becomes reality.

5:05 P.M. First Mate Brian Miller stands on the bridge of the *Bonnie Smathers*, a 50,000-ton tanker loaded with oil from the Persian Gulf. She enters the Arthur Kill, the waterway between Staten Island and the New Jersey shore.

Brian is not apprehensive—he has navigated this channel many times—but he is alert, because the Arthur Kill has six of the eight Coast Guard–designated hazards of New York Harbor. Two ninety-degree turns lie ahead, first right, then left, in quick succession.

The pilot, who has boarded at Ambrose Lighthouse, sits to the first mate's left in a swivel chair, feet up, as he sips a cup of coffee and looks through the wide, plate-glass windows that span the front of the navigating bridge. This run is routine for him.

On the forward deck, four stories below, final preparations have begun for docking at the terminal six miles ahead. The windlass is bringing up the mooring hawsers, thick as the big bos'n's arm, and the deck gang is "faking" them out on the fo'c'sle head.

The *Bonnie Smathers* is a sweet ship; Brian knows her well and has been on her for six months. But he has "channel fever" now and is headed for home, thank God.

To his right, between the intervening structures, Brian catches intermittent glimpses of the pale green, fourteen-story liquefied natural-gas storage tanks. Pluperfect Gas Corporation owns them. More than four years of local protests prevented their use, but now each tank holds 37,800,000 gallons of liquefied natural gas. Incredible stuff, that LNG. Chilled to 260 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, it becomes 600 times more concentrated than the gas that comes from the wells.

The ships that carry LNG are almost a thousand feet long. Somewhere Brian has read that, in order to carry that much energy in its gaseous state, the carriers would have to be more than a hundred miles long.

Wow. Staggers the imagination just to think of it. The ship would be longer than Long Island! Glad not to be sailing on an LNG carrier. Glad he

From the forthcoming book, *Time Bomb* (Doubleday & Co., Inc.). Copyright © 1978 by Peter van der Linde and Naomi A. Hintze.

By Peter van der Linde with Naomi Hintze

bought a house a good safe three miles away from the tanks, because if even one of them ever let go . . . well, what the hell, why let yourself think about it? The tanks were considered—how was it they put it?—an "acceptable risk." Something like that. Not only Pluperfect Gas but also the Federal Power Commission, everybody, except for a few worrywarts, thought they were safe.

5:10. A garbage scow passes the *Bonnie Smathers*, heading out to sea to dump beyond Ambrose Lighthouse. This is the first vessel of any size that Brian has seen since entering the channel. He comments on the light traffic, and the pilot tells him, "There's an LNG carrier, *Global Glory*, about to offload at Smoking Point. Coast Guard, y'know, has to clear the channel of all craft of any size when she's escorted in."

5:15. The *Bonnie Smathers* is approaching the first ninety-degree bend to the right. The pilot has given the order to slow down to half speed ahead. Brian is a little concerned about the falling tide. His ship is sniffing the bottom and squatting as it is drawn down closer to the mud. Not that this is anything unusual; in shallow water and at reduced speed a ship is always less maneuverable.

The captain bats back the plastic curtain between the chart room and the navigating bridge and approaches the control console.

The pilot pulls his feet down from the window sill and leans forward in his chair as the *Bonnie Smathers* approaches her first turn to the right.

"Fifteen degrees right rudder."

"Fifteen right," repeats the helmsman.

"Hard right rudder." It is necessary to increase her rate of turn because of the sharpness of the bend.

"Hard right," the helmsman echoes the command.

The needle of the rudder-angle indicator sweeps to the right, duplicating the movement of the vessel's rudder. Tick, tick, tick, the gyrocompass can be heard as the bow pans the shore. And the shore installations file past as if they were moving and not the *Bonnie Smathers*.

Well into the right turn, the pilot says, "Midships the rudder."

"Rudder is midships," the helmsman replies.

It flashes through Brian's mind that the pilot may have misjudged the turn by a couple of seconds, shouldn't have stayed so long with hard right, since another turn, ninety degrees to the left, lies just ahead.

But it is unwritten law that nobody except the captain ever voices an opinion contrary to the pilot's commands. Brian shoots a questioning look at the captain, noting the knotting of his jaw muscles. The continued rapid clicking of the gyrocompass announces that the turn to the right has not yet been broken. The vessel's bow is still swinging fast to the right.

Pilot: "Hard left rudder."

Helmsman: "Hard left." He spins the steering wheel to the left.

Now, although the ships are still separated by half a mile, the monstrous LNG carrier is visible, tied up on the outside corner of the next bend to the left. Brian is sure the *Bonnie Smathers* can make it out of the turn in time, but his gut tightens, and his hands begin to sweat.

On the *Global Glory* the deck hands are connecting the cargo loading arms, wrestling the flanges into alignment in the always-difficult task of slipping that first bolt that will bond the ship and shore cargo lines together. They pay no attention to the approaching tanker, although they can feel the *Global Glory* scrape against the dock in response to the displaced water that precedes the arrival of a large ship.

5:20. The bow of the *Bonnie Smathers* is still swinging fast to the right in spite of the pilot's command for hard left. He shouts now, "Hard left!"

> Smoke and flying debris eclipse the sun, and winds of hurricane force suck, spread, and within the ten-mile reach of the spiraling arms, no one lives. No one.

Helmsman: "I've got her hard left."

Captain: "She's not breaking that turn to the right."

The pilot, between his teeth: "I know, I *know*."

The helmsman's widened eyes dart from pilot to captain to Brian.

The *Bonnie Smathers* is not responding. Bank suction, that invisible force beneath the water, causes her bow to move to starboard as if drawn by a magnet.

There is no way under heaven to stop a laden ship of this size in so short a space. She has too much momentum. There is only one responsible option.

"Emergency full ahead!"

Brian slams the throttles forward even before he repeats the ahead order. This is good seamanship, trying to power out of it by pouring it on, a last desperate attempt to break the continued right swing.

The turbochargers scream for air under the strain of this sudden demand for increased speed. A chaos of alarms, caused by the overloading of all engine systems, is unnoticed by the four men on the bridge. Their gaze is riveted on the *Global Glory* two ship lengths ahead.

Down in the engine room the crew has no way of knowing what is taking place, but on the forward deck the men have dropped the lines and are running aft.

The gyrocompass groans as the turn to the right finally breaks. It may be soon enough. There is still a chance. Brian allows himself a gulp of relief. He hears himself coaxing the ship under his breath, "Start left, come *on, start left*!" He has been in perilous situations before and has not allowed himself to think that it is all over. But he knows that this time, even if the ship misses collision with that terrible LNG ahead, the suction may pull her away from the dock, snapping her mooring cables.

The captain grabs the whistle cord, pulls it down, giving the rapid short blasts of warning required by the *Rules of the Road*. The *Bonnie Smathers* is bucking wildly, her stern jerking up and down as the propellers dig into the mud of the river bottom. It is almost impossible for the men on the bridge to keep their footing. They clutch for support, brace themselves, pray that the rapidly lessening space will let them ease by, scraping perhaps, but . . .

5:22. The captain's cry of "Mayday! Mayday!" is heard on all radiotelephone stations seconds before the bow of the *Bonnie Smathers* rips at full speed ahead into the midsection of the *Global Glory*'s hull, splintering the steel of one of the five LNG cargo tanks.

Ten thousand tons of liquefied natural gas gush out, colder than the dark side of the moon. It covers everything, everybody. It fractures the deck of the *Bonnie Smathers* and instantly freezes the surrounding waters of the Kill. Trillions of ice crystals boil and burst, forming an expanding white-vapor cloud.

Silently the vapor flows, hugging the surface, asphyxiating, quick-freezing, all in its path. Warmed by ambient temperatures, wind-borne, the vapor becomes a low-lying plume, pale and pretty, and only the few knowledgeable viewers who stare from a distance suspect its sinister potential.

The plume searches for an ignition source. Any spark will suffice, a cigarette, a pilot light, a backyard barbecue. No one will ever know what sets off the fire, the instantaneous tongue of flame that races back to its source, incinerating everything in its course.

It reaches the breached *Global Glory*. Explosions occur in series as the ship's other four cargo tanks rupture and their vapors ignite. Harbor traffic nearby melts in the blast-furnace heat, twists, catapults skyward.

Shards of flying steel penetrate the Pluperfect LNG shore storage tanks, and tens of millions of gallons of LNG pour out and down like a tidal wave, vaporizing. Seconds later ignition occurs. Shock waves flatten oil and gasoline storage tank farms, and in moments the Kill is an engulfing wall of flame. Thousands of chemical tanks contribute their noxious contents to the brew.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

TERI

"When you're a professional dancer," says Teri Christiansen, "you're a dancer within an inch of your life. I also happen to be a lover (and a great lover at that), a skier, a cook, a maker of quilts, a mixer of drinks, and what have you. I can't see devoting my life to only one thing, no matter how much being a professional dancer means to me. I get a sexual glow from dancing, but it's just not the same as having a lover and nights free to be alone with him." Teri's 37-23-35 body has a dancer's supple beauty. "Nothing is sexier than feeling every muscle work right in a gorgeous machine."

SOFT TOUCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F.W. ECK

Water sequence shot in the Rosario Islands, Cartagena, Colombia; interiors courtesy of Hotel Las Vilas, Cartagena, Colombia; jewelry by Galeria Cano, Cartagena, lingerie by Evelyn Rainbird, Viva Boutique; all shots courtesy of Victor Nieto and Jorge Mercano.

At twenty-four, Teri has gone back to school and has also taken up modeling. "The camera and I have begun a smashing affair. With each click of the shutter, I conjure up a vision of a different man, changing my personality just enough to fit his whim exactly. I have a mad, secret desire to be with every man who sees these pictures, but for now I think that's best kept in the realm of fantasy." Another of Teri's dreams centers on finding that one man. "I'm heavily into playing right now," she says, "but I do keep my eyes open, hoping for someone special to walk straight into the center of my life. I feel the time is right, and I'm very ready for love."

"I never underestimate the power of performance. I'm competitive, and I know that about myself. But I also have a soft side, and I'm a secret pushover. It takes a while for people to realize it, because I live hard and talk a tough line, but in the end, I always give in. I like these same qualities in a man. I go for intelligence in a big way, I like a good battle of wits with my morning coffee, and I also like a strong, wide chest to cuddle up against on those cold nights in Massachusetts. I think of myself as hard won," she says with a twinkle in her eye, "but I sort of feel I make it worth it."

TIME BOMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

Smoke and flying debris eclipse the sun, and winds of hurricane force suck, spread, and within the ten-mile reach of the spiraling arms, no one lives. No one . . .

A motorist on the Long Island Expressway slams on his brakes and slues crazily to the outer lane to stare in disbelief toward the southwestern horizon. The skyline alters, lifts in hideous rearrangement, as tall structures blow apart. The jolting shocks feel like an earthquake. It looks like the end of the world.

That enormous fireball must mean a nuclear explosion. *Oh, God, we are at war.*

5.35. A news flash halts a comedy rerun on NBC: "We interrupt our broadcast to bring you this bulletin: An explosion of undetermined origin has rocked Staten Island. Many are feared dead, and property damage is believed to be extensive. Stay tuned to this station for more news as it develops."

The charnel zone extends beyond the uncountable acres of total demolition. People who can still move do so aimlessly, some of them running, not knowing where to go to escape the encroaching fires and toppling buildings. Shattered glass, blocks of stone, girders, dismembered bodies rain from the sky. Planes plummet to the ground like dead birds.

Eardrums are split by the continuing explosions. No one hears the groans of the dying crushed under the rubble. Tripped burglar alarms, bells, sirens, are a cacophony fit for Dante's Inferno. Flames are reflected on the face of a woman who stumbles, staring, a dead child in her arms.

6:31. Evening News: "Staten Island has been virtually destroyed. The New Jersey coastal area from Perth Amboy to Bayonne lies in ruins. But this is not an atomic attack, as was first reported. Repeat, this is *not* an atomic attack.

"The initial cause, according to information available at this time, seems to have been a collision at about 5:30, Eastern Daylight Time, between an oil tanker and the *Global Glory*, a liquefied natural gas carrier, at Smoking Point on the Arthur Kill. The subsequent rupturing of the Pluperfect Gas Corporation's nearby tanks storing millions of gallons of LNG seems to have been primarily responsible for the enormity of the disaster.

"In a domino effect, hundreds of refineries, petrochemical tanks, and other storage facilities on the waterway have exploded and are burning in an unprecedented holocaust.

"A bulletin has just been handed to me: Newark International Airport is in flames, together with an estimated hundred or more commercial jet liners.

"Loss of life, for which estimates range upwards of a million, and property damage into the billions place this disaster as unquestionably the worst this nation has ever known and one of the worst single catastrophes in the recorded history of the world.

"A reporter who viewed the scene from the top of the World Trade Center half an hour ago said, 'I saw Hiroshima. Compared to this, it was nothing.'

"Fires are spreading to adjacent areas, and all available fire-fighting and rescue units are rushing to render aid to the thousands of injured. Highways are jammed as residents flee homes that are still endangered. All bridges to Staten Island are out.

"Here in midtown Manhattan, approximately fifteen miles from the Staten Island LNG facility, the effects are being felt, and there is a great deal of panic. We urge those of you who have not been injured to stay in your homes to allow emergency vehicles access to affected areas.

"We have been told that the governors of New York and New Jersey are in conference. It is expected that they will issue statements shortly.

"The executives of Pluperfect Gas Corporation, owner of the LNG storage facility, cannot be reached for comment."

> The skyline alters, lifts in hideous rearrangement, as tall structures blow apart. The shocks feel like an earthquake. It looks like the end of the world.

Why should we concern ourselves with LNG today?

The recent move to import liquefied natural gas comes in the wake of the U.S. energy crisis. Gas, in its vapor state, is frequently found with oil, and in some parts of the world—the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and South America—it is still burned off at the wellhead. But since it is relatively inexpensive, burns with a clean flame, and, of all the fossil fuels, is least damaging to the environment, in the United States it is considered one of the most valuable fuels and provides us with about one-third of all the energy consumed.

To transport gas in its natural vapor state from countries that have little use for it would be economically impractical. But chilling the vapors by a very sophisticated process of heat removal to 260 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, shrinking the gas into a supercold liquid that occupies one six-hundredth as much space (i.e., one tanker takes the place of 600), continues to be hailed as a major breakthrough and an innovative answer to the energy crisis.

So great has the enthusiasm for LNG been that its transportation has not been limited to ships: an ever increasing number of tank cars and oversized trucks rumble over our rails and roads loaded with supercold liquid gas. Utilities are building LNG storage tanks in almost every major city in the United States. Some of them are the so-called peak-shaving facilities that help meet seasonal demand. Those in seaport cities are being linked up to the docks to receive LNG shipped from abroad.

Dozens of LNG superships are planned or under construction in shipyards all over the world. With a price tag of $200 million per ship, none is privately owned, as merchant ships of the past traditionally were. Huge consortiums have paid for their construction through a maze of charter and financial agreements.

Is all the euphoria justified? Is there no flaw anywhere?

The flaw is inherent in liquefied natural gas.

If a large quantity of LNG ever escapes—and it is by its very nature always fighting to escape—the damage to life and property could be as awesome as that portrayed in my fictional account. Several concerned scientists have made equally dire predictions of disaster.

Comparatively little was known about the hazards of liquefied natural gas when the world's first large-scale liquefaction plant was built in Cleveland. It began operation on January 29, 1941, and after three years of successful operation a fourth tank was added. It, too, operated successfully for eight months.

Then on October 20, 1944, disaster struck. One of the four cork-insulated tanks suddenly ruptured, spilling 1.2 million gallons of LNG into the dike surrounding the tank. The liquid overflowed the totally inadequate dike and poured into the streets and sewers. Within the confined spaces of the sewer system, the gas vaporized and exploded with tremendous force.

Gas seeped into basements. Ignited by pilot lights on hot-water heaters, it blew houses apart. Whole families died as they tried to escape the flaming streets, for at the center of the death zone the temperatures reached an estimated 3,000 degrees.

City firemen had been helpless as flames shot half a mile into the sky, and when the fire had burned itself out, 130 persons were dead, 300 injured, and 14,000 left homeless. Ten industrial plants, eighty dwellings, and two hundred vehicles were seriously damaged. The city sewer system over an area of more than thirty acres was destroyed.

So little was left of the LNG tank that it was impossible to pinpoint the cause of its failure, but inferior-quality metal, because of wartime shortages, was blamed for the rupture, and the inadequate dike was responsible for the spill.

The Cleveland plant was closed and

it was never again reopened.

On June 25, 1970, Distrigas, a subsidiary of the giant Boston-based Cabot Corporation, announced in the *Staten Island Advance* that it would construct nine fourteen-story tanks for the storage of liquefied natural gas on a ninety-seven-acre tract in Rossville, in the southwestern part of Staten Island. Eventually, it erected two. These tanks are the largest in the world, and each has a capacity of 37 million gallons. Together, they would contain enough liquid gas to fill 9,000 of the largest-size tank trucks, a fleet that would stretch, bumper to bumper, from New York to Philadelphia.

Opposition to the construction of the storage tanks was slow to begin. Few laymen at that time knew anything at all about LNG. Five federal agencies, three state agencies, and eight city agencies had given their blessings. Who could fight City Hall?

By the summer of 1972 a few protest meetings were being held. To allay the unreasonable panic of a few troublemakers, Distrigas representatives invited the public to a safety demonstration in St. Thomas Hall, Pleasant Plains, which is adjacent to Rossville. When asked to drop some LNG into a bucket of water, they at first refused, but after much persistence they were persuaded to put a few drops into a puddle in the parking lot.

The few drops of liquid upon liquid produced a large fireball, presumably embarrassing to the safety demonstrators and terrifying to onlookers. It was at that moment that the idea for BLAST was conceived—Bring Legal Action to Stop the Tanks. These people were not environmentalists as such. They had long since resigned themselves to environmental pollution. For years they had choked on the densely polluted air; swimming was no longer permitted in the Arthur Kill; fishing was a thing of the past, and more than once they had seen the oil-scummed waters ablaze from shore to shore.

Norton Q. Sloan, then president of Distrigas, insisted that the liquid natural gas tanks were safe. "There is no kind of conceivable event that could produce damage to structures outside our property line or pose a risk to human life."

Charles McDowell, also a Distrigas officer, said, "These are the strongest tanks in the world. We have taken so many safety precautions they could stand the impact of a Boeing 747."

At a New York City Council safety hearing, Texas Eastern Transmission Company (TETCO), the owner of an LNG facility in Bloomfield, Staten Island, called Staten Islanders "hysterical" because of opposition to TETCO's proposal to build eight 10.5 million-gallon naphtha tanks next to their stadium-size LNG tank. The date was February 9, 1973.

The next day the TETCO tank, which had been drained ten months before for repairs, blew up.

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Christopher Finan wrote three days later in the *Staten Island Advance:* "From the lip of the tank, you can look down and see the tank roof on the bottom like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle—cracked, but intact. For three days and three nights, sixty-odd hard hats and firemen have worked to break up the puzzle and find the crushed bodies of forty men. Topside, eleven pine boxes sit beside a crane. . . ."

No ship carrying LNG has yet been involved in a major accident, but the collision of the Japanese tanker *Yuyo Maru* and the Liberian-registered freighter *Pacific Ares* gives us some idea of what could happen. The *Yuyo* was carrying LPG (liquefied propane gas), the familiar bottle gas, condensed under pressure and consisting primarily of propane and butane. It is much less dangerous than LNG, but it provided one of the worst disasters in maritime history.

On November 9, 1974, the *Yuyo Maru* was heading into the Bay of Tokyo with its four tanks of LPG and tanks of naphtha, another common fuel, which the vessel had loaded in Saudi Arabia.

One minute before impact, the *Pacific* had stopped her engines, gone full astern, and apparently made a rapid left turn in an attempt to avoid collision. Her speed at that time was thought to have been between four and seven knots. The *Yuyo*'s speed had been about ten knots.

The crash of the *Pacific* bow made a twenty-four-meter horizontal opening in the starboard bow of the *Yuyo*, cutting down to the area below the waterline. Torrents of naphtha gushed into the ocean, catching fire instantly and turning the surrounding area into a sea of flames. The chief mate and four other members of the *Yuyo*'s crew were killed, and seven were injured.

The bow of the *Pacific* was badly crushed, and her whole hull was instantly enveloped in flames. The fire claimed the lives of the master and twenty-seven members of the *Pacific*'s crew.

The fire on board the *Pacific* was nearly under control at about 5:00 P.M. the same day. But during the days that followed, hundreds of explosive bursts of flame occurred from the *Yuyo*. The fire-fighting vessels were on constant duty, discharging huge quantities of sea water and chemical foam.

The decision was made to tow the *Yuyo* fifty nautical miles from the shore. On November 20, early in the morning, towing was commenced. The fire seemed to be stable until evening, when the wind became heavier and the waves higher. At 7:42, a great deflagration occurred, and fire burned on the surface within a radius of about 250 meters. They were then about ten miles from the shore, and the tanker had a port list of fifteen degrees.

Nearly two hours later huge outbursts of flame began again, one rapidly following another. The whole area of the deck in front of the starboard tanks was enveloped in

* "A woman has to be interested in my body. . . ," says Omar Sharif.

* "Generosity makes both a man and a woman good. Selfishness never makes good sex," says Peter Finch.

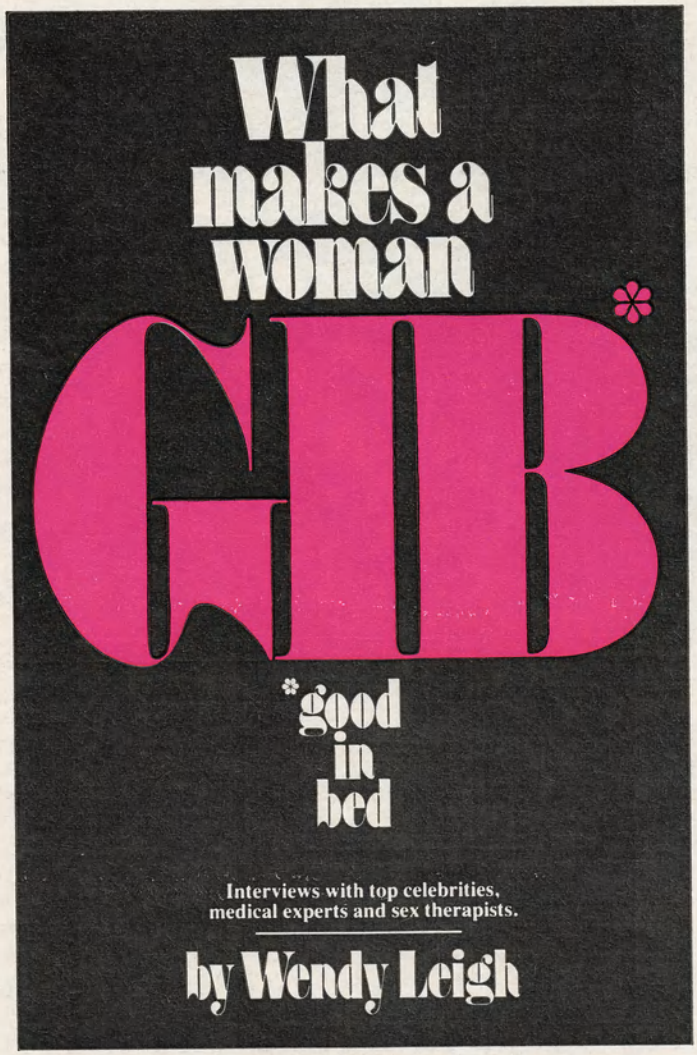
* "Love adds something to bed, but I am not sure what," says Stacy Keach.

* "Age makes a woman good in bed," says Oliver Reed.

* "Napoleon used to say: 'There are no bad armies, only bad generals,'" says Charles Aznavour.

* "You don't buy being good in bed off a shelf," says Glenda Jackson.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN GOOD IN BED



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flames. These outbursts caused the outer plating to tear loose from the deck. The fires were becoming stronger, and the listing of the vessel was changing from port to starboard.

It was considered too dangerous to continue towing. The lines were released twenty-three nautical miles from shore. The *Yuyo* was a danger to shipping and had to be sunk.

As a result of the disaster, the Japanese government has given serious consideration to the banning of all gas ships from Tokyo Bay.

Accidents do happen, but terrorism is an altogether different problem with regard to liquid natural gas, since LNG facilities are much more vulnerable than nuclear installations. There sit the tanks in plain sight with security so lax as to be laughable if it were not so serious. Almost anybody can take a guided tour. Anybody, for the price of a stamp, can write to any one of the several facility owners and get an environmental-impact statement with drawings and specifications for the whole installation.

Looking at those specifications which I sent for, I see that the domes of the tanks are comparatively thin, more vulnerable than the walls, which are usually of steel, but no more than half an inch thick. The walls of the Rossville tanks have ten feet of solid reinforced concrete. It is anybody's guess as to how much damage could be done by an employee with specialized knowledge of, let us say, an antitank weapon, such as a shaped charge, which has a vicious potential for demolishing reinforced concrete.

A failed threat often becomes much more than a mere nuisance. In New York I once saw crowds pour out of an office building when it was evacuated because of a bomb threat that turned out to be a hoax. One woman was trampled to death, and several were injured. When the Southern Airways plane circled the comparatively small town of Oak Ridge, threatening to crash into the nuclear facility, air-to-ground conversations broadcast by the media caused panic. Traffic was jammed. Everybody was trying to get out of town. One official said, "The whole town was in an uproar. We could have handled an orderly evacuation." Oak Ridge is situated in open country. New York City is not. There is nowhere to go. It would be impossible to handle even an orderly evacuation.

It is the LNG vessels themselves that provide the most vulnerable target. An LNG travels unarmed, unprotected. She is easily boarded from the time the Jacob's ladder is hung over the side to pick up the pilot. In spite of No Visitor signs—as on all tankers—supply men, repair men, dock personnel come aboard without showing credentials of any kind, a far cry from the tight security I remember when I was a cadet aboard the nuclear ship *Savannah*: I had to have a special pass; an armed guard was on duty at the gangway; the control room was locked.

Since the days of piracy, commandeering a large ship has been rare. But according to subcommittee hearings before the House of Representatives in 1974, literally hundreds of crews, passengers, and private boats have disappeared without a trace since 1971, with hijacking suspected. "None of the missing owners have been found, and law enforcement officials assume most or all have been murdered."

The Coast Guard cautioned yachtsmen: "Be aware of becoming a target of the modern-day pirate or hijacker, not by way of boarding by force, à la Captain Teach, but by way of stealth and trickery. . . . Know your crew! Particularly hired crewmen, but do not overlook that charming tagalong guest you met around the marina or the dock who was agreeable to making the voyage just for the fun of it! . . . Check for stowaways."

Commandeering an LNG vessel would be the "easiest pickin' this side of bank robbery." And if terrorism may someday provide us with a surrogate war, as has been suggested, this takeover would need no army, just a half dozen—or even fewer—cool, ruthless men, chosen for their know-how and their loyalty to, let's say, some nation that feels it has been economically victimized.

> Shattered glass, blocks of stone, girders, dismembered bodies rain from the sky. Planes plummet to the ground like dead birds.

Assume, for a moment, that initially just one terrorist managed to sign on as a crewman on an LNG vessel. Not quite the "charming tagalong guest" envisioned by the Coast Guard, but an able seaman with faked credentials. He has come aboard where the LNG was loaded, perhaps Arzew, Algeria. A couple of days from port, New York, a lifeboat is sighted. According to international law and all rules of seamanship, it is obligatory to pick up survivors—indeed, there are penalties for not doing so. It is not hard to imagine the "survivors" receiving VIP treatment for the rest of the way into port, nor is it hard to imagine the takeover of crew and ship when the time comes. I can think of nothing to prevent it. Now they hold the knife at the throat of New York. The day of glory has arrived, for these fanatical representatives of this little country which feels it has been under the heel of the world for too long.

"The threat of sabotage may well represent the largest risk to the public from LNG facilities."

That statement was made, not by me, but by Drs. Andrew J. Van Horn and Richard Wilson of the Energy and Environmental Policy Center, Harvard University, in their report issued jointly in November 1976.

Wilson said in a report he made a year earlier: "I visited a small tank eighteen months ago and was able to get close to it, look around, and decide which valves to open to let out the gas. Are not these tanks especially liable to sabotage? And if so, why was I able to get close without a guard? A Bangalore torpedo could destroy the tank, and the dike could be destroyed at the same time. Why is not this a likely event we should guard against—especially since the advent of terrorist groups of the last five years?"

At the time of the Federal Power Commission hearings on the Rossville installations, the court was shown TV instruments purported to monitor the safety of the systems. Davidlee Von Ludwig, an arson expert, said then: "The movement of men on the scene being minded by TV is indetectable. If anyone is in fact happening to watch the screen, placed well out of any normal line of observation high on the wall of the control room, any change in condition which the TV screen might display would have become massive in size before it became noticeable on the small screen."

In further reference to the TV scanning system he said, "It would be useless to forestall entry of teams bent on sabotage. The guard fence is worthless in these respects, and the entire system would be wide open to sabotage from the bay front."

Richard Wilson of Harvard University said: "There were mistakes in the Cleveland disaster; the tank should not have been made of brittle material, and there should have been a dike around the tank to contain the spill. Also, in the fire at a Staten Island LNG tank, the insulation need not have been of inflammable material. What guarantee have we that there is not another mistake that we have not yet found? The previous ones are hardly a good recommendation for the quality of engineering in the industry."

Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, said as recently as 1976, "Time and money spent on the safety of liquid natural gas is less than 1 percent of nuclear reactors. I am suggesting that very greatly increased attention be paid to safety studies."

I say that this is one hell of a time to be forced to acknowledge the truth of such commentary. I say this is the eleventh hour. I say I see too many signs that industry in too many instances, instead of acknowledging errors, seems determined to go barreling ahead making blunders that are a disgrace to industrial engineering and a high-handed disregard of environmental considerations and human rights.

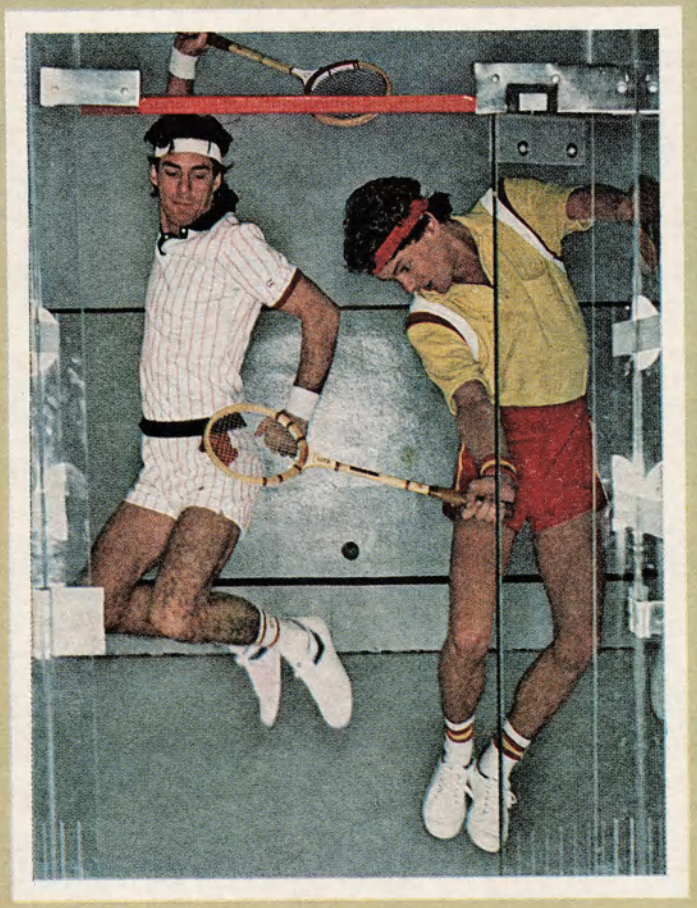
Nobody ever wrote a book about the *Titanic* before she went down or a gold-record ballad about the *Edmund Fitzgerald*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-PIERRE METAYER

PLAYING POWER

Squash and racquetball
create winning sportswear looks
on and off the court.



As squash and racquetball smash into big-time leisure sports, delighted equipment-and-clothing manufacturers are meeting the challenge.

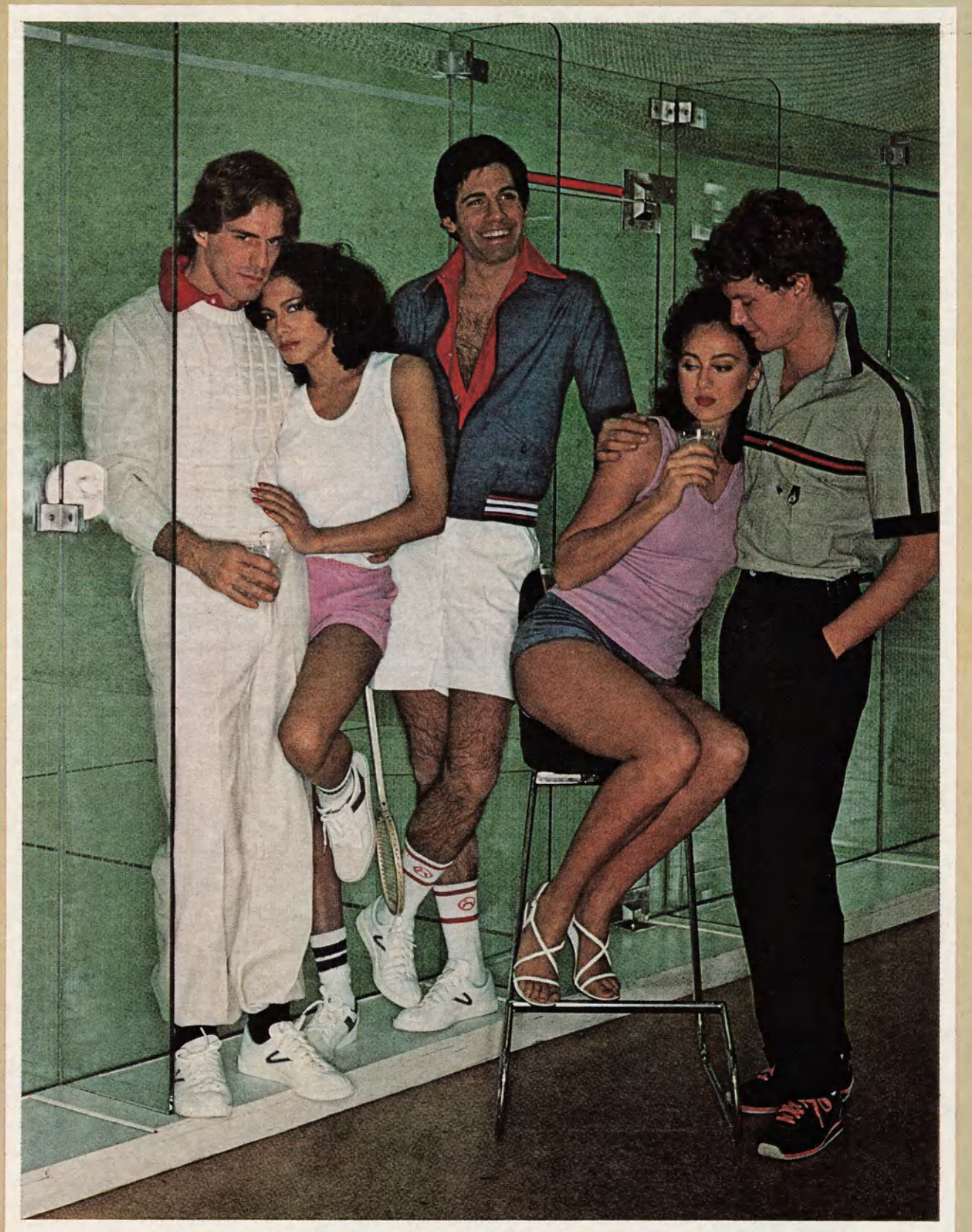
Switch-hitting is the message in tennis, squash, racquetball, and biking gear, designed to work in all arenas. The "pure" tennis look has been transformed into a multi-sport gym short and T-shirt coordinate that looks terrific when worn at most summertime games.

As boundaries blur between sports-gear categories, you'll feel more comfortable wearing your shorts and sneakers to social events not related to sports. This change will turn active sportswear into indoor-outdoor loungewear, from the racquetball courts to poolside.

Squash, once the sport of the rich, has gone public. The scene is the futuristic Manhattan Squash Club, 41 West Forty-second Street, New York, with glass-backed squash and racquetball courts, bar and restaurant, exercise room, men's and ladies' saunas. Call (212) 869-8969 for membership information. (left) The baseball-stripe, cotton-polyester planket-front shirt ($18), with matching shorts ($17), is Jimmy Connors by Robert Bruce, sneakers are by Pony, sweatband and socks are by Interwoven. The yellow-cotton terry top ($18) and the rust-colored cotton-polyester shorts ($9), with sweatbands and socks, are by Jantzen. The sneakers are by Dunlop. Both squash racquets are by Bancroft.

Racquetball is the latest court-sport rage in America. (left) The green mesh shirt with white contrast collar ($18) and the navy double-knit shorts ($18) and cotton athletic socks are John Newcombe by Interwoven. The sneakers are by Pony; the racquet is by Ektelon. The white cotton-polyester T-shirt, with bold red-and-green-line motif ($10), and the white shorts ($9) are Man in Motion by Jockey. The tennis shoes are by Dunlop; the racquet is by AMF/Head. The player shown kneeling wears a "U.S.A." tank top ($10) with white side-pocketed shorts ($9) and tennis socks in an ensemble that is Man in Motion by Jockey. The nylon sneakers are by Pro-Keds.

Clothes that score away from the court include (left) the high-fashion cotton-polyester sweat suit combining a crew-neck pullover top ($27.50) with pull-on pants ($16) by Ron Chereskin. The sneakers are by Tretorn. The all-cotton, navy-terry, drawstring-hooded blouson top ($29), with matching drawstring, side-pocketed pull-on pants ($25), is by F. Michael Glading for Miklos. The sneakers are by Dunlop. Both racquetball racquets are by Leach. The girl's tennis shorts are at Tennis & Co., New York; the green-cotton mesh shirt is at Buffalo Weavers, New York. These après-sport fashions lend themselves as easily to squash-court activities as to poolside lounging.



(left) His all-cotton summer "fisherman" knit pullover sweater ($22) is Lobo by Pen West; the cotton pants ($37.50) are by Pierre Cardin Relax; the sneakers are by Tretorn. The linen-look "denim" baseball jacket ($31), with red "net" shirt ($15) and white cotton-polyester denim-look shorts ($17), are all by John Karl for Charsel. The socks are by Interwoven; the sneakers by Tretorn; the squash racquet by Spalding. The all-cotton, olive-green blouson bowling shirt (approx. $45) and pleated, cotton-canvas pants ($60) are by New Man. The nylon sneakers are by Pro-Keds. Her white "net" shirt is at Fiorucci, New York.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 168.

"THERE I WAS READY TO ENJOY AN A&C GRENADIER, WHEN HE SANK A 63-FOOT BASKET."

Everything jelled my second year as the Knicks' coach. We played the kind of basketball that was as close to the theory of how basketball should be played as one end of the A&C Grenadier I'm smoking is to the other.

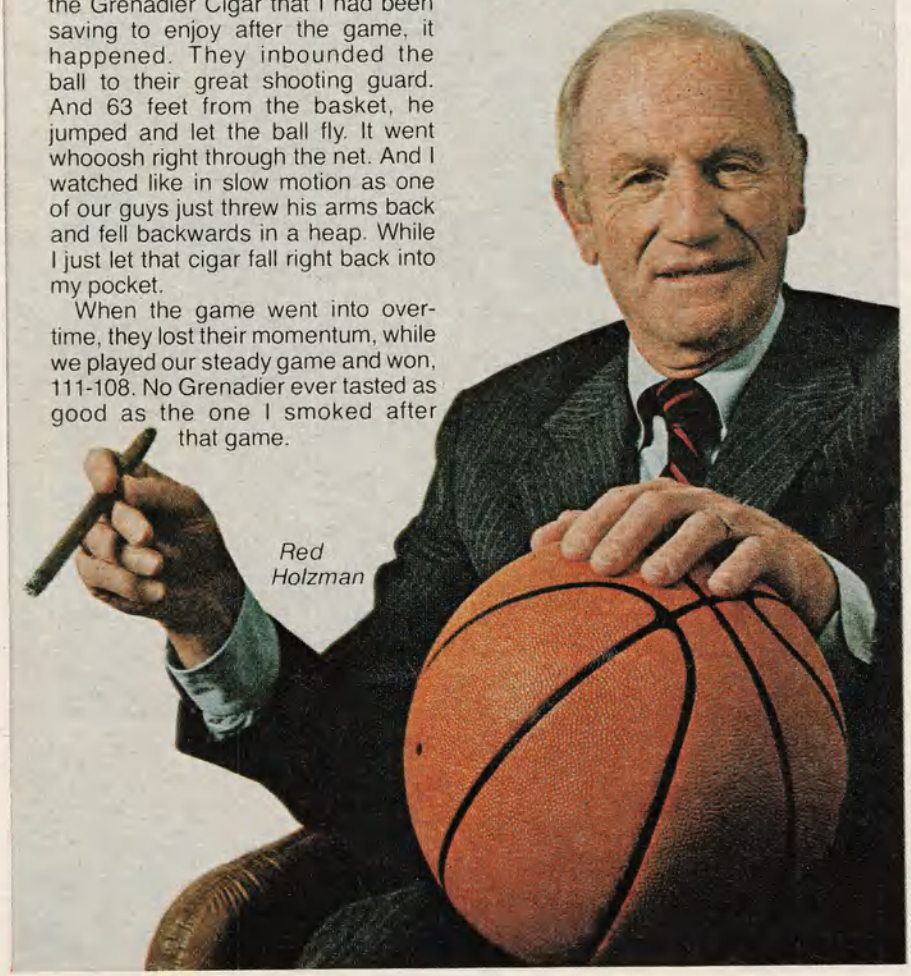
Of course, a couple of times during the 69-70 season we seemed to unjell. Like in the third game of the playoffs. At half time, the other team had a solid 14-point lead. We just couldn't do anything right.

In the second half we started clicking. With 12 seconds left to play the score was tied at 100-all. We set a play to get our sure-shooting forward free. But he couldn't get clear. With seven seconds left the pass went to our big forward. He faked. Jumped. Shot. Scored. And we went ahead 102-100; with 3 seconds left to play. And they had no more timeouts left.

But just as I started to reach for the Grenadier Cigar that I had been saving to enjoy after the game, it happened. They inbounded the ball to their great shooting guard. And 63 feet from the basket, he jumped and let the ball fly. It went whooosh right through the net. And I watched like in slow motion as one of our guys just threw his arms back and fell backwards in a heap. While I just let that cigar fall right back into my pocket.

When the game went into overtime, they lost their momentum, while we played our steady game and won, 111-108. No Grenadier ever tasted as good as the one I smoked after that game.

A&C... ONE BEAUTIFUL SMOKING EXPERIENCE.



Red Holzman

TIME BOMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

before her sinking or anything about the flawed cargo doors on the DC-10 before it crashed. A proliferation of words always follows in the wake of disasters, hindsight being twenty-twenty.

I don't claim to be a seer, but from what I have seen out there, it is only a question of when, not if. And LNG is the catalyst that makes reform imperative. There is still a lot we can do:

Somewhere, somebody has to sit behind a desk with a sign that says, The Buck Stops Here.

We now have eleven federal agencies—to say nothing of many more state and local agencies—involved in the approval of LNG storage sites. No wonder the buck stops nowhere.

We must have more research. M.I.T. scientists are experimenting with the gel form of LNG. If it can remain rigid under stress and if certain engineering and economic problems can be solved, the gel form may be safer to store than the liquid. Strong international control, together with frequent, thorough marine inspections, is essential for enforcing high standards of crew training and licensing.

Site selection for storage tanks is certainly the most controversial point in the whole LNG wrangle. At present proven technology exists for offshore concrete islands serviced by pipelines buried under the seabed. Two such offshore oil superports have been approved for the U.S. Gulf of Mexico. One called LOOP (Louisiana Offshore Oil Port) will be built eighteen miles off the Louisiana coast. The other, Seadock, will be situated twenty-six miles out in the gulf. Safe berthing facilities for the largest tankers in the world and vast offshore storage facilities, all constructed within stringent environmental constraints, prove this to be one viable option for imported LNG.

Another solution involves using a floating harbor. Today this alternative is an off-the-shelf item that is capable of receiving, storing, and liquefying natural gas. With the first plant planned for use off the coast of Iran, Moss Rosenberg of Norway announced that the cost will be only an approximate 60 percent of a comparable shore plant and the harbor will be capable of servicing half a dozen LNG tankers.

Am I saying that these installations are accident-proof? By no means. These facilities will be just as prone to accidents as their shore-based counterparts are. But basic to these solutions is safety increased to a level that people can live with.

At last the concept would become an acceptable, insurable risk. Finally, the sabotage potential would be enormously lessened. The behemoths would no longer have to enter our rivers and harbors. And the albatross of human error would hang less heavily about our necks.

Get it out of town.

COUPLES

CAST IN GOLD

They believed in the Hollywood casting couch, even to the point of having one installed in their very own living room.

"They were screwing for jobs in Minneapolis. If they do it in Minnesota, I thought, then they sure as hell are doing it here in Hollywood."

PAUL'S STORY: I thought that I was going to be the one to make it on my own. I was going to do it differently. I wasn't going to have anything to do with the casting couch, crawling from bed to bed to further my career. I graduated from Stanford, and I got a nice job with an entertainment law firm in Beverly Hills, and I was on my way. It was only a matter of time, right? Wrong. Nothing happened. I sat on my ass, and to pass time, I balled sweet little starlets who told me I had a great cock but a really backward mind when it came to my future plans. They were all fucking their way into the business. Why not me?

I tried it for a while. I mean, I played the Bel Air circuit; I balled everyone, from a great movie queen (while her damn poodles slept on the bed with us) in her Holmby Hills mansion to a scuzzy little hippie chick who happened to be the daughter of a producer I thought it would be to my advantage to know. Well, I didn't really get to know him, but I did get a good case of crabs from his acidhead child. It didn't work for me. I always felt that I was coming apart, that I had nothing to hold on to. Then Christine came into my life, and she changed everything.

Chris was nobody. She had just arrived in town the month before we met, after doing some modeling in New York and a couple of summer-stock plays on the East Coast. She was green, but in her head she had it together and knew what she wanted—success. She wanted what we all want—fame, money, the good life. I met her at a screening at Paramount. She sat in front of me with a big bruiser, and I got a hard-on while I was fantasizing about her hair. It was hanging down over the back of the theater seat, and I kept running my fingers through it. When the picture was finished, I slipped her my phone number as her date was getting up to leave. He didn't see me. To my surprise, she called me late that night.

I was in bed, reading through a deposition that I had to work on for a case the firm was representing. Chris and I talked for a long time. The conversation was magical, the kind you feel you've had so many times before, as though you've known the

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

other person for years and years. We thought alike. We wanted the same things. We loved show business and knew that it would be our lives. We had all kinds of illusions about Hollywood, but she was realistic—she knew how to deal with her dreams. I was the green jerk who thought my talent and sense of business would make me the new Irving Thalberg in six months. Christine was positive that in a year she'd be the new Farrah Fawcett. She will be. And I'm going to come close to being another Irving—because of her.

We got together the following night after we had talked. I had walked around all day dreaming about it. The secretaries at the firm were all giggling about my hard-on. No kidding. If I get turned on to someone, I just can't keep my cock soft. So Chris and I had dinner at LaScala. We stopped in at the Back Lot at Studio One and caught Barbara Cook's show. Then we went back to my apartment for a drink. After we got inside the door, we kissed for the first time, on the lips, and the electricity was paralyzing. Her lips went from my mouth to my chin to my chest to my crotch, and the next thing I knew, she was opening my zipper and putting my throbbing cock into her mouth. I just stood there, in my Eric Ross suit, looking down at that mane of chestnut hair I'd played with the night before, shoving my hips forward and coming like crazy into her throat.

Then I recovered, and we made love tenderly and passionately on the bed. It began to rain, and we lay there, my head on her pussy, her head between my legs, and her lips just lightly touching my nuts while we watched the stream of water cascading from the palm tree outside the bedroom window. We talked about what we wanted from this town. We talked about how we were going to get it. I wasn't really sure. I thought that I'd work my way up in the firm and invest some bread into production deals and get to a producing capacity someday. She told me I was wrong; I had to "put out" more than that. I explained that I'd tried the swinging party scene, but it hadn't gotten me anyplace. She just smiled and said, "Paul, Paul, you don't know how to make it work for yourself. With your looks and this——" She kissed my cock, finishing, "You're going to conquer this place. We're going to conquer it together." And with that grin and self-assurance, she went back to give her full-lipped oral attention to what needed it.

We made ourselves visible. That was the first step. She hired a publicist, and she was fucking him, and he was working his balls off for her. I was insanely jealous at first until she explained that it meant nothing—she really loathed the man—but it would profit both of us in a short while. And it did. We started getting our names in the columns, and there was even a picture published showing us at an opening. From that little exposure I got better clients at the firm, and I moved up a bit. She landed a part in a movie of the week and a role in a play at the Music Center. We were moving up. Then I met a woman who had recently been widowed. Her husband had been a famous actor, and she was still wearing black. She could do a lot for me if I did a lot for her—in bed. This time I was able to carry it out because I had Christine at home, rooting for me. I did just what the weeping widow wanted—she tied me to her big four-poster bed and slapped my ass, but when it was over, I came right out and told her that I wanted financing for a project I wanted to do. If she could stick something up my ass, I could stick something to her.

She financed the picture, a documentary that amazingly won an Oscar as Best Short Subject. She had a fetish about a guy's ass, and so I had to put up with vibrators and fingers and carrots up there. But each time I let her, I got more money and backing. She introduced me to the right people, the ones who could make the picture become highly visible. That's part of winning an Oscar. And in the meantime I quit the law firm and took a cushy job at one of the big talent agencies. I was a "super agent" before I even knew what the job was about. Clients flocked to me, after I fucked them. I was learning the power of a big dick and the quality of character called chutzpah—guts, balls, nerve, and a whole lot of bullshit.

Christine was doing her thing at the same time. While I was investing some money into the documentary and other projects, she invested her beautiful tits and ass into all kinds of Hollywood people who could help her career. She went out with a producer one night and didn't come home for three days. I was fucking out of my mind, ready to call the police. They'd been up in his beach house in Malibu, screwing all weekend. She let him think that it was deep affection and love. But a week later, when she'd finished shooting her scenes in the TV series he produces, she was "too busy" to answer his calls. And it wasn't as if he was hurt by her contempt. Everyone plays the game out here. It's all understood on both ends. It's who you know and who you blow. Usage is the name of the game.

> Most people ball for instant pleasure. We do it for that reason and also because it helps our careers; it's like putting money into the bank.

Christine and I moved in together. We bought a big house in the Hollywood hills. We found out that the party scene was important, not only going to parties but also throwing them. I decided that we would give a humdinger, one even Allan Carr would regret not having given himself. It was the hit of the social season (which is the whole damn year) and thrust us to the top of the ranks among the "in" crowd. It's all such bullshit, but you have to go along with it. What's important is keeping a proper perspective. If you play the game and do all you have to do, but still remain yourself, you won't get all screwed up in the head. Chris and I sit back, aching from the sex and all the silly shit we've had to put up with, and we just bust up laughing about it. Most people ball for instant pleasure. We do it for that reason and also because it helps our careers; it's like putting money into the bank. What a job, huh? It knocks me out.

It was that way at the party we threw. When it was all over, we sat there, at 7:00 A.M., while the last few were drifting out of the gates. We marveled that something that was so much fun could be considered "work." Earlier in the evening I had walked in on a scene in a guest bedroom and just stood watching for about half an hour. A real stud actor, this famous woman-killer, was lying on the bed, with three young bleached-blond surfer boys (all aspiring actors, of course)

taking turns at sucking his cock. I'd never seen a homosexual sex scene before, and it was fascinating. They didn't care that I watched. In fact my presence helped. The actor asked me to represent him just a few days ago, and the agency got a huge account—just because I stuck around to watch him get his rocks off.

Chris had a similar experience. In the garden, near the tennis court, she ran into a beautiful singer who had just finished a Carnegie Hall concert in New York, which we had caught when we were there. The girl was drunk, and she started telling Chris how lonely she was. Before Chris knew it, the girl had her fingers crawling all over Christine's ass and then the singer hiked up Chris's skirts and ate her pussy right there and then. It paid off, too. The singer's manager, another dike, asked Chris to do a Broadway show, but Chris had to turn down the offer because of the series she's got coming up.

That's how it happens. Christine was right when she said we had to learn to make sex work for us. She said the casting couch was not dead. Man, I believed her, but I never dreamed there would be one in my own living room. After the party had thinned out that night, some woman was going down on this teenage star who's a real heartthrob with the teenyboppers these days. Everyone started watching because it was exciting to see a gorgeous older woman with her head bobbing up and down on some kid's hot dick. He reached up and started playing with Christine's breasts, and she let one fall out for him to suck on while he was getting his blowjob. He's nineteen, but he's a good twenty-nine sexually! Then another couple started balling on the couch near the fireplace, and a guy and his girl friend were kissing, sitting on a chair, and one of the waiters was sliding his cock in between their mouths as they kissed. It turned into a big, goddamn orgy!

And then we had more popularity. "When are you giving another party?" everyone asked us at lunch at The Palm. In a boutique on Rodeo Drive one afternoon, a guy wearing fatigue pants and about a hundred gold chains around his neck said to Chris, "Heard your party was hot." And an old dowager who seldom ventures outside her mansion except to pick up awards for her contributions to Los Angeles cultural society sent a message that she would be honored to attend our next party. I've heard that she likes to watch young studs balling the girls.

That's the way it is. Oh, not everything is sex. There's the lunching and the screenings and the parties for new books being published and the benefits where you get cold chicken and peas and have to sit through boring speeches by boring celebrities. But it's all worth it. You see, the sex is such a great part of it that it hardly seems like work; it makes it all worth it. I learned the power of my cock. It bought me a Mercedes three months ago. It got me an investment in a big picture due to go before the cameras in a short time. It got me the bread to give Christine a four-carat, canary yellow diamond for an engagement present. To think that I could still be sitting on my ass in a law office, dreaming about "making it" someday. Christine changed my life.

She changed my life by making me realize that the "casting couch" isn't dead, as the "New Hollywood" stories like to maintain. She made me see that the sex thing went well beyond casting, that it entered into every aspect of life in show business. And she made me overcome all my preconceived notions about sex and faithfulness and love. I thought that I could never put up with my chick giving another dude head in the next room. I thought I'd kill her *and* him! But now I can take it—sometimes, hell, I even arrange it for her!—because I know it's part of business. I don't feel threatened by it. I'm after success and wealth, and our balling around is going to help that, so what's the problem?

It sounds cold and unfeeling to people who don't know what this business is all about. This is a hard life, a cruel one. You have to be selfish, and you must fend for yourself. That's just the way it is. I admit I'm materialistic, and as long as I know that, I know what I'm after. If the other guy doesn't like it, fine. May he find happiness elsewhere. As far as I'm concerned, this is where it's at. But I can't survive it unless I have someone like Christine at my side. She's going to be a big star. She's going to be in a new series, and it will be a hit. She's going to do a major picture next summer. She's fucking her way to stardom; but she has talent, too, just as I have a real flair for being an agent. When the right property comes along someday, I'll probably go into producing full-time. Then I can cut down on the fucking and sucking for business and do it simply for pleasure. Chris feels the same way. It's what we have to do now . . . and thank God we're both oversexed! We would be worn out, otherwise.

> I made my first round of agencies, and I was already aching. I knew you had to drop your panties and put out. I had plans for this town!

Last night Chris's director from the series came over with his chick. We had dinner and went to a preview of a new film. It was very pleasant and productive. The night before, we had the editor of a Hollywood magazine and her husband over. Chris needs to appear on the cover of that rag, and we ended up getting it on with both of them, doing a foursome, because we had heard by the grapevine that that's what they were into. I got my cock sucked by three people, I banged the lady and watched her man do the same to Chris, and then I held the guy's cock while his cream spurted out over both the ladies' faces. It was cool. It got Chris her cover. One night was fucking wild; the other, very laid back and platonic. We know when we have to put out. We have control. We know ourselves and our lives and what we want. And that's what counts.

Now I've got a hard-on from just talking and remembering all the sex stuff. And I want to fuck Chris after she talks to you. See, I still get it up for her on my own because I love her very much. And that—really—is what it's all about.

CHRISTINE'S STORY:

I discovered something about myself a long time ago: I need lots of love from people. I think that the major reason why I'm an actress is that I crave the applause and approval of many people. I come from a broken home, and I never knew what love and affection was. So I need a lot more love than the

ordinary person does, and I need it in many ways. I need a lot of people clapping their hands for me. I need to be successful in life. I need to be successful in bed as well, because that's where the love really seems to mean something to me. I was repressed sexually for a long time, and when I finally broke out and discovered the wonders of sex other than with my own fingers, I became insatiable. I need the applause of an audience out there, and I need just as many people sharing my bed with me. It's the only way I really feel wanted.

I'm in love with a wonderful guy, to quote *South Pacific*. His name is Paul, and you've just talked to him. I don't know what he told you, and I don't want to know, because I don't want it to influence what I have to say. I think that you should hear both sides of our relationship. That's the only way to judge what's really happening with a couple. We're together, we're in love, we're going to be married, but we're still—and always will be—separate and distinct people. By knowing that distinction and keeping sight of it, we will have a happy life together.

I like to fuck. That's the keynote of my personality. I need a lot of it. That's another truth. Another is that I'm a very talented actress, and I know I'm as good and as beautiful and photogenic as the next girl, and thus I'm going to make it. I've always wanted to be a star, to do good work as an actress and have everybody know me. I never had a lot of people in my life loving me, caring about me. My audiences fulfill that need. And so I'm combining my talents—bed and acting—to make a satisfying career. My life is a lark.

I came to Hollywood with absolutely no dreams. I had *plans*. I knew what was going to come. And I was pretty sure how you had to go about it. You had to drop your panties and put out. I'd read the stories about Marilyn Monroe, and, unlike everyone else, I really believed that sex in Hollywood was purely utilitarian, that manipulation was the common denominator. I was sure it was true. I mean they were fucking in my hometown of Minneapolis for jobs and position—my older sister balled her way to becoming the private secretary for a bank president. If they do it in Minnesota, then they sure as hell do it in Hollywood.

Sure enough. I made my first round of agencies, and my pussy was aching. I had one agent ball me on his desk (right out of the movies, isn't it?), and another asked me to give him a blowjob after he had taken me to lunch at the Polo Lounge. While I ate my poached salmon, I was smiling as he felt up my pussy under the table. He rented a room for an hour. It cost him a fortune, which made me feel good, and I just gobbled his cock as if it were caviar. None of this got me an agent. But another guy, whom I'd let fuck me at a party he invited me to, took me on, and I started shooting commercials. Things were happening slowly, but they were happening. Everything I got came from some kind of sexual adventure. I realized I had been right. It was going to happen, all of it, everything I had planned. You might say that I *made* my own luck.

But I hadn't planned on Paul. He was a miracle, an honor, a dream. He saw me at a screening, and I could feel him playing with my hair while my date and I watched the picture, and that turned me on. I talked to him after I'd dumped my date that night, and the next day we were in bed together. He was humpy, hunky, hot. I adored his tight body and a hairless chest and a prick that resembles a succulent kind of fruit with a bulbous blossom. God created man, right? Well, Adam had to look like Paul does, because God couldn't have done any better than him! Being with Paul is my paradise.

And he was—and still is—the best sex I've had in my life. I get balled by a lot of men, and I like all of them—even the toads. All I have to do is close my eyes and fantasize something really wonderful and kinky and terrific, and I find myself coming all over the place, as if I were a sea with depth charges exploding, and it has nothing to do with the man on top of me, but he thinks so. Then, presto, I've got the part in his next film. That's how it works. But Paul is never far from my thoughts when I'm having sex with another man. His cock seems to reach deeper, as if striking some nerve in my soul. When we met, Paul was a brilliant young lawyer wasting himself in one of the big entertainment firms. He was marking time. He should be one of the clients, one of the famous people, I thought to myself, not a gorgeous-looking pencil-pusher behind a desk, listening to the legal problems of the rich bastards in Beverly Hills. He should be one of those rich bastards himself. With his looks and erotic talents, he could have been the new Paul Newman. But he's not interested in acting. He wanted to produce, and he had a talent for handling people. So he started working the game, playing the game, and it led to his becoming one of the top Hollywood agents (at only twenty-nine years of age!), and one of these days he'll produce a film on his own—a big one. He's already shared an Oscar for a picture he coproduced. He's got his future made. We both have.

Why? Because he learned how to use his cock. Honest, it gets down to that. We fell in love, and naturally he wanted me all for himself. But I felt nothing emotional for all the men I was making in Hollywood. I was in it for what it could do for my career. I could divorce the emotional from the physical. With Paul it's both; with the others it is just physical. What's wrong with that? It took him a long time, but he got to realize that there was no threat in that. Now he's free enough to go ahead and make it with many other women without feeling guilty about cheating on me. With them it's just sex; with me it's love.

I've always known I was a good actress. And I've always known that pussy could get me someplace. In drama school in Minneapolis a few years ago, I finally slept with one of the instructors who was going to be directing the biggest show of that season. I didn't like him at all, but I instinctively knew that it would get me something. I remember sitting propped up in bed, watching him lick my pussy with little kisses as I smoked a cigarette (which I always have to do after a fuck). I was playing a scene, I realized. I was acting. Oh, I was enjoying it, but being in bed with him wasn't out of emotional need. I had done it because I wanted something in return. It was a kind of whoring. But it was honest, because he knew what I was after.

You lick my pussy all you want, you stick your hot dick into me anywhere you like, in my mouth, in my cunt, even in my ass hole, but you be sure to give me the part of St. Joan next month when you're casting. Well, he did it all; he stuck his cock everywhere I mentioned, and he also made me St. Joan and gave me the biggest creative challenge I'd had so far.

The same has happened here in Hollywood several times. The series I'm shooting now all came about because of sex and social ties. Oh, it's generally known that I'm a good actress. But there are a lot of good actresses out here, baby. So it's something else that counts. Paul and I gave a party—a small dinner party. We had made sure that there would be no competition involved. The other guests were chosen carefully so that they would pose no threat to what I wanted to accomplish. The guest of honor was a man who was well known for producing a hit television series, and his wife, too, was, in a different way, well known—she had a reputation for liking girls like me. Dinner was lovely, we had coffee on the terrace, had pleasant conversation, smoked some joints, listened to the cast album of a new Broadway show.

Then the guests left—all but the producer and his wife. I asked if she wanted to see the guest house. We have a guest house on the hillside above our home, from which there is a stunning view; you can see all of the Los Angeles basin. She went up there with me while Paul and her husband took a swim—skinny-dipping—in the pool.

Up at the guest house I felt her arms wrapping around me. I let her touch me, kiss me, fondle me. Before long we were on the bed, making love. She had enormous breasts and loved having them licked and kissed and caressed. I did my best. She was in rapture. While we were up there making out, Paul and the lady's husband got out of the pool and Paul suggested that he "go up and see what the girls are up to." Paul would make drinks; he did that because we had heard that the producer was very much into watching his wife getting it on with beautiful girls. Paul just disappeared into the house for about half an hour so that the man could get a good look at the show. I had seen him looking in the window, through the sliding doors, but I didn't tell the woman. I pretended not to see. When I finally reached an orgasm, I squealed loud enough for Paul to hear, thus signaling that it was safe, that it was over. We both dressed and came down to find the men sitting in towels, sipping brandy by the pool, as if they hadn't missed us. The next morning Paul and I found dried semen all over the glass doors where the producer had shot off while watching me and his wife. The next week I got the call from my agent that I had a starring role in the producer's new TV series. The show I put on paid off.

Paul and I think alike. We want the same things, and we are going to get them in the same way, with our bodies. A magazine recently called us the new "beautiful couple" of Tinseltown, and it's true, because we're both blessed with great bodies; we're both outstandingly attractive in a town noted for ubiquitous beauties. It helps, believe me. When there are so many beauties around, you've got to be a superbeauty.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

I find nothing new or unique in Paul and Christine's story. It is another story of sex used for gain. Both Paul and Christine claim to be happy and satisfied with what they are doing, but there have certainly been others who have made this same assertion. Their life-style precludes true happiness.

I've never thought that a woman—or a man, for that matter—who wanted to sell her body for money and could find takers, deserved to be classified as a mercenary.

The "casting couch" is not restricted to Hollywood, but I sincerely doubt that actresses would choose the casting couch if they could get a job by the merits of their acting talents. Because Paul and Christine are talented and because the casting couch is not essential for a successful career, I was quite surprised to read that they had both opted for it. I am particularly curious to know whether there are very many couples who orchestrate their careers together and have affairs with whoever they think will help them.

Let's take a close look at Paul and Christine. Paul had a vague idea about what he wanted to get out of life, but he claims that he lacked the know-how. He thought his cock could help him, but "it didn't work for me. I always felt I was coming apart, that I had nothing to hold on to." This is the key phrase to his whole narrative. Although he wouldn't admit it, he just lacked the guts, even the nerve, to fight for what he wanted.

"Then Christine came into my life, and she changed everything." This is tantamount to an admission of inadequacy. I don't think that Paul realized this—unless subconsciously. He was (and perhaps still is) lacking in insight about his own personality. "Chris was a nobody." This statement is a rejection of his own inadequacy. He then says, "We're going to conquer this place together," and thus he reduces Christine to the necessary prop he needs in order to get anywhere.

The saga of how they made it together makes interesting reading, although Christine is always the aggressor. She takes the initiative and coerces Paul into going along with her plan—he in his corner and she in hers. Paul and Christine have a penchant for flattering and seducing people for gain. If they continue this practice in Hollywood, they are bound to get into trouble. The business circle in Hollywood may be quite large, but eventually the method of securing roles employed by these two will become common knowledge. They will be stereotyped as prostitutes and will lose any credibility they may have. To be successful in any business, one must have the respect of others, and Christine and Paul are running the risk of losing this respect.

Their story reads like a fairy tale—nothing in their lives seems to be amiss. For Paul's sake, I hope that things remain this way, because, in view of his character, a tragic ending seems likely. Indeed, whether these two people can continue to prostitute their bodies is what remains to be seen. No matter how much they proclaim their mutual love and devotion, their disassociation of love and sex puts their relationship in a very precarious position.

PARTING SHOT

MACHO ADO ABOUT NOTHING

By Edward Sorel

NORMAN! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME... EVERYBODY'S ASK...
I'M IN NO MOOD FOR YOUR INSIPID SYCOPHANCY... WHERE'S THE BAR?
SO! YOU'RE HERE TOO, LIVERLIPS... WELL, TRY THIS ON YOUR DELICATE PALATE
AND YOU... YOU, I SUSPECT, REGARD MY BEHAVIOR AS UNFORGIVABLE
JUST THE KIND OF BOURGEOIS MENTALITY I'D EXPECT HERE!
WHAT ALL OF YOU SEEM TO FORGET IS THAT I AM NOT SOME PANSY-TYPE WRITER...
BUT LIKE HEMINGWAY, DUMAS AND MALRAUX...
...I AM A MAN OF ACTION!
OH! NORMAN DO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE SO SOON?

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WIN A $25,000 VACATION ANYWHERE THE SKY TURNS TO RED.

THE JOHNNIE WALKER RED VACATION CONTEST. TOTAL PRIZES $50,000.

First prize in our Red Sunset Vacation contest is $25,000 to turn your dream vacation into reality. 12 other prizes of great vacation trips bring the total prize money to $50,000. Or take any prize in cash. Use the entry blank on this page or get one at any participating liquor store. Our Red Sunset Vacation contest could be good for a trip where the sky's the limit.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED SUNSET VACATION CONTEST RULES

1. To enter, fill in this official entry form—clearly hand-printing your name, address and the responses needed to complete all three statements. (Or, on a 5" x 8" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address, and complete the three statements on the official entry form.) The information needed to complete the three statements may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 85, Pound Ridge, New York 10576 **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: Johnnie Walker Red Sunset Vacation Contest, P.O. Box 9411, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by May 1, 1978 and received by May 8, 1978. **3.** Winners will be determined in random drawings, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** First Prize: The cost of a vacation to anywhere in the world the sky turns to red up to a limit of $25,000 or $25,000 in cash. Second Prize: The cost of a vacation to anywhere in the world the sky turns to red up to a limit of $10,000 or $10,000 in cash. Third Prize: The cost of a vacation to anywhere in the world the sky turns to red up to a limit of $5,000 or $5,000 in cash. Ten Fourth Prizes: The cost of a vacation to anywhere in the United States that the sky turns to red up to a limit of $1,000 or $1,000 in cash. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. **5.** Prizes are non-transferable—only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes except as stated. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 13 prizes (valued at $50,000) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Missouri, Pennsylvania, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. **8.** A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 6, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** The official entry form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To enter, look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky and then complete the three statements listed below.

1. Turn to Red and discover that Johnnie Walker Red is (Answer) _____% Scotch Whiskies.
2. Turn to Red and find that the World's Favorite Scotch is bottled in (indicate city)_____, Scotland.
3. Turn to Red for the Scotch that has the "Same (Answer)_____ throughout the world."

Mail your completed entry form to:
Johnnie Walker Red Sunset Vacation Contest
P.O. Box 9411, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

IN THE APRIL *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

MASS SWINGING: THE NEWEST INDOOR SPORT

Besides Plato's Retreat, the Big Apple now boasts a number of other public swinging meccas, unique night spots where you can meet, greet, court, couple, and quit—all in twenty minutes.

IS MARIJUANA AN APHRODISIAC?

Marijuana, alcohol, amyl nitrate, and cocaine have been both praised and damned as sexual enhancers. Here a noted pharmacologist examines these and other widely used drugs used for increasing sexual pleasure.

EROTIC FILMS FOR HOME USE

Learn how to start your own erotic-film library, where to buy the best films, and what to look for in good erotica. Included are tips on cost, equipment, and retail outlets and a special report on the Top Ten of erotica.

MALE-MASTURBATION TECHNIQUES

Sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham explains the most satisfying ways for a man to enjoy solitary sex. Says Dr. Chartham: "One must treat self-stimulation as an art."

THE DILEMMA OF A LIBERATED LADY

In this provocative article journalist Carol Dix asks where the real men are. Since Ms. Dix prefers a dominating man but wants her freedom, she finds the question is difficult to answer.

SEX REVOLUTIONARY JERRY RUBIN

This is an important sexual autobiography by one of the Chicago Seven defendants, who confesses, "I'm a typically sexually obsessed American male—obsessed with performance, the size of my cock, competition, jealousy, and control."

CARTERGATE V

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

Christian villagers in southern Lebanon.

27 *"Making no change to decrease the mortgage deduction; any change would increase the deduction"* (*Wall Street Journal*, 4-26-76).

Carter's income tax revision proposals decrease the home mortgage interest income tax deduction.

28 *"Never trying to force Israel to give up the Golan Heights"* (telegram to American Jewish Press Association, 5-25-76).

Carter's Mideastern policy has been directed toward forcing Israel to give up the Golan, from which the Syrians bombarded Israeli settlements in the Galilee from 1948 until 1967.

29 *"I will always keep a watchful eye on your industry to insure that it is not unreasonably prejudiced by unrestrained competition"* (letter to Howard D. Samuel, then vice-president of Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, spring 1976).

Carter supported a provision allowing apparel imports to rise by 6 percent a year. Some 500,000 members of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers and the International Ladies Garment Workers conducted a one-day work stoppage last year in a fruitless attempt to get Carter to cut the allowable increase in half.

30 *"I see a government that does not spy on its citizens"* (Cincinnati, Ohio, 5-27-76).

The Carter administration drafted S.1566, which is a bill authorizing the wiretapping of Americans who, without any evidence that they have committed a crime, "collect or transmit information" in a manner that is considered harmful to the national security.

31 *". . . but respects your dignity and your privacy . . ."* (Cincinnati, Ohio, 5-27-76).

Within weeks of the inauguration, the Carter administration asked Congress to block implementation of newly enacted privacy protections for bank and tax records even before they went into effect.

32 *". . . and your right to be let alone"* (Cincinnati, Ohio, 5-27-76).

Carter proposed a corps of children who would go from door to door to inspect compliance with energy-and-water-conservation measures, including checking the level of water in our toilets.

33 *"Just staying within the letter of the law will never be enough for a Carter campaign or a Carter administration"* (*Christian Science Monitor*, 12-13-74).

As is evident from Carter's handling of the Lance and Helms affairs, *not* staying within the letter of the law is enough for a Carter administration.

34 *"Giving Israel whatever military and economic aid that is necessary"* (6-6-76).

Carter has canceled the sale of concussion bombs to Israel, reneging on a signed agreement by the Ford administration.

35 *"We must never again keep secret the evaluation of our foreign policy from the Congress and the American people. They should never again be misled about our options, commitments . . ."* (campaign position paper: "Jimmy Carter on the CIA").

As revealed by Tad Szulc in the January 1978 *Penthouse*, Carter has misled the American people, through contradictory announcements and press leaks, about our options and commitments in the Horn of Africa, where the United States has entered into a bizarre de facto alliance with Communist China and Saudi Arabia to support Somalia in its war against Soviet-backed Ethiopia.

36 *". . . I want to say that there have been far too many . . . diplomatic sleights of hand [in U.S. Mideast policy]"* (6-6-76).

There is no better example of a diplomatic sleight of hand than the remark made by Secretary of State Vance on his trip to the Middle East last year. He said that the United States would recognize a PLO delegation at the Geneva conference if the PLO would indicate its willingness to accept Israel's existence by endorsing U. N. resolution 242, which calls for security for all states in the region. The trickery arises out of the fact that Article 19 of the terrorist organization's charter claims that "the establishment of the state of Israel [is] entirely illegal, regardless of the passage of time" and is, according to Article 20, "deemed null and void." Thus the PLO's position is that Israel is not a state and is therefore not entitled to security under Resolution 242. Therefore, even if the PLO were to endorse 242, it would not be indicating its acceptance of Israel.

37 *"Final borders between Israel and her neighbors should be determined in direct negotiations between the parties . . ."* (6-6-76).

As president, Carter has pressed for a reconvening of the Geneva conference, which would include the United States and the Soviet Union—neither of which is a neighbor of Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, or Lebanon—at the bargaining table.

38 *". . . and they should not be imposed from outside"* (6-6-76).

Before making a trip to London in May 1977, Carter told three European journalists, as reported by *The New Republic*'s John Osborne, "I would not hesitate if I saw clearly a fair and equitable solution [of the Mideastern crisis] to use the full strength of our own country and its persuasive powers to bring those nations to an agreement."

39 *"Reducing present defense expenditures by about $5 to $7 billion annually"* (platform presentation, 6-10-76).

Defense expenditures for fiscal 1977,

DO YOU MAKE THESE DUMB MISTAKES WITH GIRLS?

This Incredible Invention Has Helped Thousands of Men Get Girls ... And It Will Work For You Too.

OR WE'LL PAY YOU 10 DOLLARS JUST FOR HAVING GIVEN IT A TRY!!!

Do you use such sayings as: "Would you like to go out tonight?" — or, "Want to go to my apartment for a drink?" — or, "May I have your phone-number?"

Most men do. And it's amazing that so many men actually think they can get anywhere with girls using such colorless, flat, ordinary expressions.

Your whole approach to girls is lifeless, dull, humdrum.

You probably don't even realize you are making so many serious mistakes. So you go right on making them ... and find yourself with fewer and fewer girls.

It's really quite sad — because it doesn't have to be that way. Most men could easily have all the girls they want ... if they just knew how "not" to act with them.

A MOST VALUABLE LESSON

We are going to show you why you are having so much trouble getting girls.

You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with your looks).

You will learn why you have a hard time meeting girls (it has nothing to do with your personality or age).

You will learn why girls won't go to bed with you (it has nothing to do with money ... or any of the above reasons).

You will learn *exactly* what you are doing wrong.

This could easily be the most valuable information you will ever receive. Because once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will be in a perfect position to start meeting and dating girls galore.

Once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will quickly begin to meet and date great-looking girls. Girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. Girls who wear the newest, sexiest styles in clothes. Girls who you only looked at and dreamed about up until now.

But that's not all. Once you find out what you are doing wrong, it will automatically become "super easy" for you to get many of these beautiful girls to *sleep* with you (think about that).

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU

Through many months of research — including personal interviews with dozens of beautiful girls — we have learned the most common mistakes most men make with girls. Mistakes that you are making right now.

Several of the girls frankly admitted that if it weren't for these silly mistakes, most men could easily meet and date just about any beautiful girl they want to.

It would take us forever to teach you every single mistake you may be making with girls. So what we have done is developed a system that will allow you to check yourself whenever you approach a girl — to make sure you are not making any "mistakes" that could blow your chances with her.

Lyn A., student, Fla.: *"I don't even care what guys look like anymore. I get approached by at least a dozen guys a month. Out of them, only about two end up taking me out. These are the guys who know enough not to make the usual dumb mistakes most guys make."*

THE ALL NEW 100% SELF-CORRECTING SYSTEM

Wouldn't it be great if we could stand beside you, like an invisable man, and correct you every time you started to make a blunder with a girl!

Well this is exactly what our *100% Self-Correcting System* does. It is our silent voice behind you ... ready to *speak out* whenever you are about to make a costly mistake with a girl.

Our *Self-Correcting System* actually stops you *before* you make the mistake; *before* you ruin your chances with the girl you have your sights on.

CAN BE LEARNED IN JUST ONE DAY

There is no hard work involved. There are no boring details to remember. In fact, our *100% Self-Correcting System* can be completely mastered in just one day.

This System has been *tested* and *proven*. It works. It works because it is based on facts ... not guesswork. So if it's girls you want, *girls are exactly what you will get.*

"DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK" IF OUR SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU

Are we crazy?

Not really. We're just so darn sure that you'll meet dozens of girls using our *System* that we're willing to stick our necks out to prove it to you.

What we are going to do is let you use our *100% Self-Correcting System* for a full year. Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you a lifetime, return our material to us. We will send you back a check for *double* the amount you paid for it.

Our book, *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System*, costs 10 dollars. Think about it. A 10 dollar investment may bring you more beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. And — if for any reason you don't end up meeting and dating all the girls you have your heart set on, you'll get back double the amount of your investment (and we'll cry a lot).

Maybe we *are* sticking our necks way out. But we're willing to take that chance.

So if you seriously want to find out why you are having so much trouble getting girls, send in the coupon now. You will soon find it *easier-than-heck* to meet and date girls (and even to get girls to sleep with you).

Remember — if our System doesn't work for you, you can take the refund money (all 20 dollars of it) and have a whopping good time for yourself ... on us.

That's what you can do if our material *doesn't* work for you.

But what if our material *does* work for you? Then what?

Silverman Research, Dept. P-478
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Yes — I want to stop making mistakes so I can start to meet and date all the beautiful girls I ever wanted to. Here's my 10 dollars. Rush me *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System*.

I may use your material for a year. Then, if I haven't met and dated all the girls I have my heart set on, I may return it for *double-my-money back*. (We will send you a check for 20 dollars.)

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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the last year of Ford, were $110.2 billion. For fiscal 1978, Carter requested $120.4 billion—an increase of $10.2 billion.

40 *"Appointing qualified women early in the administration and in substantial numbers"* (statement to 51.3 Percent Committee, 6-13-76).

President Ford computed that 14 percent of his appointees were women. Carter has made 367 presidential appointments. A grand total of forty-five are women—12 percent.

41 *"Controlling inflation through the following measures: . . . Standby wage and price controls"* (platform presentation, 6-16-76).

As president, Carter has not supported standby wage or price controls.

42 *"Enforcing rigidly the antitrust laws in energy-related matters"* (platform presentation, 6-16-76).

The Justice Department antitrust investigation of possible anticompetitive conduct by oil companies operating in the Persian Gulf area is civil rather than criminal. Similarly, its investigation of the possibility of price fixing in intrastate natural gas is civil, not criminal. In a successful civil-antitrust action, there is no punishment for having broken the law—just a court order prohibiting the illegal activity in the future.

43 *"Placing the importation of oil under government authority in order to ensure strict purchasing controls and the auctioning of purchase orders"* (platform presentation, 6-16-76).

Carter's energy plan contains no such provisions.

44 *"We sold or gave away billions of dollars of arms last year, mostly to developing nations. . . . Sometimes we try to justify this unsavory business on the cynical ground that by rationing out the means of violence we can somehow control the world's violence"* (New York, N.Y., 6-23-76).

Among Carter's more unsavory arms deals with developing nations is his proposed $1.5 billion sale of sixty advanced F-15 fighter-bombers to Saudi Arabia, opposed by the Federal Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

45 *"Reducing the number of bases in the Panama Canal Zone, and possibly reducing the military forces the United States has there"* (*New York Times*, 6-24-76).

Carter's treaty does not "reduce" the number of bases or military forces in the Canal Zone; it eliminates all of them.

46 *"Moving immediately toward using economic political pressure [on] South Africa to encourage the independence [of] Namibia . . ."* (*New York Times*, 6-24-76).

Carter has made no such move, immediately or subsequently.

47 *"Removing welfare burden from cities, with welfare costs being paid by the federal and state governments"* (urban policy speech, 6-29-76).

"Mayors and governors have long been demanding complete federal takeover of welfare, but the basic [Carter] plan contains virtually no such relief."—*New York Times*, 7-28-77.

48 *"Increasing the portion of transportation money available for public mass transportation"* (urban policy speech, 6-29-76).

Carter's energy plan contains no provisions increasing funding of mass transportation.

49 *"Keeping the price of domestic oil below the price of OPEC oil"* (Deregulation of Natural Gas Statement, Pre-Convention Issues, Statement No. 57).

Carter's energy plan raises the price of domestic oil to the price fixed by the organization of petroleum-exporting countries through a wellhead tax, which would increase along with the OPEC price.

50 *"Making public all requests for government consideration by private or corporate interests, and making decisions on those requests only on the basis of merit"* (Code of Ethics, Pre-Convention Issues, Statement No. 71).

According to columnist William Safire, the Sugar Users Group—a corporate interest group run by a vice-president of Atlanta-based Coca-Cola, the world's largest buyer of sugar—came to Carter and asked that instead of a tariff on imported sugar, which would have paid money into the U.S. Treasury but resulted in a higher sugar cost to Coca-Cola, the president propose a federal subsidy to processors, which would force taxpayers to pay $240 million to keep the price of sugar low to Coca-Cola. Without making public their request, Carter did as the Sugar Users Group asked. It took an act of Congress to force Carter to raise sugar duties.

51 *"Making mandatory financial disclosure for the president, vice-president, and all those appointed to major policymaking positions in the administration. The disclosure must include financial holdings, where assets are invested and where interests exists [sic] other than investments, in order to insure that no conflict with public interest exist[sic]"* (Code of Ethics, Pre-Convention Issues, Statement No. 71).

Carter did not disclose the fact that he has a stock portfolio in a branch of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Smith in Columbus, Ga. What's more, the White House press office has refused to disclose the stocks in the portfolio.

52 *"Opposing S.1"* (Senate Bill No. 1 Pre-Convention Statement No. 82).

Carter supported the original version of S.1437, the federal criminal code revision legislation known as "Son of S.1," which retained the anti-bill-of-rights thrust of the

"Here I am again, folks, out-scooping *those male journalists by interviewing an otherwise unapproachable diplomat. I suppose you're all wondering how I do it?"*

He's a hopeful.
You could make him a winner.

He's good and determined. But talent is only a part of it.

Experienced coaching, top-notch training facilities and an organized program are what he needs to really make it.

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US SKI TEAM

IN THE APRIL *VIVA*

SINGLE MEN Sure, single men have more fun. The life of a "swinging" bachelor is *jumping* with activity: scads of broken hearts, reams of admissions to mental hospitals, instances of early death. Frank Donegan explodes a pet myth.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIVE! What's it like to live through a week with the cast and crew of America's most depraved, caustic, unglued, inspired late-night television program? Jamie Delson takes us behind the scenes.

ISSEY MIYAKE Japanese designer Issey Miyake's flight-of-fancy fashions are opium dreams and butterflies' wings brought to life.

CLAIRE BRETÉCHER She's France's own "Doonesbury." She makes a living by trotting out human (and particularly women's) foibles, in cartoon form, for all the world to see. Right now she's *la première* in her field, but the victory hasn't been easy. Paris-based Susan Heller Anderson tells the unexpurgated story.

SQUASH It's that fast-growing sport that's a whole new dimension better than tennis. And it's a whole new ball game for competitive women. *Viva* talks with top female squash pros.

THE MAKING OF A COVER GIRL Of course, the whole process is out-and-out magic: the transformation from a semibeautiful duckling to a swanlike presence. Step into Guy Fery's studio and see how it's done.

PLUS: The indecently splendid world of chocolates; raincoats for April showers; Shirley Muldowney test-driving the VW Dasher; and a *Viva* quiz—How Sinful Are You?

measure supported by Nixon and Ford.

53 *"Preferring a more progressive plan to increase gradually the maximum amount of earnings subject to the Social Security tax (rather than increasing the Social Security contribution rate)"* (Social Security Statement, Pre-Convention, No. 83).

As president, Carter proposed that the Social Security contribution rate go up by .25 percent in 1985 and by .75 percent in 1990.

54 *"Not making any substantive changes in our tax law, or proposing any as president, until at least a full year of very careful analysis has passed"* (New York, N.Y., 7-22-76).

Carter's energy plan, which was issued four months after he became president, proposed that numerous substantive changes be made in our tax law, including the gas-guzzler tax and the wellhead tax on crude oil. Last October, after less than nine months as president, Carter proposed approximately 1,000 substantive changes in our tax law.

55 *"Limiting wage increases for federal employees to a reasonable figure, so as to encourage the private sector to restrain wage and price demands"* (press briefing, 7-28-76).

Here are some examples of Carter's limitation of wage increases for federal employees in his own office: the salary of Joseph Aragon, special assistant, has been raised from $26,000 to $51,000; that of James Fallows, chief speech writer, $20,000 to $45,000; that of Annie Tate, associate assistant for congressional liaison, $30,000 to $42,000; that of Frances Voorde, director of scheduling, $30,000 to $42,500; that of Jerome Doolittle, $20,000 to $34,000; that of Griffin Smith, Jr., $20,000 to $36,000; that of Elizabeth Rainwater, deputy assistant for research, $12,000 to $42,500.

56 *"In the county where I farm, we don't have a doctor, we don't have a dentist, we don't have a pharmacist, we don't have a registered nurse"* (Beverly Hills, Calif., 8-2-76).

Carter Farms, Inc., Carter's family corporation, farms 2,000 acres, all in Sumter County, Ga., where Plains is located. There are 25 physicians, 8 dentists, 14 pharmacists, and 115 registered nurses in Sumter County.

57 *"Basing every decision as president on strengthening the family"* (Manchester, N.H., 8-3-76).

Carter's welfare plan would weaken the family by requiring mothers with children more than six years old to accept a job at the minimum wage.

58 *"Keeping Congress informed on any issue involving national security"* (*New York Times*, 8-22-76).

See no. 21.

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

For "where to buy" information for fashions shown on pages 150–153, contact these manufacturers.

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New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 765-8577

JOHN NEWCOMBE by INTERWOVEN
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MAN IN MOTION by JOCKEY
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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 760-1444

RON CHERESKIN DESIGNS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 489-7427

F. MICHAEL GLADING for MIKLOS
1411 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 354-5730

LOBO by PEN WEST
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New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 661-1670

JOHN KARL for CHARSEL
53 West Thirty-sixth Street
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 594-0678

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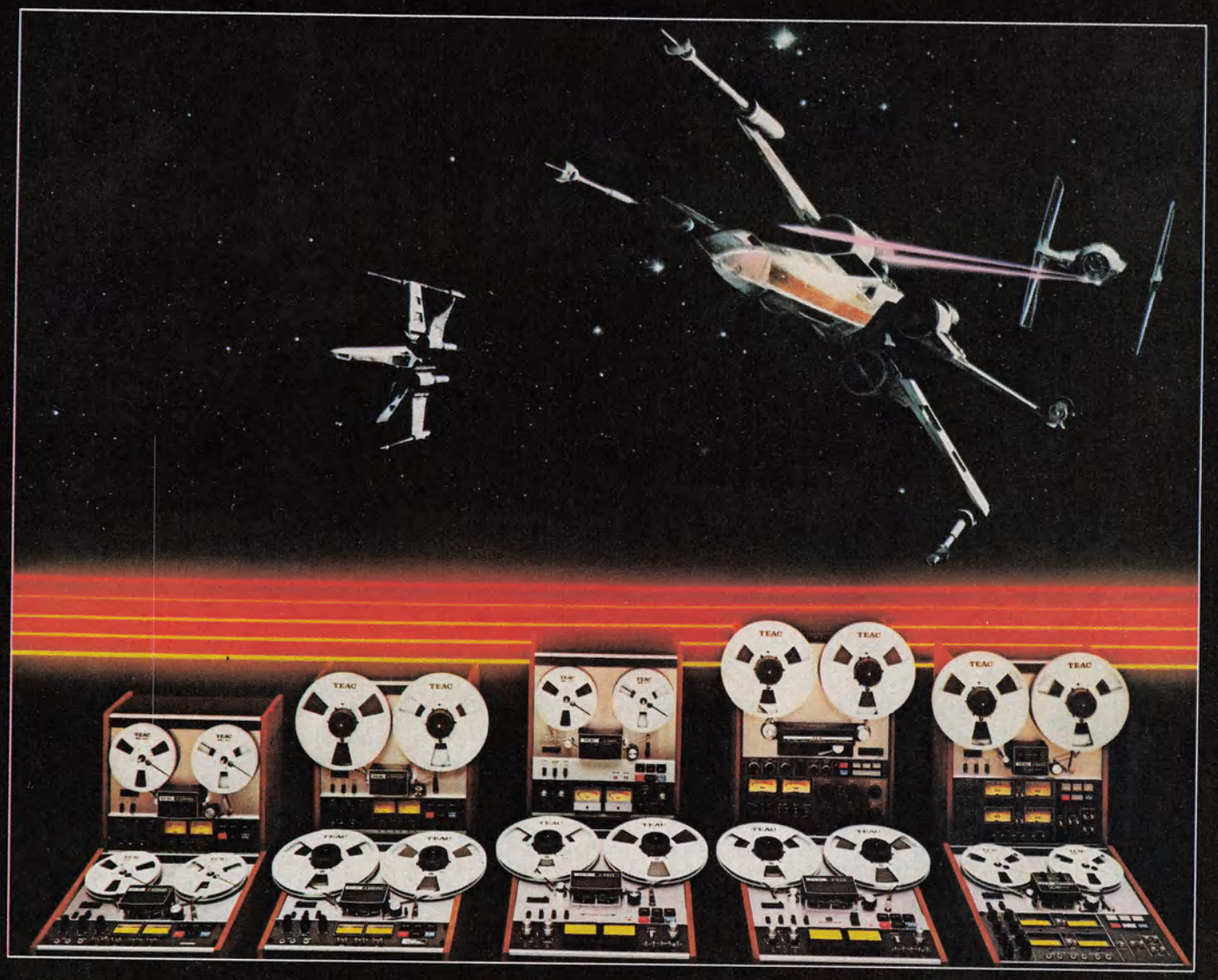

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From across the room it's an intricate design. Approach a little closer and it's joyous ecstacy. These designer sheets and pillow cases were specifically created for the Penthouse Collection—we proudly present them for your pleasure.

Available in brown on beige only in flat sizes, twin or queen. 50% poly-50% cotton. 1 twin sheet plus 1 standard pillow case (G011) $25.00 plus $1.50 p.&h.; 1 queen size sheet plus 2 standard pillow cases (G012) $32.50 plus $1.50 p.&h.

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59 *"What did these vetoes [by President Ford] accomplish? Did they save us from wasteful, reckless spending, as the administration would like us to believe? I think not"* (Los Angeles, Calif., 8-23-76).

Carter has issued Ford-style threats to veto bills that would expand spending for farm price supports, water projects, and educational aid to communities with large numbers of federal employees.

60 *"I do not favor a blanket amnesty; but for those who violated Selective Service laws, I intend to grant a blanket pardon"* (Seattle, Wash., 8-24-76).

Carter's pardon did not apply to the entire Vietnam War. It covered only offenses committed between August 4, 1964—the Gulf of Tonkin incident—and March 28, 1973, the suspension of the draft. U.S. troops were first sent to Vietnam in 1960. From 1960 through 1964 there were 1,371 prosecutions for violations of the Selective Service laws, resulting in 1,055 convictions.

61 *"Minimizing government secrecy . . ."* (speech before American Bar Association, 8-31-76).

Last April a task force within the Energy Research and Development Agency completed a study which showed that, if the price of natural gas were allowed to rise to $2.25 per thousand cubic feet, the U.S. would have forty-five years' supply (at current levels of consumption). Were the price allowed to go to between $2.50 and $3.00, it would be economical to tap supplies of geo-pressured methane, which would be sufficient for 1,000 to 2,500 years. Carter's position was that gas should be priced at no more than $1.75, based on his false claim that higher prices would not release increased supplies, and that we are therefore entering a battle zone of "permanent energy shortage," through which he proposes to lead us as commander-in-chief in "the moral equivalent of war."

Because the study threatened to reveal that his no-man's-land is potentially a garden of delights, the task force was disbanded and its report suppressed.

62 *"As a political candidate, I owe special interests nothing"* (Warm Springs, Ga., 9-6-76).

The Trilateral Commission, to which Carter owes his nomination and which includes representatives of Coca-Cola, Hewlett-Packard, Chase Manhattan Bank, Petro-Canada, Wells Fargo Bank, Texas Instruments, Sears, Fiat, Rolls-Royce, Sony, Toyota, and Fuji Bank, is at least as much of a special interest group as, say, the Association of Phillippine Coconut Desiccators.

63 *"I find it unacceptable that we have, in effect, condoned the efforts of some Arab countries to tell American businesses that in order to trade with one country or one company, that they must observe restrictions based on race or religion. These so-called Arab boycotts violated our basic standards of freedom and morality, and they must be stopped—period"* (Washington, D. C., 9-8-76).

This passage contains two misleading statements and a violated commitment. First, not "some" but all Arab countries participate in the boycott of Israel. Second, the Arab boycott does not include just restrictions based on race or religion, as Carter implied. Its most important restrictions prohibit trade with any American company that does business in Israel or uses Israeli components in its products.

Finally, under the regulations issued by the Carter administration, the Arab boycott has been stopped—but not "period."

When the administration announced its regulations to enforce the new law, Senator Proxmire, one of the original proponents of an effective antiboycott measure, charged that sections of the administration's rules appeared to "violate" Congress's intent by including loopholes enabling American business to continue complying with the Arab boycott.

64 *"We must supply Israel unequivocally and in the full amount necessary in economic and military aid so Israel can pursue peace from a position of strength and be protected against any foreseeable attack"* (Jewish New Year's message, 9-14-76).

Carter's original policy review memorandum recommending severe restrictions on arms sales excepted only Japan, Australia, New Zealand, and the members of NATO. It was only under strong congressional pressure that Carter backed down and exempted Israel.

65 *"Removing loopholes and shelters for the wealthy"* (Economic Issues Statement, Post-Convention, No. 133).

On March 8, 1977 a group of oilmen met with Carter, requesting exemption of intangible drilling costs from the "minimum tax"—the tax they're supposed to pay after they've avoided all other federal taxes. They got their $40 million loophole the very day that Carter announced his energy program.

66 *"Having the federal government enter on behalf of consumers into negotiations with OPEC, thereby removing such negotiations from the sole control of OPEC and the big oil companies"* (Energy Reorganization Statement, 9-21-76).

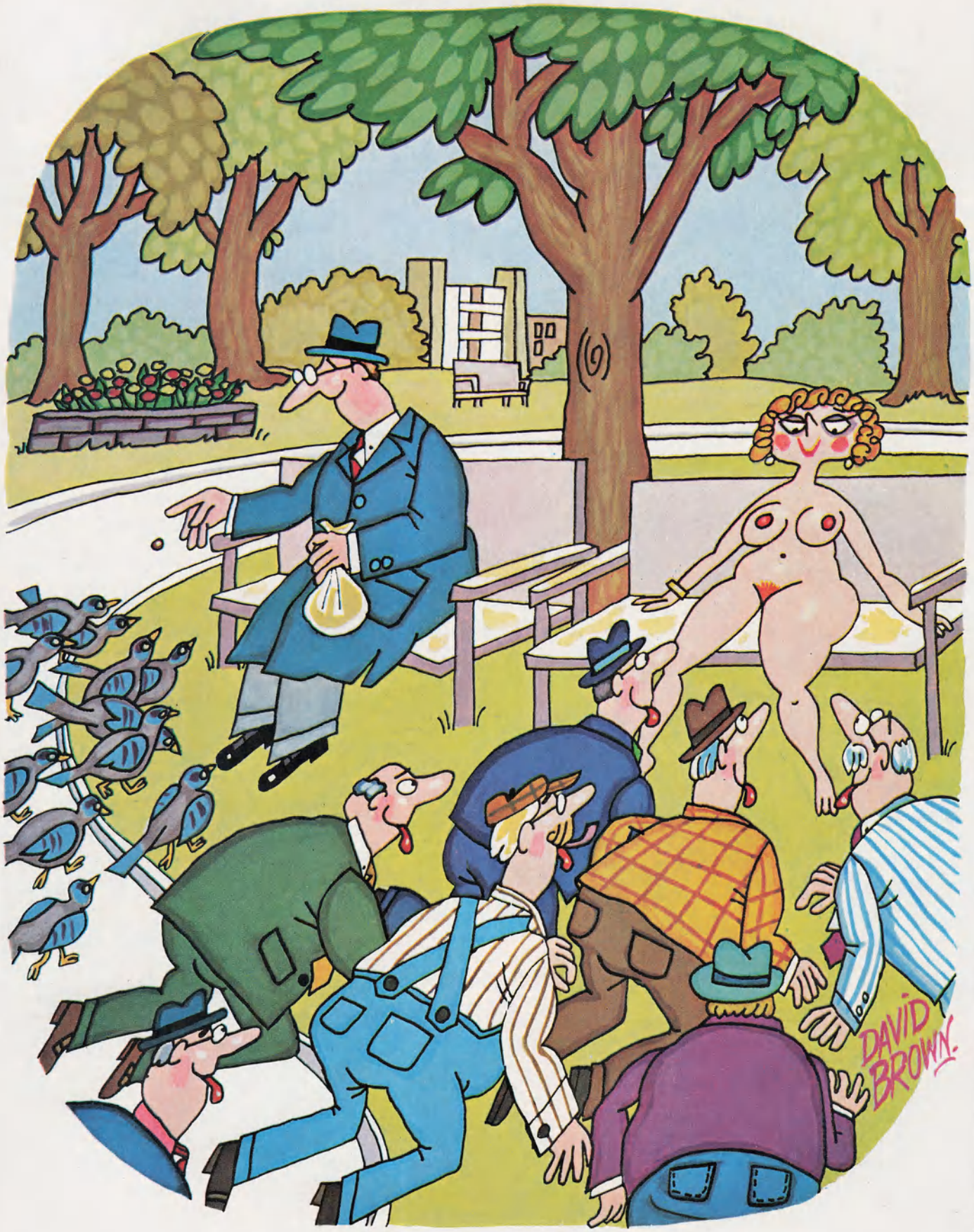
When reminded of this promise at a press conference, Carter said that he has "no such plans at present."

67 *"There is no reason to think these [Maverick] missiles will increase security and stability in the Middle East. . . . No administration which was sensitive to the climate in the Middle East would let the sale [to Saudi Arabia] go forward"* (9-30-76).

Carter is letting the sale of Maverick air-to-ground missiles to Saudi Arabia go forward.

68 *"I believe my strongest quality would*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174


DAVID
BROWN

The Lotus Esprit:
automotive euphoria for a driver
and one select companion.

ESPRIT DE CAR

BY JOE KELLEHER

Advanced automotive styling features are usually lovely to look at, but often they're hard to operate, difficult to maintain, and impossible to live with—somewhat like having a too beautiful lover. As you can plainly see, the Lotus Esprit is certainly *advanced*. What you can't see, however, is that it is also a comfortable, high-performance, no-problem driving machine.

If you're looking for a roomy family wagon, though, look somewhere else. Lotus calls the Esprit a "no-compromise car for its driver and one selected companion." In other words, they didn't compromise sleek, stunning styling for more luggage space and room for extra passengers. No compromise, either, in the performance department. Simply put, the Esprit is a finely tuned machine, designed to pamper two occupants—especially the driver. The feeling of automotive euphoria generated by a few hours behind the wheel of an Esprit can be matched by very few production cars.

The pampering begins in the cockpit, which bears a striking resemblance to that of a well-upholstered competition car. Both driver and passenger recline in full-bucket seats, backed by fitted head restraints. Huge doors, extending nearly the full length of the passenger compartment, simplify entry and exit, despite the low roof line. With the doors closed, you experience two seemingly contradictory sensations. The first is one of womblike security, created by the enveloping lay-back seats and shoulder-high window ledges. The second is a sense of airy spaciousness, created by the panoramic windshield's being located nearly three feet in front of the driver's eyes; the sloping profile of the Esprit's nose contributes to the airy sensation, since it is completely beneath the driver's line of vision. The total effect is like being ensconced in a space-age control module—and one that has been lined with Ultra-Suede.

A hooded console, immediately behind the steering wheel, contains every instrument, switch, and control necessary for operating the car with the exception of the lights and wipers; the high-low beam switch and the turn indicators are located on the left-hand steering wheel stalk and the washer-wiper controls on the right-hand stalk. The enormous, laminated windscreen is swept by a Lotus-designed pantograph single-wiper system, which ensures clear vision in the poorest weather conditions.

Less than forty-four inches high but seventy-three inches wide, the Esprit has the trim, yet stable, look of a race car. The surface finish and panel fitting of the body, doors, and hatches is outstanding. A knee-high protective rub strip conceals the joint where the upper and lower fiberglass body panels meet. Foam-filled, steel-reinforced sections are molded in to make the hull one of the strongest and safest on the road. By applying a color coat to the mold before the fiberglass is laid up, Lotus produces a durable finish that can always be buffed up to remove scratches and nicks. Aerodynamically, the body is exceptionally clean, and the low-drag wedge shape contributes significantly to the car's on-the-road performance.

Muscle for the uncompromising Esprit is provided by an amazing two-liter Lotus 907 engine. The fuel-consumption average is up around 25 mpg, but the smooth four-cylinder cranks out an impressive 140 hp, capable of propelling the plastic wedge up to 130 mph. Double overhead cams—operating four valves per cylinder—cross-flow intake-exhaust porting, dual carburetors, aluminum head and block, and breakerless electronic ignition are some of the engine features that reflect the extensive experience Lotus has acquired in more than twenty-five years of race-car competition. The end result is a highly efficient power plant, producing 1.17 hp from each of its 120 cubic inches. Strip away the power-robbing emission-control gadgets, and the 907 could nearly double that figure and easily produce a whopping 200 hp.

The engine fires up quickly and then idles with a reassuring growl. For cold starts, a manual choke on the center console can be used judiciously until the engine warms. And when the horses are warm and you stand on the throttle, the 907 becomes a fast-revving howler that can pin you to the back of your seat.

Even at low speeds, the rack-and-pinion steering is light but positive, and very sensitive. Despite unequal weight distribution (41 percent front, 59 percent rear), neutral steering is achieved by using different tires and inflation pressures fore and aft. Up front, a pair of 195/70HR14 tires on 6J X 14 rims, inflated to 18 psi, handles the steering. At the rear, significantly larger 205/70HR14's, inflated to 28 psi and mounted on 7J X 14 rims, deliver power to the road. Tire pressures must be checked frequently, for a variation of even a few psi can result in understeering or oversteering. Fortunately, even minor pressure variations are readily detectable by the driver and can be corrected easily. With proper tire pressure, the impressive cornering power of the Esprit can be used to full advantage.

Mounted ahead of the rear axle, the engine is isolated from the passenger compartment by a glass-topped bulkhead behind the driver. The area behind the bulkhead is a carpeted engine-luggage compartment, with the emphasis definitely on the engine. Most of the area is occupied by a rectangular engine cover, held in place by four rubber "hold-downs." Oil and water levels can be checked via small hatches, but the entire cover must be removed to add fluids. With the cover off, the engine is accessible for tune-ups or other service.

Arthur Colin Bruce Chapman, founder, chairman, and guiding force behind Lotus Cars, Ltd., is the Renaissance man of the auto world. Cars built in his shops have won just about every important racing event in Europe plus the Indianapolis 500 in the U.S. Chapman has produced a succession of sports and grand-touring cars that have garnered critical raves from discerning drivers around the world.

This latest Lotus creation, the Esprit, is a fitting addition to the growing Chapman legend. If you are the exceptional driver who can fully appreciate a "no compromise" driving machine, then check in with your Lotus dealer. With only a limited supply of Esprits scheduled for shipment to the U.S. this year, they may be in short supply by the time you get to the showroom. The Esprit, with an AM/FM radio and dealer prep, costs about $16,500 (plus taxes). As you hand over your check, remember that the original lotus was a fruit said to induce a state of dreamy contentment. Prepare to put your dreams on the road. OH

Photo by Earl Miller

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CARTERGATE V

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

be my natural inclination . . . to derive my political support and basic attitudes directly from the people rather than through powerful intermediaries" (Reader's Digest, October 1976).

As described in Cartergate I, II, and III in the November 1977, December 1977, and January 1978 issues of *Penthouse*, since mid-1973 Carter has derived his political support and basic attitudes through the powerful intermediaries of The Trilateral Commission.

69 *"I'll do everything I can, as president, to stop the boycott of American business by the Arab countries. It is not a matter of diplomacy with me; it is a matter of morality"* (second presidential TV debate, San Francisco, Calif., 10-6-76).

When antiboycott legislation came before the Senate, Carter sent the nation's chief diplomat to testify in favor of weaker provisions, on the grounds that the administration was successfully using diplomacy to convince the Arabs to moderate their boycott of 450 U.S. companies (including Ford, Motorola, RCA, Revlon, Xerox, and Zenith) doing business with Israel. "The members of this committee should be aware," said Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, "that diplomatic efforts . . . have brought about some encouraging changes in this area of concern. I am happy to report that during my visit to Saudi Arabia, its leaders informed us that Saudi Arabia will accept positive certifications of origin."

All "positive certifications of origin" means is that Arabia will no longer demand from U.S. exporters a certificate that goods didn't originate in Israel—they'll accept one that reads that the goods did originate somewhere else, which is simply a cleaner way of saying the same thing. Not only did Carter make the boycott a matter of diplomacy, but also the purpose of that diplomacy was to suggest to the Arabs ways of putting a respectable face on their refusal to deal with companies that deal with Israel.

70 *"Never attempting, through appointments to the FCC or through other actions, to censor the television, news, or other information media" (TV Guide*, 10-9-76).

Carter's try at squelching the *Washington Post*'s story about CIA payments to foreign heads of state [see no. 15] was an attempt at censorship. The original version of the federal criminal-code revision bill, "Son of S.1," which the Carter administration supported, contained provisions to make it possible for a judge to slap a gag order on a reporter covering a trial even if the order were subsequently ruled illegal. This would make it a crime to publish government information that had not been made available officially to the press, and make it a crime for a reporter—or anyone else, for that matter—to write (or speak) a true statement that caused economic loss to a public official, his "family, friend, or business associates," which a jury thought was "improper."

71 *"Enforcing strictly laws against public officials who break laws"* (speech before American Bar Association, 8-31-76). *"Eliminating the double standard of justice that favors 'big shot' criminals"* (Detroit, Mich., 10-15-76).

Carter personally authorized the Justice Department's plea bargain with former CIA Director Richard Helms, who lied to a Senate committee in denying that the agency had funneled money to opponents of the late president of Chile, Salvador Allende. Helms was not prosecuted for perjury but allowed to plead "no contest" to misdemeanor charges, for which he was sentenced to a $2,000 fine. The head of the committee, Senator Church, commented, "I thought there was to be an end to the double standard of justice for the big shots."

72 *"Opposing the sale of arms to Egypt that could be used in a strike against Israel"* (St. Louis, Mo., 3-31-76).

On July 26, 1977, Carter informed Congress that he wished to sell Egypt the following items:

• Fourteen C-130 Hercules military transports for ferrying troops and supplies, valued at $180 million.

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73 *"Aid should not be used in a carrot and stick fashion. . . . Israel must feel secure in the support that it expects from America in order to take the necessary risks for peace"* (letter to Jewish Telegraphic Agency, 10-18-76).

In an interview aired on the Canadian Television network on October 2, 1977, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's national-security adviser, was asked whether "there is some indication, sir, that the United States is going to be hard on Israel, perhaps harder than previous administrations have been." Brzezinski replied: "The United States has a direct interest in the outcome of the Middle Eastern conflict. . . . And, therefore, the United States has a legitimate right to exercise its own leverage, peaceful, and constructive, to obtain a settlement."

74 *"I will work with the Congress, as the Ford administration has been unable to do, to deregulate new natural gas. The decontrol of producers' prices for new natural gas would provide an incentive for new exploration and would help our nation's oil and gas operators attract needed capital"* (letter to governors of natural gas-producing states, 10-19-76).

Carter's energy plan did not call for deregulating the price of any natural gas.

75 *"Sending an emissary to Lebanon on a fact-finding mission within one month of inauguration"* (statement on Lebanon, 10-23-76).

Carter has sent no emissary.

76 *"Vice-President Mondale will be my top staff person"* (Plains, Ga., 12-13-76).

Hamilton Jordan is Carter's top staff person.

77 *"All [my] common stock is being sold, consisting of 100 shares of Rich's, Inc., and 956 shares of Advance Investors"* (Americus, Ga., 1-4-77).

Carter has not sold the stocks contained in his portfolio at the Columbus, Ga., branch of Merrill, Lynch.

78 *"Further steps are needed to insure that former government officials cannot use their personal contacts gained in public service for private benefit"* (Americus, Ga., 1-4-77).

The president's son Jeff and Jeff's wife, Annette, solicited bids from publishers for a book of photographs of the Carter family in the White House, doing so in a letter that hinted that Carter himself would write the foreword. Presumably, such a book would continue to earn royalties for the Carter family after the president's term expires.

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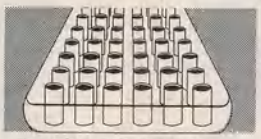

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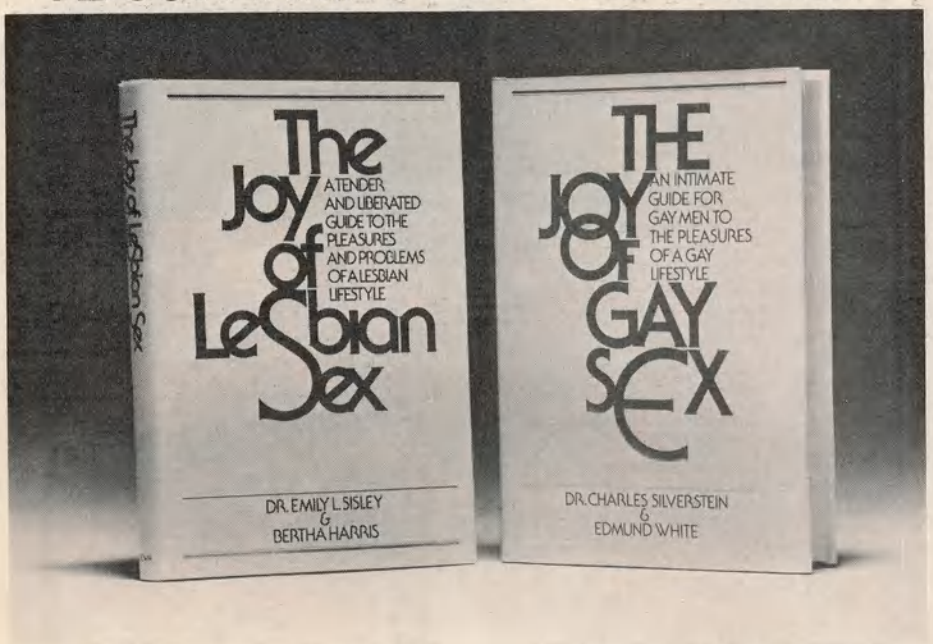
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79 *"We will move this year a step forward toward our ultimate goal–the elimination of all nuclear weapons from this earth"* (inaugural address, Washington, D. C., 1-20-77).

Carter had indicated that he favors a step toward an entirely new generation of nuclear weapons—the development of the neutron bomb, which minimizes damage to property and maximizes damage to people.

80 *"All federal judges and prosecutors should be appointed strictly on the basis of merit, without any consideration of political aspects or influence."*

Carter forced the resignation of U.S. Attorney for New Jersey Jonathan Goldstein, a registered Republican, so that he could be replaced by a Democrat. These are his judicial appointments so far: federal judges—thirty-one Democrats, no Republicans. U.S. attorneys—fifty-five Democrats, 1 Republican.

81 *"This is the first major indication of a permanent energy shortage"* (Pittsburgh, Pa., 1-30-77).

There is no energy shortage now and no possibility of a permanent energy shortage. The illusion of a shortage has been created by the Arab production cutbacks, which the Carter administration had done nothing to oppose, and by federal regulatory policies that make it disadvantageous for oil companies to drill for oil in the United States.

82 *"My intention has always been, as expressed many times during my own political campaign, that natural gas should be deregulated for a limited period of time, on a test basis—I would say for a four-year period of time"* (Pittsburgh, Pa., 1-30-77).

On January 16, 1976, in an ad in the *Des Moines Register*, Carter said, "I support legal restrictions to allow a 'reasonable profit' on oil and natural gas rather than allowing prices to be set without restriction." But he told an astonishing series of lies and flip-flops: he came out in his campaign statement against deregulation; then, after ten days in office, he claimed that he had always come out for deregulation; and three months later he announced an energy plan that continues regulation.

83 *"Whenever a regulation is issued, it will carry its author's name"* (TV "fireside chat," 2-2-77).

Federal regulations do not have "authors." As John Snow, then head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, said: "I don't want to be difficult, but you take that regulation we put out the other day on anthropomorphic test dummies. There must have been twenty or thirty lawyers and engineers who worked on it. Does he want all of them to sign it?"

84 *"Recently, Secretary of State Vance took a trip to the Middle East . . . to explore some common ground for future permanent*

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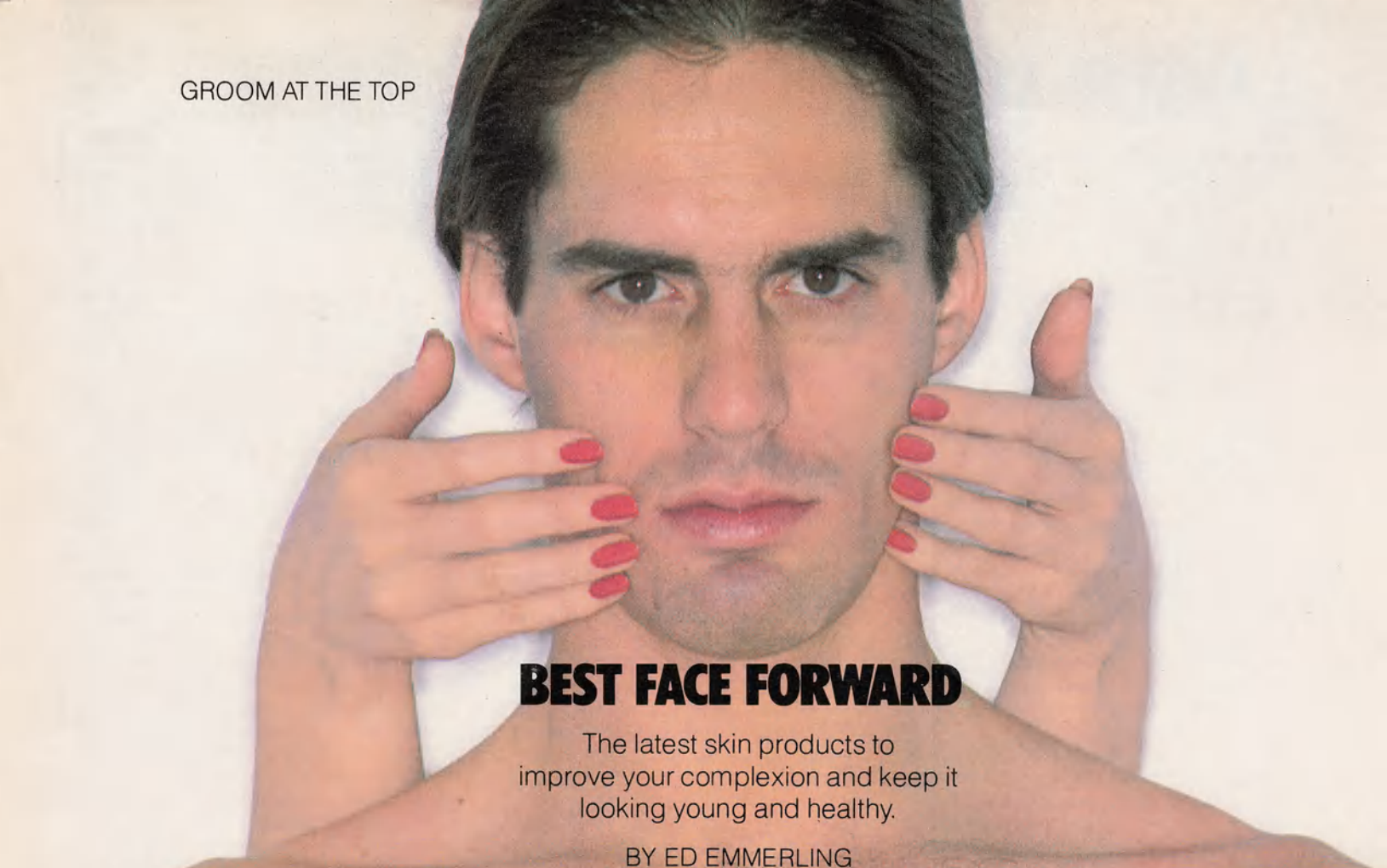

BEST FACE FORWARD

The latest skin products to improve your complexion and keep it looking young and healthy.

BY ED EMMERLING

Men's skin care lagged far behind that of women until about ten years ago. Then, more and more, men began realizing that they could take a more active part in enhancing their appearance, and a delighted cosmetics industry met the challenge of a new and vital market by offering hundreds of new products that focus attention on men's skin care. Therefore, there's really no excuse for not giving your skin the attention that it deserves. Some overzealous advertising would have you believe there's a lot of work involved, but, really, caring for the skin just means being good to your face *regularly*. The future of your face will depend on it.

Your skin-care regimen really begins after you've washed and shaved. Use *only* the products necessary for your skin type (normal, dry, or oily), which you can select from an array of after-shave balms, astringents, moisturizers, facial masks, and massages. These products help tone the skin and make it look firm, smooth, and poreless; that is, they help to offset the effects of the natural aging process of the skin by providing it with the protection it needs against the adverse environmental conditions assailing it.

Consider these facts about some of the products available. Astringents and alcohol splashes concentrate especially on oily skin, smoothening it by minimizing the pores. Lubricating lotions and moisturizers help to lock in water and active oil, which naturally dry skin needs badly. Facial masks (clay and gel form) take toning one step farther by stimulating circulation and leaving the skin with a healthy glow. Finally, facial massages and saunas are good for all skin types, because they leave the skin plump, soft, and, for the moment, wrinkle free.

In addition to products designed for facial care, there are those that are used for toning the rest of the body after you shower or bathe. Again, depending on your skin type, these special body splashes, rubs, and moisturizers put back into your skin some of the desirable things that have been removed. Application twice or three times weekly should be sufficient, but your own individual skin problems should dictate frequency of use.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL

Pictured above: WIND DRIFT Sport Lotion, ENGLISH LEATHER Soft After-Shave for dry skin, PIERRE CARDIN After-Shave Balm, YSL After-Shave Balm, MAXIMUS Placenta Cream and Avocado Oil with Vitamin E and Gel Masque, ARAMIS 900 After-Shave Soother, MACHO After-Shave Conditioner and All-Weather Skin Moisturizer. Women's skin products include ULTIMA'II Skim Milk products, CHANEL No. 1 Body Lotion and Skin Supplement Crème, and CHARLES OF THE RITZ Gel Cleansers.

A good skin regimen requires only a few minutes of your time each day, and it is essential to follow one if you want a really good complexion that keeps you looking youthful, fresh, and attractive. Of course, getting enough sleep and exercise and maintaining a sensible, well-balanced diet is essential, too. Good health is reflected in good-looking skin. The care you give your skin today will mold the look you display tomorrow. With the products featured here, you'll save face.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN-PIERRE METAYER

CARTERGATE V

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176

peace there, so that Israel might have defensible borders so that the peace commitments would never be violated and that there could be a sense of security about this young country in the future" (Washington, D. C., 3-7-77).

Carter's notorious "defensible borders" statement was jumped on by commentators as a "gaffe" and an "inconsistency." Carter characterized it more accurately two days later when, restating that he would tolerate only "minor adjustments" in Israel's 1948 borders, he dismissed his statement about defensible borders as "semantics." Its semantic purpose was to imply that the cease-fire lines of 1948 could be defended by Israel against the laser-guided tanks and surface-to-surface missiles of three decades later. In reality, Vance told all the Middle East leaders that the Carter administration wants Israel to go back to its 1948 border, which passes within twelve and one half miles of Tel Aviv, cuts through downtown Jerusalem, and surrounds the rest of the city on three sides.

85 *"I can guarantee you that when you fill out your income-tax form for 1977, it will be much simpler. There is no doubt about it. If I don't do that, I will have broken my word of honor, and I don't intend to break it"* (Washington, D. C., 3-25-77).

Form 1040 for 1977 has exactly the same number of lines as Form 1040 for 1976: sixty-six. The only difference between the 1976 and 1977 forms is the order of the items. There has been no simplification. In fact, because total income, taxes, and credits are no longer summarized on the first page, it is arguable that the 1977 form is more complex.

86 *"The United States will not be the first supplier to introduce into a region newly developed advanced weapons systems which would create a new or significantly higher combat capability"* (Washington, D. C., 5-19-77).

The Beirut newsmagazine *Events* noted that "in what seemed to be a breach of his own policy guidelines, Carter asked Congress to approve the sale to Iran of seven of these highly sophisticated flying radar systems [the newly developed, advanced Boeing E-3A airborne warning-and-control system (AWACS)], which consist of Boeing 707 jet aircraft packed with electronics, each with a mushroomlike radar scanner sprouting from the rear of the fuselage."

87 *"U. S. arms sales abroad in fiscal 1977 total $9.9 billion"* (message to Congress).

According to the Pentagon, the actual figure is $11.3 billion.

88 *"We desired to set the precedent of having the president's income tax reviewed"* (Deputy Press Secretary Rex Granum, Washington, D. C., 6-8-77).

Granum's press briefing came on the afternoon of the day that *Newsday*, the Long Island newspaper, reported that Carter's 1975 income taxes were being audited. After reporters refused to believe the White House, Carter's press aides admitted the IRS, not the president, had initiated the audit.

89 *"H.R. 5262 would require us to vote against any loan to a country where human rights were being violated"* (letter to Sen. Hubert Humphrey, *Congressional Record*, 6-14-77).

The bill Carter was opposing contained an amendment by Representative Badillo of New York that would not have required the U.S. representative to such institutions as the World Bank to vote against "any" loan to a country where human rights were being violated. The amendment applied only to "any country which engages in *gross* [emphasis added] violations of internationally recognized human rights, including torture or cruel, inhumane, or degrading treatment or punishment, prolonged detention without charges, or other flagrant denial of the right to life, liberty, and the security of person, and including the providing of refuge to individuals committing acts of international terrorism, such as the hijacking of an aircraft." Moreover, if such a loan "is directed specifically to programs which serve the basic human needs of the citizens of such country," the Badillo

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amendment would have allowed the U.S. representative to vote for the loan. In the wake of Carter pressure against the bill, the amendment was deleted.

90 *"We ought not to evolve a complicated position in a sensitive area, like the Middle East, in secret and then spring it on people or negotiate privately"* (ABC-TV interview, Plains, Ga., 8-10-77).

The joint U.S.-Soviet communiqué on the Middle East, which recognized "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people"—the PLO code phrase for the destruction of Israel—was negotiated secretly between Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoly Dobrynin. Carter staff chief Hamilton Jordan first learned of the statement's existence by hearing about it on the radio on Saturday night, October 1. Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's chief adviser on domestic affairs, first read about it in the newspapers. Vice-President Walter Mondale was unaware of the statement until after it had been released.

91 *"At almost all times, Bert Lance had more than enough on deposit in other accounts to cover his overdraft"* (Washington, D.C., 8-23-77).

While he was running for governor of Georgia in 1974, Lance's campaign accounts at Calhoun National Bank, which he headed, were overdrawn by as much as $228,151. His personal overdrafts rose as high as $110,000, and those of nine relatives soared as high as $450,000. At no time did Lance have more than $110,000 on deposit at the bank.

92 *"There has been no evidence of either illegalities or unethical conduct [by Bert Lance]. . ."* (Washington, D.C., 8-23-77).

Federal bank examiners and the comptroller of the currency reported that Lance had violated laws prohibiting loans of more than $5,000 from a bank to any officer of that bank and requiring reports to the directors of the Calhoun National Bank and National Bank of Georgia on his loans and outside business interests.

93 *". . . and no conduct that was contrary to the normal practices that exist in the banking circles in our country"* (Washington, D.C., 8-23-77).

"He's certainly in the extreme minority," a Virginia banker told the *New York Times* about Bert Lance. A Detroit banker said: "Of the 14,000 banks in the U.S., I don't think you'll find one-half of 1 percent have a Bert Lance."

94 *"Guaranteeing adequate price supports on a parity level which assures farmers a reasonable return based on their cost of production"* (Iowa agriculture speech, 8-25-76).

Carter has threatened to veto such legislation, and farmers have brought tractor convoys to Washington and state capitals

to dramatize their inability to make ends meet.

95 *"Disputes that have existed for 2,000 years [in the Middle East] can't be resolved in one peace conference"* (interview in *Jerusalem Post*, 9-12-77).

The dispute between Israel and the Arabs dates only from the 1920s, when officials of the British Mandate in Palestine encouraged anti-Jewish agitation in an attempt to drive Jewish settlers out of the country so that the Middle East could be turned into a collection of weak Arab mini-states, dependent on England. In 1919 the Emir Faisal, king of the Hedjaz in what is now Saudi Arabia and leader of the Arab revolt against the Turks in World War I, signed an agreement with Dr. Chaim Weizmann, head of the Zionist Organization, supporting the establishment of Israel.

96 *"The attorney general has not consulted me nor given me any advice on the Helms question"* (Washington, D.C., 9-29-77).

Shortly after it was disclosed that the Justice Department had entered into a deal with former CIA Director Richard Helms not to prosecute him for perjury for telling a Senate committee that his agency had not participated in the overthrow of the democratically elected Allende in Chile, Attorney General Bell said he had met with Carter in the Oval Office on July 25, 1977, and had told him that there was a prosecutable case against Helms. Bell said that "the president authorized us to determine the feasibility and possibility" of plea-bargaining with Helms.

97 *"We must face an unpleasant fact about energy prices. They are going up, whether we pass an energy program or not, as fuel becomes scarcer and more expensive to produce"* (Washington, D.C., 11-8-77).

Prices are not automatically "going up"—they are being deliberately, extortionately, raised by the Arab-dominated OPEC cartel. These countries are not raising the oil price because "fuel becomes scarcer and more expensive to produce." The cost of lifting a barrel of oil in the Middle East—including recapture of the investment in exploration and drilling plus a 20 percent profit on that investment—comes to a grand total of ten to twenty cents. Yet the Arabs charge us nearly thirteen dollars for that barrel. Carter is telling a half-truth on one point: prices will go up whether we pass *his* energy program or not—because it contains not a single provision for moderating the price-setting power of OPEC.

98 *"I don't intend to break a single promise. I'm giving you my word of honor"* (Manchester, N.H., 2-10-76).

99 *"I will never make a misleading statement"* (Daytona Beach, Fla., 10-29-75).

100 *"I will never tell a lie"* (Daytona Beach, Fla., 10-29-75). O+

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

A SWITCH IN MIND

I'm twenty-one years old and married. We have sex only about five times a year. Why?

Because my penis is very, very small. It's only four and a quarter inches long. When we fuck, which is not very often, she gets hot and asks for more. But I have no more to give her. I even used a dildo, the kind you put over your own penis, but it fell off. What can a person do?—C.G.

When a woman begs for more, she's not necessarily asking for more cock; she's asking for more sex. There's no way you can increase the size of your penis. Even if you could, I don't know if that would necessarily solve your problem. Some men with big organs have been the lousiest fucks I've encountered. They come on to you with their ten inches and think all they have to do is stick it in and you'll go wild. No way. I can take a small penis, but I need a lot of technique. That's probably what you need: technique. You don't need a switch in penises. What you should have is a switch in mind.

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

I'm a female student at a southern college. Although I've had sexual experiences with men, I've often fantasized having sex with a woman. My boyfriend and I have always been very open about our fantasies, and he knew of my lesbian dreams. However, as much as I wanted to go to bed with someone of my own sex, it couldn't be just any woman. She had to be one I was attracted to both physically and mentally. Unfortunately for me, I knew of no way to approach other females who felt the same way I did.

Since my boyfriend graduated recently, I've been faced with the situation of being satisfied only by weekend visits. I've felt no desire to cheat on him, but I have had this desire to have a woman eat me out. My new roommate, a female, is very reserved, and I was afraid to approach her in case I'd be rejected. But now I've been blessed with an experience that is right out of my aching imagination.

It was semester break, and I decided to stay in town while my roommate went home for the holidays. It was a weekday, and I was faced with a long, lonely day with nothing to do. So I bought a six-pack of beer and came home to a deserted apartment. I'd bought a new Penthouse *and was reading it. Of course, I became very horny.*

The phone rang. It was a girl from one of my classes. She said she was very lonely, since there weren't many other students around over the break. I invited her over and discarded my desire for sex. I just needed some companionship.

When she arrived, I offered her a beer, and we talked about our vacations, plans for the following semester, and other small talk that didn't amount to much. We were

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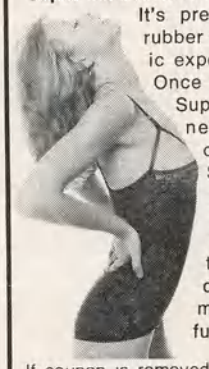

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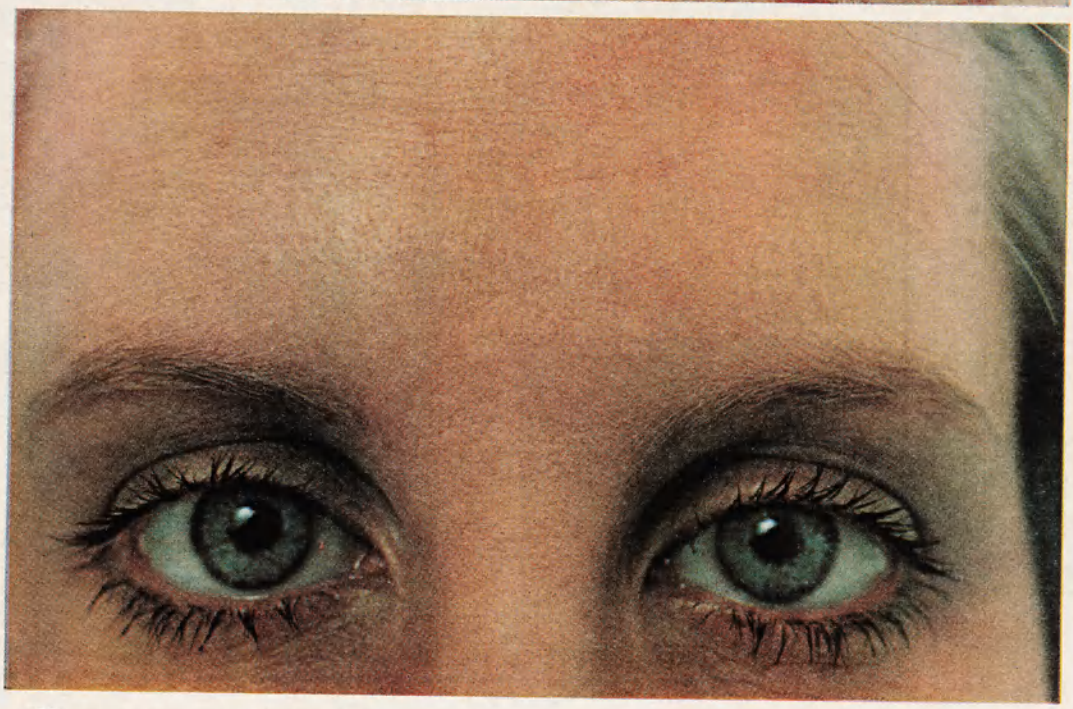

Above and below: Meg Currie who refused to accept the prevailing medical consensus that acne could not be cured and agreed to "try one more time...."

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sitting on the couch, and I commented on how cold it was when Sarah moved closer toward me. I took it lightly, but in the back of my mind I considered making an advance. I didn't have to try. As we continued talking, Sarah put her fingers on my thigh. My heart stopped beating as I tried to act nonchalant, but in the next few moments I knew there was no need for cover-ups as Sarah gazed into my eyes.

It was a bit awkward at first, since we are both aggressive people once the presexual games are dispensed with. We threw our arms around each other and explored one another's bodies. I was actually shaking as we removed each other's clothes. It was exactly what I'd waited for for so long, and now it was finally happening. We tasted each other's neck, lips, breast, and, finally, each other's vagina. I've never been so sexually excited in all my life. We spent the night together, and it has taken me days to get used to the fact that I've been with a woman.

It was a beautiful experience, and I wish everyone could be so uninhibited.—A.R.

I'm glad to see that your first lesbian experience was so exciting. So many women feel guilty about what they do with other women. How unfortunate! With regard to your boyfriend, though, how about introducing him to Sarah? You can enjoy the best of both worlds all at once.

HE'S NOT OUT ON A LIMB

I personally enjoy your advice but would like to object to the woman who felt her marriage had taken a turn for the worse when her husband became a paraplegic. I'm a paraplegic and very sexually active. I hope your readers don't take the viewpoint that paraplegics are incapable of getting a hard-on. If you readers believe that, then I have a beautiful nine-inch ruler to teach the blind with. Maybe the writer of that letter should have asked a nurse.

Last year I was in a hospital for knee surgery. Each time I have to be hospitalized, I get a private room and lie back, waiting for an attractive nurse with the right medicine. Believe me, there are nurses who can give you more than just a good back rub. Sure enough, on this one visit I got both a private nurse and a lovely woman therapist. These ladies certainly knew how to appreciate a paraplegic's sexual capabilities.

With the door closed in my private room and a white towel covering my tool, I watched with pleasure as my braless nurse walked across the room to me, her nice tits shaking. She perched on the edge of my bed, and we made nervous conversation. Her skirt was incredibly short. Slowly, the towel poked upward into the air. I was more than surprised when she announced she had to shave my pubic area. I was ecstatic as she smiled at the pointed towel. Removing the towel, she said, "Your fingers didn't lie. You have long fingers like a pianist, and you have a super long dick."

I was breathless as she made that

MEMO
TO A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN

You've done all the right things, everything everyone has always told you to do, and still you're not happy. Life and marriage, motherhood and career are just not filling in all the gaps, are they? No, they're not. Not for you, not for most women. The question isn't "why" but what can be done about it.

Well, for starters, how about articulating some of your disappointments. Most of the time, sheer frank communication of your feelings and ideas, your hopes and dreams and, yes, your disappointments, is the beginning of a more positive you. Perhaps you know this already but there really isn't anyone in whom you can confide. There really isn't anyone who listens to you, who hears; who responds to what you say. Or at least there isn't anyone you can communicate with who won't take what you say personally and therefore be objective enough to help you.

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The editor, who is solely responsible for getting this Memo to you, is a Social Psychologist, the publisher of a national woman's magazine, a married woman with a large family, and, like you, a woman who spent a good part of her life searching for a way to make "everything all right." She found it through direct, personal communication with other women and she is offering you the same opportunity.

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VIVA LINGERIE

statement. Then she started anointing my hard cock with warm water. When she dropped the towel and bent over, I almost gasped. She wore no underwear, and I could see a beautiful, blonde bush of cunt hair. She looked up and asked, "You like blondes?"

"Yes," I answered, "but most blondes don't have such lovely blonde cunt hairs."

At that she stood up, lifting her short skirt so I could get a really good look. She then spread her legs, sticking her index finger into that gorgeous pussy of hers. Smiling, she stuck that same index finger into my mouth. She began shaving my pubic area as I playfully teased her wonderful cunt and ass hole. As she finished, she wiped me dry. Then she teased the head of my circumcised cock with her tongue, working her mouth over my cock. I don't believe either of us heard the door open.

"That sure looks good," said Brenda, the physical therapist. She told us to continue, and she pushed a chair against the door. She disrobed in seconds.

Brenda was in her early twenties, and she had jet black hair and an olive complexion. When she removed her bra and panties, she revealed her large breasts and a good crop of black pussy hair. As I exploded in my nurse's warm mouth, Brenda mounted the bed, sliding her knees under my shoulders. She opened her sweet pussy with her fingers. I sucked that harmonious cunt as she rode my face. She was able to spread forward as I ate, and I quickly pushed my finger up her ass hole. It was wonderful, and I felt myself explode again. My nurse was giving me the greatest head as Brenda rock-'n'-rolled her cunt into spasms of pleasure. Later I chewed my nurse's delicious four-inch clit. She also, it turned out, enjoyed anal sex.

The three of us became good friends, to say the least. Brenda and Gloria were bisexual lovers before I met them and, strangely, prefer paraplegics as lovers.

I hope you print my letter. I don't want to see paraplegics disenfranchised because one woman lacked knowledge.—M.H.

It's all a matter of taste. What pleases one woman's sexual aesthetic will turn another woman off. We hear far too much about people being all basically alike. It's the differences that turn me on.

CAST IN PAIN

You have doubtless met men who are turned on by very strange things, but I think my boyfriend must have them all beat. He's turned on by women wearing plaster-of-paris casts. The sight of a girl with her arm or leg in a plaster cast drives him bananas. Beats me why, but after seeing a cast, he automatically gets a hard-on that just won't quit. My boyfriend is not a sadist; he doesn't want to hurt anyone, nor does he enjoy seeing anyone in pain.

I definitely benefit from my boyfriend's peculiar fascination, for whenever he comes home from having seen a girl in a cast, his sexual appetite is enormous. He

Stimula me.

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When I get together with a man and Stimula, I feel super sexy. So sexy, in fact, that I want to take all you've got to give me.

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becomes very aggressive, willing to go to great lengths to please me in bed. Although we haven't discussed it, I'm sure he fantasizes about girls he's seen with casts.

This doesn't bother me, because we've acted out a great many of my fantasies, including some bondage and spanking scenarios. I'd like to be able to satisfy his unusual desire. I'm not really prepared to go out and get hit by a car, but I have a week's vacation coming up this spring, and I thought I might spend it in bed with my lover, pretending I'd broken my leg. My problem is this: I don't know how to go about getting someone to put my leg in a cast for me. How do the doctors make a cast? Is there some hospital supply place where I could buy whatever is needed and do it myself?—B.B.

I wouldn't try making a plaster cast. After all, how would you get the damned thing off? A sling should do the trick, and it's much easier to put on and take off.

With regard to your boyfriend's fetish, I must say I've never encountered a man who liked seeing women in casts. But in my latest book, *Xaviera's Fantastic Sex*, I do write about a man who had a broken leg and loved every minute of it. The women would not leave him alone. He reasoned that women liked seeing a big, strong man in a helpless state. Also, that big plaster cast around his leg reminded them of something big and hard beneath his trousers. As for your boyfriend, maybe he just likes helpless women. I don't think this is necessarily perverse, but I would think twice before going mountain climbing with him.

REFORMED HUSBAND

This letter is more or less a warning to men who want to marry prostitutes.

Two and a half years ago I took a second job, moonlighting as a bouncer in a massage parlor. There I met an angel of a woman. She had been married once before and had a child. We hit it off right from the start and were married three months later.

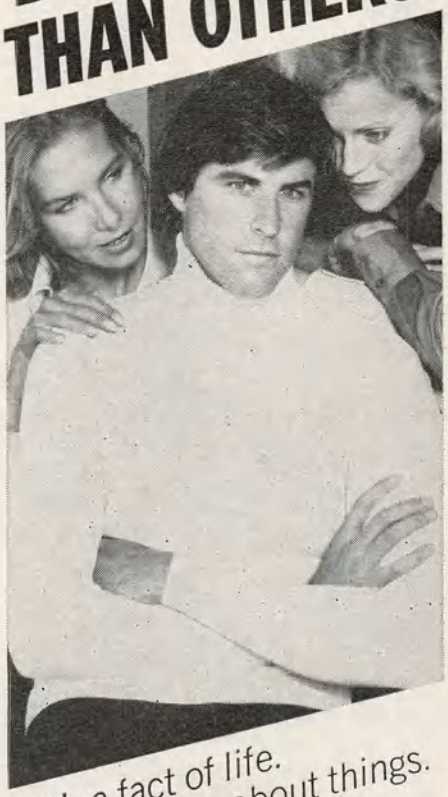
A week before we tied the knot, she promised she was ending her career as a prostitute, there and then. Six months later I began accusing her of still being a prostitute and of having affairs with men. This went on until one month shy of our second wedding anniversary, when she got up and walked out with her child.

After seeing a shrink, I realized my accusations against my wife were the result of my subconscious fear that she hadn't changed. Looking over those past two years of our marriage, I realized that I was dreadfully wrong.

Let this be a warning to all men who are planning to marry prostitutes: when they give up being hookers, don't make the same mistake I did. When they quit, it's because of their love, devotion, and faithfulness to you.—Wiser Now

As the old saying goes: "Accuse, and so shall it be committed."

SOME GUYS DO BETTER THAN OTHERS.



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Both available in Black Lace.

417 — CLUSTER
Let it all hang out in this wicked, real-leather G-String for today's man. Anyone wearing it has to feel X-citing. Extremely comfortable. Gives you a feeling of nakedness. Real Black Leather. One Size Fits All. **$14.99.**

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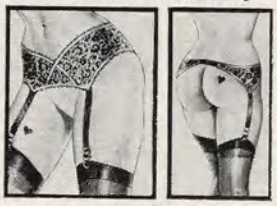

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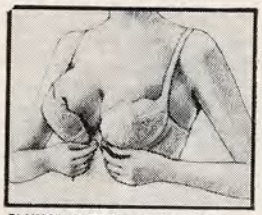

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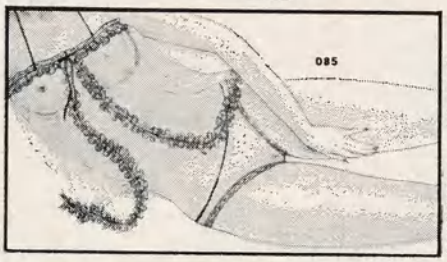
W-I-D-E OPEN is the only way to describe this ruffled LACE Bra and Garter Belt Set. **BRA (#110A)** in Red or Black. **$6.99. GARTER BELT (#110B)** in Red, White, Black, Beige **$6.99.** S-M-L. XL GARTER BELT **$8.99.** Black Fish Net Stockings One Size Fits All **(#110C) $4.99 pr. (2 pr./ $8.99).** 3-piece Set (#110D) **$17.99** S, M, L.
XL Set **$21.99.**

EXPOSED (#112) is what you'll be in this Sheer Nylon open crotch, open nipple style SET **$6.99 (2/$12.99).** Black, Red, Purple. One size fits all. XL Set **$11.99 (2/$21.99).** Panty alone **(#112A) $2.75 ea. (3/$7.99)** Black Satin Panty **$16.99. $25.00** Set. XL Black Satin Set **$35.00.**



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085 — TENDER TRAP
Caught is what he'll be in this outrageous sheer crotch, sheer nipple ensemble. Accented around border with soft lace trim. It's the sexiest thing you'll ever wear. Black, Red or Purple. One Size Fits All. **$12.99.**

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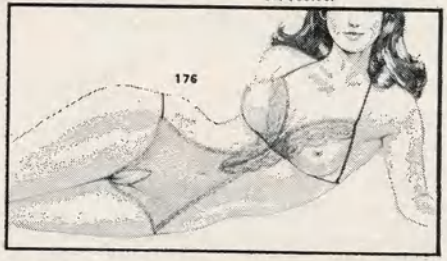

176 — SUNDOWN
Flaunt your charms in sheer peek-a-boo seduction. Perky ruffle edges teasing open front and lays softly across bosom.
Black or Red. One Size Fits All. **$9.99, 2/$18.99.**

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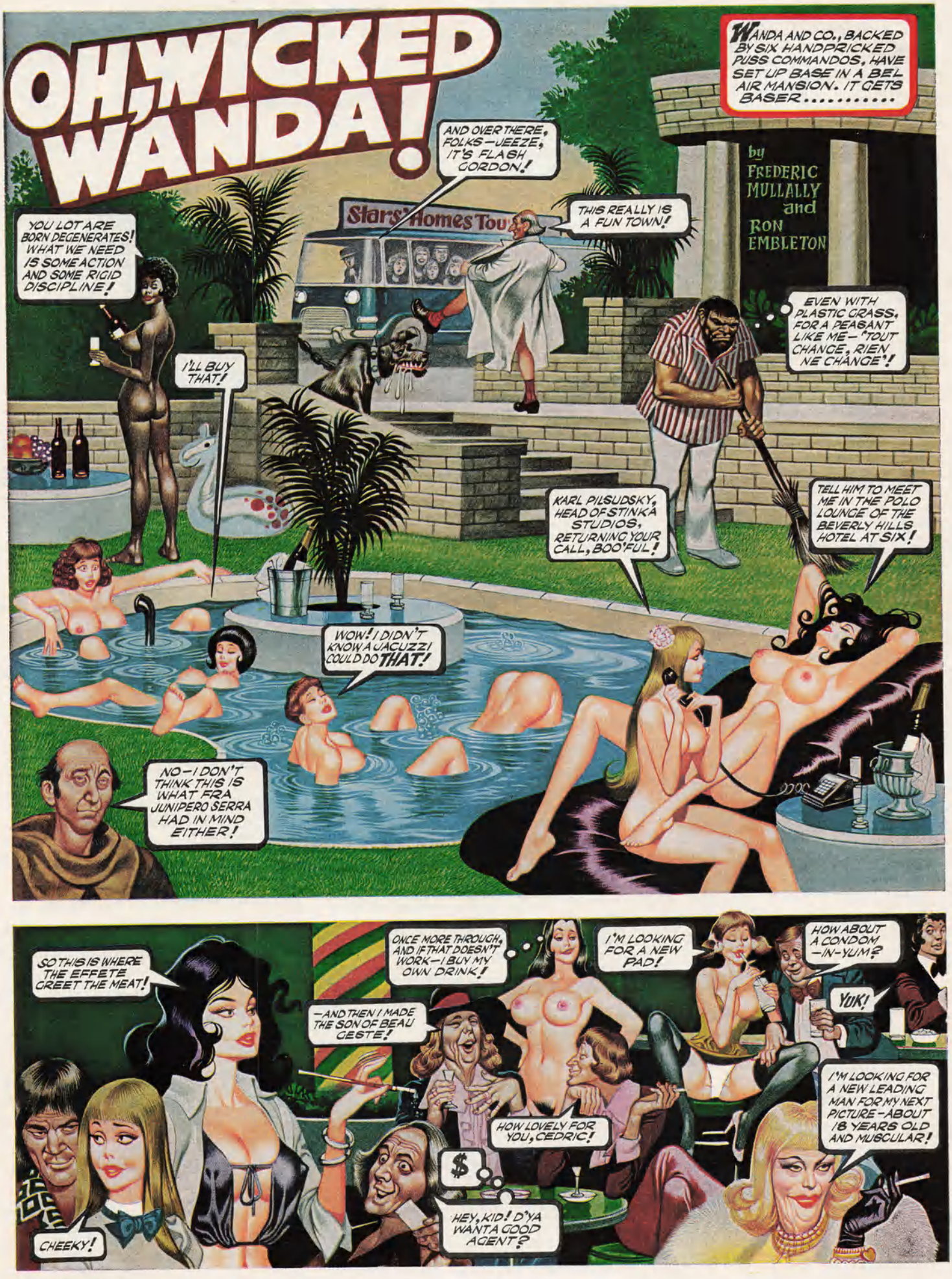
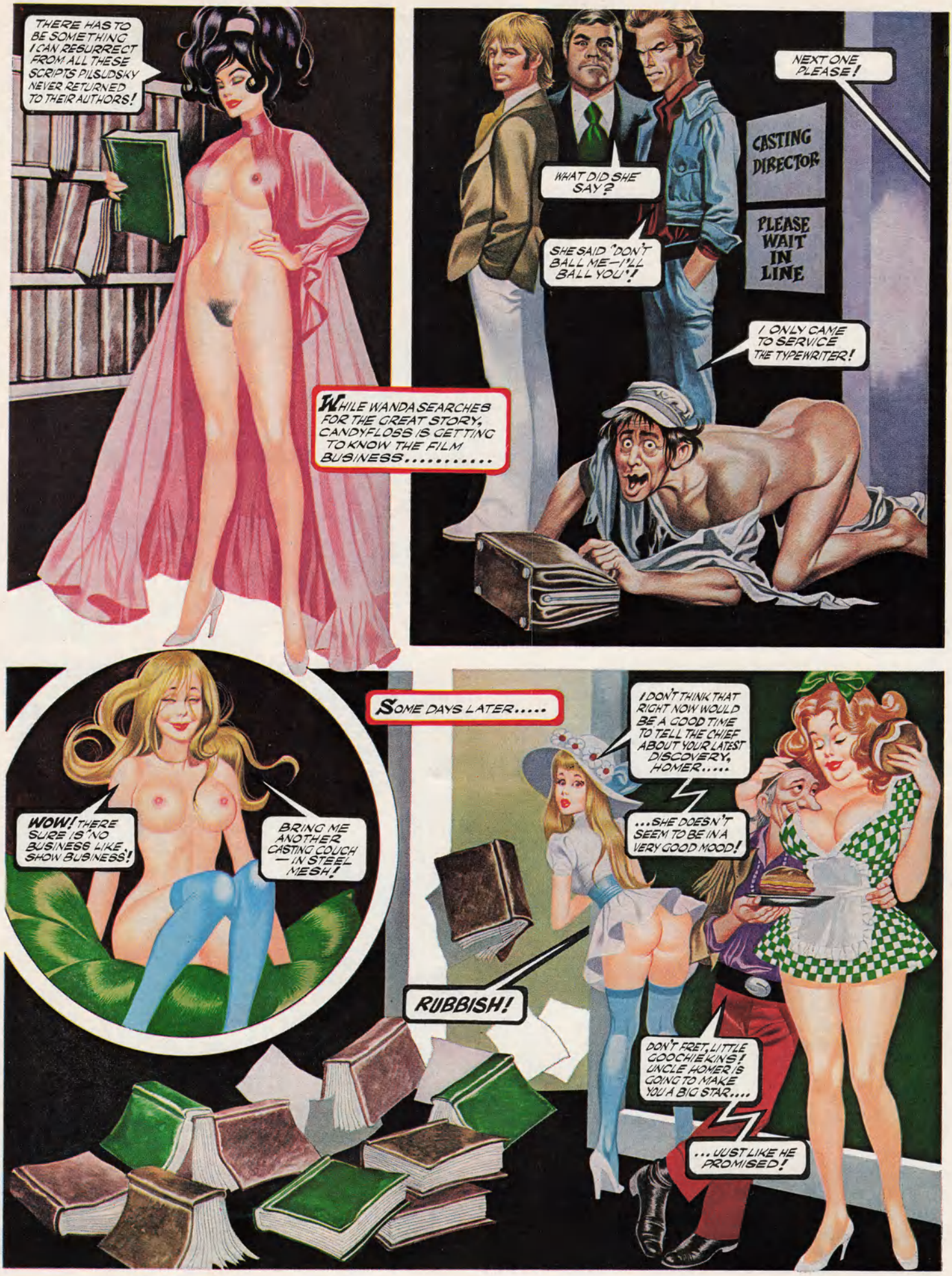

OH, WICKED WANDA!
WANDA AND CO., BACKED BY SIX HANDPRICKED PUSS COMMANDOS, HAVE SET UP BASE IN A BEL AIR MANSION. IT GETS BASER.....
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
AND OVER THERE, FOLKS—JEEZE, IT'S FLASH GORDON!
THIS REALLY IS A FUN TOWN!
YOU LOT ARE BORN DEGENERATES! WHAT WE NEED IS SOME ACTION AND SOME RIGID DISCIPLINE!
I'LL BUY THAT!
EVEN WITH PLASTIC GRASS, FOR A PEASANT LIKE ME—"TOUT CHANCE, RIEN NE CHANGE"!
KARL PILSUDSKY, HEAD OF STINKA STUDIOS, RETURNING YOUR CALL, BOO'FUL!
TELL HIM TO MEET ME IN THE POLO LOUNGE OF THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL AT SIX!
WOW! I DIDN'T KNOW A JACUZZI COULD DO THAT!
NO—I DON'T THINK THIS IS WHAT FRA JUNIPERO SERRA HAD IN MIND EITHER!
SO THIS IS WHERE THE EFFETE GREET THE MEAT!
ONCE MORE THROUGH, AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK—I BUY MY OWN DRINK!
I'M LOOKING FOR A NEW PAD!
HOW ABOUT A CONDOM—IN-YUM?
YUK!
—AND THEN I MADE THE SON OF BEAU GESTE!
HOW LOVELY FOR YOU, CEDRIC!
$
I'M LOOKING FOR A NEW LEADING MAN FOR MY NEXT PICTURE—ABOUT 18 YEARS OLD AND MUSCULAR!
HEY, KID! D'YA WANTA GOOD AGENT?
CHEEKY!

WELCOME TO HOLLYWOOD, MLLE. VON KREESUS!
CALL ME WANDA —I'LL CALL YOU BILL!
THE DEAL IS STRUCK....
SO I GET YOUR STUDIOS AND CREWS—YOU GET TO PAY YOUR FIFTH WIFE'S HELL-MONEY—SORRY —ALIMONY!
YOU WIN SOME —YOU LOSE SOME! IN YOUR CASE YOU LOSE 'EM ALL!
A NEW PRODUCTION COMPANY OPENS ITS GATES!
BEWARE GUARD DOGS
KEEP OUT
AUTHORIZED PASSES ONLY
Priapic FILM Studios
WHAT D'YOU BUMS WANT? CAN'T YOU READ?
BUMS! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW, MY MAN—THAT I AM THE GREAT FREDERIC MULLALLY AND THIS IS THE GREAT RON EMBLETON! WE ARE EXPECTED!
SURE—ROCK HUDSON'S A POISONAL FRIEND OF MINE!
STUDIO SECURITY OFFICE
D'YOU THINK THOSE TWO ARE IMPORTANT? MEBBE THEY CAN GET US IN?
DON'T YOU KNOW A COUPLE OF CHEAP HUSTLERS WHEN YOU SEE 'EM?
OKAY—THROUGH YA GO—BUT YOU'RE STILL BUMS TO ME!
JEEN IUS
THE OLD METHODS OF ATTRACTING ATTENTION ARE THE BEST! LOOK WHAT IT DID FOR NORMA JEAN!
MR. MULLALLY'S CLOTHES BY KIND PERMISSION OF LOUIE, OF LOUIE'S BAR AND PIZZA PARLOR—WHO WANTS 'EM BACK AT THE END OF THE STRIP!

SO WHAT BRILLIANT IDEA HAVE YOU TWO COME UP WITH? YOU'VE GOT 45 SECONDS!
HOW ABOUT— "SUPERMAN SHAFTS A BRIDGE TOO FAR IN THE JAWS OF MISS JONES"
ECLECTICISM WILL GET US NOWHERE!
IS THAT IT?
YOU JUST WASTED HALF A MINUTE OF MY TIME!
SHOW 'EM OUT, GRUD!
BACK TO YOUR COMIC STRIPS!
THEY MARTYRED SCOTT FITZGERALD — NOW ME! BUT GENIUS WILL.....
....OUT!
WOOLWOR
DON'T CALL US —WE'LL CALL YOU!
SO MUCH FOR THE BIG TIME!


THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING I CAN RESURRECT FROM ALL THESE SCRIPTS PILSUDSKY NEVER RETURNED TO THEIR AUTHORS!
WHILE WANDA SEARCHES FOR THE GREAT STORY, CANDYFLOSS IS GETTING TO KNOW THE FILM BUSINESS.....
NEXT ONE PLEASE!
CASTING DIRECTOR
PLEASE WAIT IN LINE
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
SHE SAID "DON'T BALL ME—I'LL BALL YOU"!
I ONLY CAME TO SERVICE THE TYPEWRITER!
WOW! THERE SURE IS NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS!
BRING ME ANOTHER CASTING COUCH —IN STEEL MESH!
SOME DAYS LATER.....
I DON'T THINK THAT RIGHT NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO TELL THE CHIEF ABOUT YOUR LATEST DISCOVERY, HOMER.....
...SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN A VERY GOOD MOOD!
RUBBISH!
DON'T FRET, LITTLE GOOCHIEKINS! UNCLE HOMER IS GOING TO MAKE YOU A BIG STAR....
...JUST LIKE HE PROMISED!

IT SEEMS A PITY TO LET THE VAST RESOURCES OF THIS STUDIO LIE IDLE WHILE THE MOSTRESS LOOKS FOR A SUITABLE STORY.....
...PERHAPS WE SHOULD BE MAKING A FILM OF OUR OWN WHILE WE'RE WAITING?
WHAT A SUPER IDEA!
HOMER BABY— YOU'RE A GENIUS! LET'S DO IT!
AND SO...
I THINK WE BOOBED WHEN WE AGREED TO DO THIS FILM FOR A PERCENTAGE OF THE PROFITS!
I TOLD YOU TO READ THE SMALL PRINT!
CUT AND PRINT!
SCRIPT
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR SHOOTER, BIG BOY!
69
22
38
WE PLAY THIS GAME WITH HOW MANY BALLS?
IT WUZ NEVER LIKE THIS WHEN I WORKED WITH ROY ROGERS!
IT'S A WUNNERFUL TOWN
NO ONE'S EVER GONNA BELIEVE THIS!
THAT AIN'T IN THE CODE OF THE WEST, WILD BILL!
YA SPEND 15 YEARS BUILDING A CAREER— THEN SUDDENLY —PHUT!
I AIN'T NEVER GONNA PLAY FOOTBALL WITH WOMEN AGAIN!
I LOST THE PLACE AFTER PAGE THREE, HOMER-BABY! WHAT DO I DO?
SCRIPT
I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I HAVE A FEELING THAT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER!

IN THE PROJECTION ROOM, WANDA SEES THE RUSHES OF CANDYFLOSS'S EPIC...
HA-HA-HA! PUSSCAKE—YOU ARE PRICELESS!
IT AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY!
AS YOU'RE IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD, MOSTRESS—PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...
...IT'S THE BILL FOR THE FILM!
YOU'LL PAY BACK EVERY CENT OF THIS OUT OF YOUR POCKET MONEY!
BUT, BOO'FUL—IT'LL TAKE 500 YEARS!
AT THAT MOMENT...
YOU-ALL AIN'T GOT NO MORE PROBLEMS, MA'AM!
BY GOLLY, IT'S THE GOOD OLE BOY HIMSELF! SIGN HIM UP, PUSSCAKE!
MEANWHILE, A FIGURE, LIKE A SINISTER SHADOW, STALKS WANDA'S TAME ALBANIAN JAILER..... HARRY THE HIT, THE WEST COAST'S NUMBER ONE TRIGGER MAN.....
...WITH A CONTRACT FROM BURPO BOSSOTUTTI, NOW CONVALESCING IN AN EAST COAST SANITORIUM.....

HERE, POLLY! PRETTY POLLY!
ASSASSINATION, TO ME, IS AN ART FORM, AND I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING A TRULY GREAT ARTIST!
TRUE GENIUS, AS GEORGE-LOUIS DE BUFFON SAID "IS NOTHING BUT A GREAT APTITUDE FOR PATIENCE"!
FIRST OF ALL YOU MUST WATCH THE VICTIM CLOSELY AND GET TO KNOW HIM AND HIS HABITS.....
...IN THIS CASE OUR VICTIM COMES DOWN TO MARINA DEL REY EACH MORNING TO FEED THE SEAGULLS....
THE ART OF THE GAME IS TO CONTRIVE A CONVINCING ACCIDENT....
NO PARKING
BRMMM!
..AND THIS, IF YOU'LL PARDON THE INTRUSION OF MY EGO.....
...IS A STROKE OF PURE GENIUS!
VAROOM!
TWANGG!

YOU KNOW....
....GEORGE-LOUIS DE BUFFON..
...IS A FINK!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHO KNOWS? JUST ANOTHER ANONYMOUS STIFF!
NOT EVEN AN ADDRESS WHERE WE CAN SEND THE BILL FOR THE AMBULANCE!
HO-HUM! LIFE CAN BE VERY SAD!
WHAT HUMAN STORY LIES BEHIND THAT TRAGEDY?
POOR LITTLE GUY!
SOMEWHERE IN THE EAST...
OH, SORRY, CHIEF!
NOW WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU?
USE A MATCH! REMEMBER? SAVE FUEL!
NOW, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY DID YOU GET ME OUT OF BED?
TOP SECRET PRIORITY FROM AGENT BEAUREGARDE. VON KREESUS HAS HAD A MEETING WITH THIS GUY!
LEMME SEE! THE FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR? TELL THE C.I.A AND THE F.B.I I WANT A COMPLETE RUN-DOWN ON THIS GUY! KEEP 'EM ALL UNDER 24 HOUR SURVEILLANCE!
WILL THE PRESIDENT THIS ONE OFF! FOR THE PLAINS TRUTH, DON'T MISS NEXT MONTHS E-PISS-ODE!
YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT!
I'VE GOT NO BRAINS, NO TALENT AND NO QUALIFICATIONS — BUT I HAVE GOT A BEAUTIFUL ASS!
SO GET LOST!

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☐ Deluxe 40 page catalog free with order (features clothing, sex aids, books, condoms and more). CATALOG ALONE 25¢

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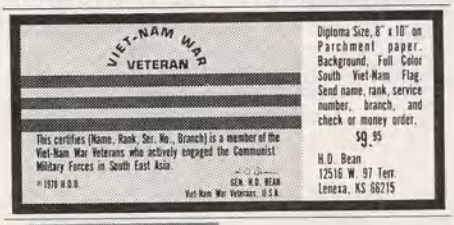
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ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

high standards of accountability, but prior conduct in private life will be judged by the prevailing standards of the community in which the transgressions occurred, and at the time they occurred.

(e) All dishonest acts committed *after* July 1, 1978, will be punished severely, in accordance with a new code of ethics to be introduced. For example, legislators will be allowed no outside income of any kind. Government officials will be prohibited from accepting jobs from industries they regulated for at least three years after they have left office. Doctors caught making fraudulent medicaid claims will be slapped with five-year prison terms, as will auditors, and so on.

Such a bill would generate a dramatic discharge of past transgressions, and its cleansing effect on our body society would be forcible. It would provide the mechanism through which our society could close the books on the Watergate era and turn over a new leaf of higher civic standards. If we don't have a clear demarcation line and an institutional opportunity for atonement and restitution, skeletons will continue to rattle in countless closets, and they are sure to be discovered, keeping the stench of decay alive in America. True, such a bill will not wipe out dishonesty; societies do not turn around like marching bands on football fields. But it may well do away with the feverish combination of uncontrolled pursuit of greed and unfettered abuse of power and return dishonesty to "normal" or near-normal levels: that of isolated pockets at the margin of society, in some ill corners, rather than the present, almost epidemic proportions.

Moreover, once the feverishness is overcome, the normal processes—now overwhelmed—can, again, do their share. Educators, parents, civic associations, professional associations, churches, and community groups can again serve as the society's mainstays of civic ethic.

While the above reforms take careful aim at the dishonesty apparent at all levels of American society, special consideration must be given to governmental (and particularly presidential) reform lest we cure all the spots the illness has spread to but leave ill its core.

So far few of the required institutional reforms have been carried out. However solid the integrity of the individual in the Oval Office, it seems sociologically unwise to rely so much on one man's trustworthiness, rather than relying more on institutionalized, procedural safeguards. As yet, nothing has come from the numerous proposals to secure an independent prosecutor, so that a future president will not be able simply to dismiss those who prod too deeply into executive abuses. On the contrary, the appointment of an old friend of the president as the attorney general is a step backward from the scholarly and indepen-

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dent Edward Levi to pre-Watergate habits.

Moreover, voices have been raised to stop "torturing ourselves" with revelations of dishonest acts and calls for reforms. *Fortune* (February 1977) states: "Christmas presents for the cops? Can it really be that the long saga of corporate guilt and contrition is now turning to such paltry confessions? If so, the product will never sell. The era of breast-beating may be coming to an end."

Elliot L. Richardson writes in the *New York Times* about a "sexless orgy of morality" in which, following numerous reforms well in hand, we turn to unnecessary, dull, piddling examinations of our public officials, invading their privacy and violating sound judgment and good taste. Irving Kristol worries that excesses of post-Watergate morality will be the seeds of tomorrow's problems.

There have been excesses that provide fair, convenient targets for those anxious to put behind us the exposés, strains, and conflict that reform entails. But one must realize that the post-Watergate reform movement—part public sentiment, part morality play, part new politics—like all social movements, cannot be expected to proceed with the meticulous precision of the Supreme Court or a scientific investigation. A certain amount of moralism, emotionalism, even sensationalism, may well be an inevitable, albeit small, price to pay for mass support of a massive reform.

I say "small price," because implicit in the Watergate-has-gone-too-far argument is the allegation that the current obsession with public morality is, or threatens to be, our era's McCarthyism. In fact, there has been little, if any, McCarthy-style "witch-hunting" and persecution of innocent parties. McCarthyism was marked by vague accusations and judgments made in secret so that individuals could not readily defend themselves. In contrast, those caught up in the Watergate backlash have been confronted with specific, well-documented charges, and their legal rights have been fully honored. The targets of McCarthyism were subjected to harsh penalties for trivial or imagined offenses. The Watergate defendants have been dealt with quite leniently—if not granted an outright pardon. In brief, the "post-Watergate morality" is far from a vindictive free-for-all of moralistic accusation and punishment.

On the contrary. If we stop now and return to business as usual, without first instituting reforms and providing an opportunity for past transgressors to come clean, the illness of distrust in government, professions, businesses, and ultimately each other will continue to fester until it reduces us to a North American, modern-day Babylon. Let reform be judicious but unrelenting. Let our pursuit of an honest America not be deterred by the number of skeletons and places where they lie. There is enough native vitality in American society for us to face up to our sordid past for a more wholesome future. ○—

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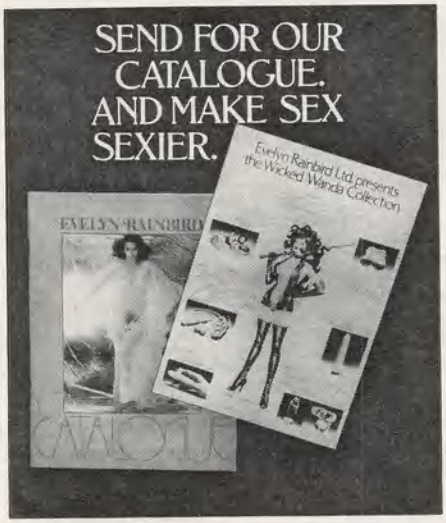

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

with the same configuration in the backseat. After we were riding for about fifteen minutes, our conversation turned toward group sex, and Bruce and I evaluated the discussion eagerly. As we got onto the open road and our speed increased, so did the heat and intensity of our conversation. Before I continue, I think I should mention that the four other people in the car were two couples.

Now, much to our surprise, Mike, who sat in the front seat, suddenly began to confess to the sumptuous redhead with us, Rhoda (in the backseat), how he had long wanted to fondle her more than ample breasts and drink her love juices. Meanwhile, June (in the front seat) whom we all thought was a trifle straight, had produced from her pocketbook (to our gasps of surprise) a nine-inch vibrator and was intently telling Bill (the driver) that she had heard about his prodigious organ. She said that she wanted to go down on him and hungrily consume his manhood while one of the guys in the back inserted the vibrator into her.

Well, no sooner did we stop the car than June had her clothes off and had eagerly pulled out Bill's stick shift. Mike, knowing a good opportunity when he sees one, ripped his clothes off and proceeded to mount June from behind. Not content to remain mere spectators to this orgy on wheels, Bruce and I removed our clothes and without any further coaxing, Rhoda did likewise, revealing two of the most perfectly formed globes of flesh I had ever seen. Bruce and I quickly looked at each other. Our eyes ablaze with horniness, we decided to get to work on her two big tits and gorgeous cunt. Because of his greater eagerness, I figured I'd let him get to work on her first while I proceeded to jack off while watching.

Watching Bruce was like watching an artist at work. I got even more excited seeing his ten-inch cock jack-hammering in and out of Rhoda's juicy pussy. Before he shot his load, she came three times.

Then my turn came. But just as I was about to thrust my throbbing cock into her, Rhoda told me that she was too sore to take in another and instead proceeded to suck me off, while Bruce raved about how good his orgasm had been. I barely caught a word of what he was saying. Rhoda was giving me the blowjob of the year, her mouth gliding expertly up and down and over the swollen head of my shaft. I really thought she would literally swallow my whole cock.

Bill started up the car again while we were still undressed, and we hurriedly donned our clothes and put a coat over him as we approached a toll booth. As we paid the toll, the attendant just happened to glance into the car and caught sight of six of the most satisfied people in the world. Just before we pulled away, Bill mentioned

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Donna arrived at about 7:30 P.M., very horny and a little high. (Being gorgeous and flawlessly shaped, she is exciting no matter what shape she's in.) She grabbed my hand and led me into the bedroom, and within a minute she had her clothes off and wanted me to give her a good, long fuck. Confined in the cast, I really wasn't in any position to have intercourse in the missionary position. I explained to her my predicament, which, by the way, she remedied in a flash. She told me to lie on my back and started to suck me. All the time she was sucking away, she managed to climb into a position in which I could begin to eat her already wet pussy. I put my tongue as deep into her cunt as I could and tongue-fucked her. This must have brought her to an extraordinary climax, for she was thrashing her hips every which way. At the same time I felt myself coming. She kept her mouth on my cock, and when I exploded, she kept sucking away until I was hard again. She changed her position, grabbed my cock, and slid it into her drenched pussy. That was the most exciting feeling I've had in more than a month; so you can imagine how happy I was. Donna started pumping away as if it were going to be the last fuck of her life. Fifteen minutes later I shot my load once more to the excited groans of my partner.

Donna changed positions once more to have me lick her luscious cunt lips dry. I began to nibble at her clit, but this time I grabbed hold of her hips and kept her pussy down on my face as long as I could hold on. She was in a frenzy and began screaming at the top of her lungs. (My nearest neighbor lives a half mile down the road!) Donna somehow got away from my firm grip and fell to the floor, breathing very heavily. I got off the bed and went to lie down next to her. She told me she had had at least ten orgasms during the whole adventure.

We decided to stop for the night because my family was due home at any time. We both quickly got dressed and went out into the kitchen for something to eat and drink. We talked more about what had just happened and seriously promised each other another episode like the one that had just taken place.

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Because of complicated circumstances, we never did get together again. I've had only one other fuck since then, and I am very horny. But in another week my cast comes off at last, and I'll be starting college in January. I can't wait for this horrible thing to come off!—*J.R., East Stroudsburg, Pa.*

A sustained friendship

A few years ago one of my old army buddies died, and the only thing a good friend and I could think about as we saw his widow afterward was how he would tell us that she always wanted to have a threesome. She was five feet eight inches tall, with the biggest tits I've ever seen. And I've seen a lot of tits in my day. The thought of fucking this lovely woman always gave us enormous hard-ons, but we never expected to have the chance. One day we called to ask her if we could help her with any big jobs around her house, and she invited us over for a cup of coffee.

While drinking the coffee, we reminisced about old times, and she forced us to tell her what her husband had told us about her desire for two cocks at once. The conversation got even more suggestive, and we soon found ourselves naked in her bedroom. It was all very exciting and, I must say, totally unexpected. As she sucked Bernie's cock, I began to eat her delicious clit. We had gotten her so hot that her cunt was juicy and was dripping all over. As I poked my cock in her tight ass hole, inch by inch, Bernie gave her all of his in her hot pussy. She groaned deeply and kept saying over and over, "Deeper, you guys, deeper." I shot my load and had to take a break. She and Bernie kept it up for quite a while longer. When Bernie got tired, she wanted to suck me and did it splendidly. Our great fucking continued all evening and part of the morning. To say the least, we received ample recompense for our genuine concern for our old friend.—*Name and address withheld*

Flying high

As a regular *Penthouse* reader, I have been variously amused, intrigued, and aroused by the letters published in the "Forum" section. By way of making a contribution, I would like to recount the tale of my exciting and inventive initiation into that informal society of lusty high-ballers known as the "Mile-High Club."

As most of your readers probably know, this club is comprised of those fortunate enough to have done it at an altitude of 5,280 feet or higher. There is something about doing it in an airplane that transcends the ordinary fuck. Whether it is the altitude or the knowledge that you are doing it in a setting most people wouldn't even consider, there is a quality about the high-altitude fuck that really blows the mind.

To get down to the tale at hand, a few years ago, in the course of my work as a commercial pilot, I was assigned a nightly round trip involving five en route stops, from a city in the Northeast. Although I

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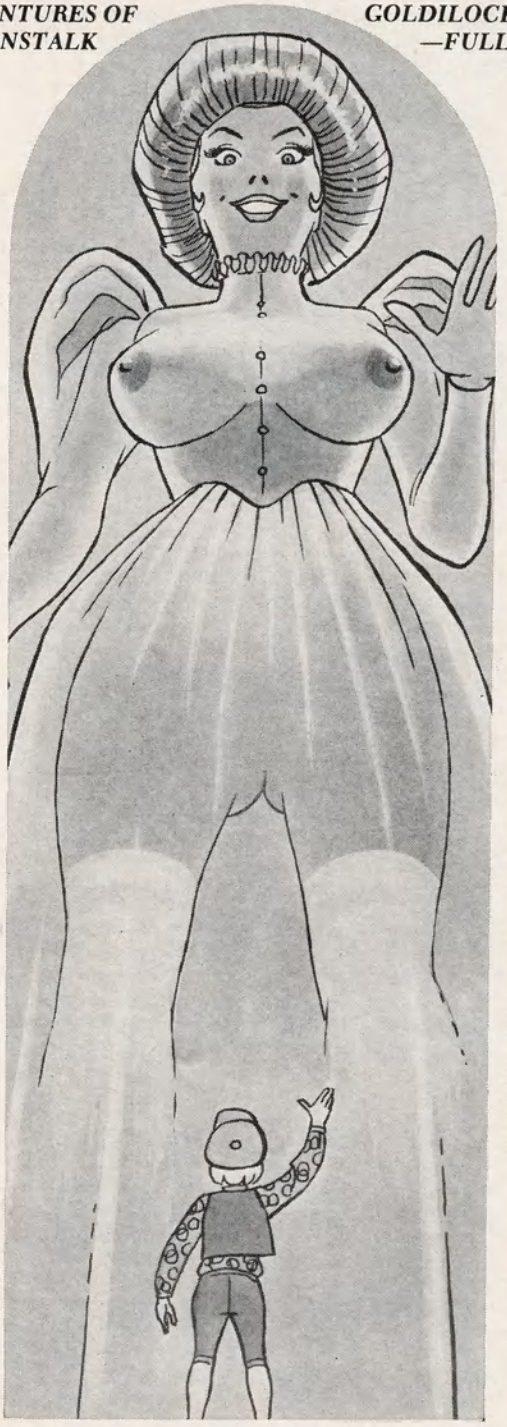

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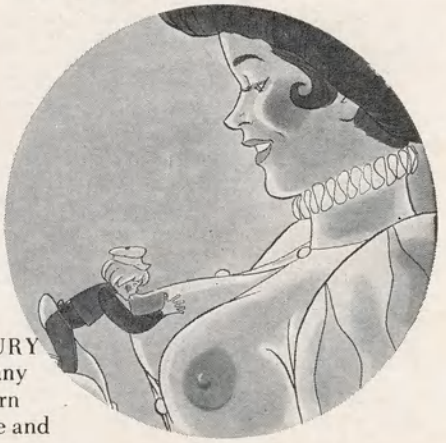

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JIM DAVIDSON

FRANK SNEPP

Wagner International Photos

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U.P.I.

Closet Encounters—Robert Wieder picks up where Steven Spielberg leaves off, telling an X-rated story of interterrestrial lust to excite the imagination of even the most alien among us. It seems that "we are not alone" in the biblical sense, according to Wieder, and those rather sticky, pale Pillsbury doughboy figures that emerged from Spielberg's spaceship had more than mashed potatoes on their minds when they headed for earth. Those now-famous five-pronged tones were an interplanetary call to the hay, and what began as a space odyssey ended up as a space orgy that would rival anything found on earth. A gorgeous blonde à la Marilyn Monroe, a blue-collar explorer with an uncommon sex drive, and a creature from Planet X with a penchant for erotic mind control all meet on a journey through time for a battle of the sexes.

Tea Party—James Davidson is the chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, and in next month's "Advise and Dissent" he does not mince words over the government's stranglehold on our incomes. It is his assertion that not only will we pay out a million dollars in our lifetime to the tax man, but also in the process we will submit to a dependency on Uncle Sam that will leave us helpless. Unless politicians take radical steps to slash spending and reduce taxes, he warns, there could be a rebellion in this country that would make the French Revolution seem like the Boston Tea Party. An unequivocal look at tax bondage and the human implications of working for "them" and not yourself.

Philadelphia Blue—Something obscene is happening in Philadelphia, and it has nothing to do with pornography. The police department of that ill-fated city is infamous for its greed, brutality, and corruption. The ironclad hand of Mayor Frank L. Rizzo has unleashed a force committed to the destruction of justice and a tradition of sadism that makes a mockery of human rights. Investigative journalist Greg Walter tackles Rizzo and his boys in blue in his case-by-case exposé of the countless atrocities perpetrated on the citizens of Philadelphia. Many have died; others have had the slightly luckier fate of being physically and emotionally mangled. Will this travesty continue? This is a searing look at a city under siege.

The Spy Who Went Out in the Cold—Frank Snepp is the author of *Decent Interval*, the story of our indecent evacuation of Vietnam. Now thirty, Snepp spent five years in Vietnam as the CIA's chief strategy analyst. Horrified by the blunder the United States made in abandoning the friends it had in South Vietnam and agonized by the ensuing cover-up stateside, Snepp has risked everything to publish his book without the approval of the agency. Read this exclusive interview in the May *Penthouse*.

Diary of a Virgin—Was anyone ever that young? Or naive? Our heroine, both beautiful and rich, has taken it upon herself to become "The Fabulous Demimondaine," part courtesan, part coquette, and part expensive whore. But one thing stands in her way: she is a virgin. Availing herself of the assistance of Elspeth, her speech teacher (a beautiful older woman of Sapphic inclinations), our lovely virgin embarks on her sexual awakening. It's a blood-tingling, wonderful romp through a young girl's first flight of fancy. O+

sometimes carried passengers, the flight basically involved hauling cargo in a small, twin-engined airplane and I would frequently make the trip alone. One clear, February night, when no passengers were scheduled, I decided to take my current amour along for the ride, not only because I wanted company (seven hours by oneself, with only five stops for freight and fuel and no one to talk to but air-traffic controllers and line-boys, is a long working night), but also because I had deviltry in my heart and loins. Being a pilot, I was quite familiar with trade talk regarding the club and couldn't imagine a better or more exciting opportunity to join. It helped that my lover was a very horny woman who liked nothing better than a good fuck.

After the takeoff and climb I leveled off, engaged the autopilot, and got down to business. My lover stripped naked in the seat beside me, and I dived into her muff with relish. When she was good and hot, I came up for air, readjusted the autopilot (we had drifted a few miles off course), took out my cock, and invited her ministrations. Facing forward on my lap, she lowered herself onto my prick and rested her head and forearms on the instrument panel. I stretched my arms around her, and taking hold of the control yoke, moved it back and forth in short, abrupt movements. The result was that the plane moved briskly up and down while not perceptibly changing altitude, and every time it came down, I drove my cock deep inside her. We both loved the unique sensations, and both of us came quickly. One would think we'd had enough for a while, but no: as the Manhattan skyline blossomed on the horizon, she started sucking furiously on my dick, and as we passed over the Empire State Building at 7,500 feet, I put the plane into a steep, 360-degree turn and came in her mouth.

To make a long story short, we rested for the remainder of this two-hour leg, but after takeoff from the first stop, we started in again. The rest of the way home we fucked and sucked aloft between each stop and even fucked for a long time in the back of the plane on the ground, during the one stop that was long enough for us to get in some action.

On the final leg my lover, thoroughly satisfied for the night, was amazed when I indicated that I was ready for more. She was speechless, but was ready for more herself. She sucked me for thirty minutes straight, but I just couldn't get off now; I had been fucked and sucked dry.

I've had three additional escapades in the sky since then, with different women. All were great, but none could match my initiation into the Mile-High Club.—*Name and address withheld* O+

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $1.25 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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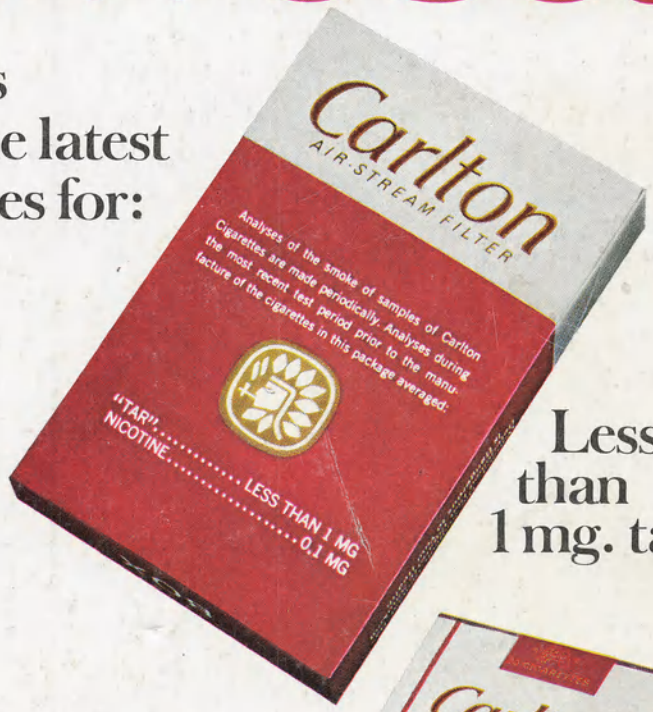
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